FORUM and Century

The Magazine of Controversy. Its method is to give a fair and friendly hearing to both sides, all sides, of important questions of the day. Its practice is, in an age of shifting authority, of relativity and specialization, to apply common sense both to threadbare tradition and to glittering novelty. Its object is, by stimulating independent thinking, to promote sound individualism in a democracy.

HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

Editorial FOREWORD

WHAT President Hoover says is good, but it is often not quite enough. His recent addresses convey the impression that loyalty to two American qualities, steadfastness and individualism, is all that we need to pull us out of the depression and bring back prosperity.

STEADFASTNESS and individualism are indeed our cardinal virtues, and the President does well to extol them at this time, but even they may not avail without planning or wise leadership. Courage undirected by intelligence has lost many a battle on the economic as well as the military front. As for individualism, unaided it can make a success of a hunting lodge in the wilderness, but modern industrialism is so complicated that no person need be accused of lack of initiative or leanings toward Communism if he demands the aid of collective coöperation and purposeful planning.

WE COULD not follow the President when he said in his very notable address on the Valley Forge of our depression that "Such battles as we are in the midst of to-day cannot be won by any single stroke, by any one strategy sprung from the mind of any single genius." Why not? If any plan offers helpfulness, ought we not to give it a hearing? Why all this fear of panaceas, expressed not only by our President but by some of the leading editorial pages of the nation? Now is the time for constructive economic planning — not when we are breathlessly puffing up the peaks of our next inflation.

COURAGE and individualism are not enough. The business of this nation must also have a plan and purpose. Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler in a recent speech in Paris urged Western democracy to meet seriously by collective leadership the very real challenge of Communism. "We are trying in the age of the electric light to teach national economic progress with a candle," he said. "A man with a plan, however much we may dislike it, has a vast advantage over a group sauntering

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THE FORUM, combined with THE CENTURY MAGAZINE (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.), is published monthly by the Forum Publishing Company, Inc. 25 cents a copy; $2.50 a year; foreign subscription, $3.50. Publication office, 10 Ferry Street, Concord, N. H. Editorial and general offices, 441 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. Back copies not over three months old, 25 cents; all other back copies, $1.00. Four weeks' advance notice required for change of address, and such notices must supply the old address as well as the new. *Indexed in the Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature.*

All manuscripts should be typewritten, accompanied by return postage, and addressed to the Editor at the New York office. No responsibility is assumed for the return of unsolicited manuscripts.

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FORUM

Next Month

THE CHURCHES PREPARE FOR THE FUTURE

Jay Franklin

Ever since the war ended it has been obvious that the Christian churches stand in need of modernization. Lately they have shown signs of remedying that need. Both the various Protestant sects and the Catholic Church are tackling modern questions — sexual, political, economic — in a way which, in the long run, will probably encourage old worshipers and enlist new ones. Mr. Franklin explains their various attitudes, some of which seem surprisingly paradoxical, and shows how the fight against agnosticism is being waged.

THE SEVEN BLUNDERS OF THE WORLD

Hendrik Willem van Loon

Mr. van Loon lists seven fatal errors of history — mistakes which, had they been avoided, would have left this earth a happier place for our ancestors, ourselves, and our children. He is not crying over spilled milk so much as he is commenting on universal and age-old stupidity, and, by inference, giving a few warnings for the future.

OUR NEW HOUSE

Walter B. Pitkin

"In that great to-morrow that lies just around the hands of the clock, we shall have a new house. What sort of an abode will it be?" If we are to believe Mr. Pitkin, it's going to be revolutionary if nothing else—and will be as different from our present dwellings as a modern automobile is from an ox-cart. But before we can build this new type of house there are several handicaps to be overcome. Mr. Pitkin tells us what they are and then goes on to give a vivid picture of how you'll be living before you die.

THESE "UNITED" STATES

William B. Munro

Native born and foreign born, Catholic and Protestant, North and South, East and West, employers and employed, industrialists and agriculturalists, rural and urban — these, along with many other equally diverse elements, make up our "United" States. It is *e pluribus unum* — with the accent on the *pluribus;* and according to this distinguished professor of American history and government, that's the way it should remain. In this article he sets forth reasons why we must keep disunited if we are to stay united.

COMMENCEMENT, 1931—A COMITRAGEDY

Christian Gauss

It's a tough year for the class of '31. There aren't any jobs, and if there were they'd be given to the many men already out of work. What are these young people going to do? Mr. Gauss, the Dean of Princeton, offers a possible solution to an important problem.

DOWN WITH ROMANCE!

W. Beran Wolfe, M.D.

The doctor looks at life and love — and looks searchingly, without sentimentalism. He concludes that the most important single cause for unhappy marriages is romantic infantilism. Beginning with the premise that "falling in love" has nothing whatsoever to do with a happy sexual union, he points out the fallacies and shibboleths with which we enshroud marriage. His paper will be a gospel for "modernists" and will provide thought-provoking material for those who hold steadfast to the old conventions.

FOREWORD

Continued

down the road complaining of the economic weather and wondering when the rain is going to stop."

SUCH A MAN with a plan, a courageous veteran of political and economic philosophy, we introduced in the July FORUM — Professor Charles A. Beard. The Beard Plan is calculated to coördinate and give free rein to those American qualities of initiative and individualism which Mr. Hoover justly admires. The Beard Plan provides for the creation, with government help, of great cartels or syndicates of corporations engaged in producing the essentials. In advocating lower prices and higher wages Mr. Beard seems to be at one with the Pope and American advertising men. Thoughtful captains of industry who have studied the Beard Plan agree that his basic proposition is unassailable, that as technology advances planning must take in ever larger areas and simplify and unify industrial operations. Otherwise we must always be apprehensive of periods of business chaos. The chief objections to the Plan come from those who find in it too much encouragement for government supervision. The Beard Plan, however, is intended to point the way for rational voluntary action rather than to set up a machinery for compulsion. I predict that within the next generation several provisions of the Beard Plan will become national economic traditions.

IN THIS issue THE FORUM presents Professor Pitkin's spirited paper, "The Great Dirt Conspiracy," which expands one recommendation of the Beard Plan — a thorough overhauling of agriculture. In future numbers we hope to offer studies of other features of the Plan, including a thesis for guaranteed employment that will thwart the fear of jobless winters.

IN THIS issue, also, we present another American answer to Russia's challenge in Mr. Jay Franklin's article, "U. S. Incorporated." In his set-up for American industrialism Mr. Franklin does not clash essentially with Mr. Beard, but he gives less space to making America safe for technology and more to making America a civilized place where plenty will never again seem a greater calamity than poverty, where man may enjoy life with less economic apprehension. Birth control his Utopia will take care of by an income tax on excess children. Brains are to be substituted for credit. "In homely terms," says Mr. Franklin, "we propose to establish in the United States a national homeland for the hitherto nomadic American people, to enable them to settle down while the government helps them settle up."

HENRY GODDARD LEACH

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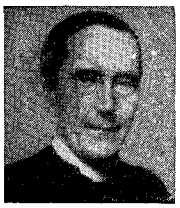
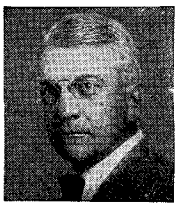
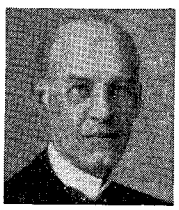
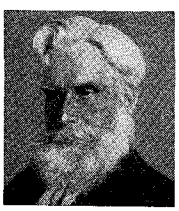
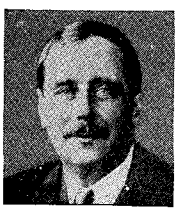
The American and European SCRAP BOOKS

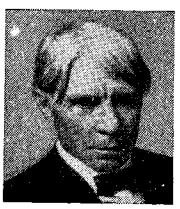












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They swayed about upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus.—KEATS

Reviews by

ELMER DAVIS
R. L. DUFFUS
OAKLEY JOHNSON
WILLIAM TROY

Our Comedy War

THE MARTIAL SPIRIT, by Walter Millis; Houghton Mifflin, $4.00.
Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS.

YOU REMEMBER, perhaps, the brief and glorious Spanish War — the great humanitarian crusade to drive the cruel Spaniards out of Cuba; the flag-waving and bell-ringing after the easy victory; and then the recriminations, the disclosures, the scandals. But you probably remember it vaguely; so much has happened since. Here it is all set down in a sober, truthful history that is as funny as *Once in a Lifetime.*

Mr. Millis, an editorial writer on the New York *Herald Tribune,* writes as an anti-imperialist, an admirer of the "obstinate rectitude" of Grover Cleveland, so his work will be anathema to the orthodox. But he seems to have the facts, and the facts indicate that on almost every point we were wrong and the Spaniards were, if not right, at least more sinned against than sinning. He modestly calls this not a history but a historical essay, stressing the "satiric aspects" which he thinks are found in all modern wars but "ordinarily concealed beneath the immense tragedy which war normally involves." Here was one war "where that tragedy was not present." The hundreds who were killed, the thousands who died of preventable diseases in this grotesque and superfluous embroilment may have felt that it was tragic enough; but read the story as a whole and it is screamingly funny. Only, like *Once in a Lifetime,* what makes it funny is that it is true; so when you have stopped laughing you may feel a little sick at your stomach.

The American people did not will the war with Spain any more than a tourist who throws a burning cigarette stub into dry underbrush wills a forest fire; and when causes were followed by effects, everybody agreed that the wicked Spaniards were to blame. Hearst and Pulitzer willed it, perhaps; and its chief results were cable tolls that wiped out the profits from increased circulation, and the creation of Theodore Roosevelt, who threw Hearst into the shadow and almost threw Pulitzer into jail. McKinley did not want war; but it could have been prevented only by the guts which Cleveland had and McKinley lacked. As for the people, they were merely bored by peace, avid for excitement, vaguely conscious of their strength, and eager to prove that strength to a skeptical Europe; disturbed by complex domestic problems which made it more agreeable to look abroad; seething with a humanitarian impulse whose gratification, if it happened to be profitable, only proved that this was of the Lord.

We got our war; and if the moral courage of the Spaniards had been equal to their physical courage, we might have lost it. Shafter landed unopposed at Daiquiri, which might have been made a Suvla Bay; at San Juan and El Caney, twelve hundred Spaniards stood off twelve thousand Americans all day. and then, having satisfied their honor, did no more. They were convinced of defeat before they started, and there was among them no Mustafa Kemal who knew how to turn despair into victory.

You will howl with laughter when you read of Dewey, banging away at a ludicrously inferior Spanish fleet in an impenetrable smoke cloud, convinced that he had shot away all his ammunition without hitting anything and would have to steam back to San Francisco, the laughingstock of the world; but the smoke cloud lifted, the Spanish fleet was sinking, and Dewey was a hero. Or of Shafter, who at heavy cost had got his army into an untenable position and cabled Washington that he had better retreat. But retreat might have cost the Republican party a Congressional election; Shafter had to hold on. In desperation he did the only other thing possible and summoned the Spaniards to surrender; and the Spanish general surrendered not only all his own troops but all the others within a hundred miles when he heard that they would be sent home free of charge.

Yes, it is funny, and Mr. Millis has let the story tell itself; once or twice he gives way to temptation and gilds the lily, but he gallantly resists temptation on every page. He deserves an award of merit and so does the present ownership of the *Herald Tribune;* for one hears that Mr. Millis, though he told the truth about Whitelaw Reid and the Republican party, still holds his job. Read it by all means; there is a laugh in almost every paragraph. And if, when you have finished laughing, you feel a little sick at your stomach, don't blame the author; he merely reported what happened. Seldom has the human race been more human than in the great crusade which left us doing in the Philippines in 1899 what we had attacked the Spaniards for doing in Cuba in 1898.

Land of Escape

MEXICAN MAZE, by Carleton Beals, illustrations by Diego Rivera; Lippincott, $3.00.
Reviewed by R. L. DUFFUS.

THIS IS one of those books which are hard on a reviewer. It should be read slowly, with intervals between readings, so that its implications may sink in. Like Mexico itself, it demands a great deal of sitting around. The reviewer, unfortunately, has to dash through like a Cook's tourist. He finishes, therefore, with impressions which certainly are mazy.

Without turning back to the book, for example, the present commentator now thinks of Mexico as a land of savagely ragged peaks and of sun-baked plains and uplands; of a mélange of ancient peoples somewhat adulterated with Spanish and a few other races, yet retaining their ancient customs and moods to a remarkable extent, and in about 2,000,000 individual instances speaking no European tongue; a

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Books

and of docility, resignation, joy, melancholy, hospitality, savagery, simple earthly virtues, and sinister corruption; a land of purple and vermillion; a land which is penetrated with what we call, inaptly, Western civilization, yet which is not actually yielding to it; in short, a land stranger in many ways than anything on the far side of the Atlantic and perhaps than anything on the far side of the Pacific.

Mr. Beals has devised no scheme to bring these impressions together into a neat, coherent picture. Probably he believes that Mexico is not and cannot be made neat and coherent. He gives us Mexico in what used to be called the "natural" method, by letting us, through his words, actually live fragments of it. He does this with notable success. One cannot say that it is hard to lay the book down; on the contrary, it is quite easy to do so. But it continues to haunt one, like the memory of a visited countryside, and one returns to it.

Things like this happen:

"Meet General 'Aspirin' and his aide.

'I have a headache, my General.'

'Here is some aspirin,' says the General, and blows his aide's brains out.

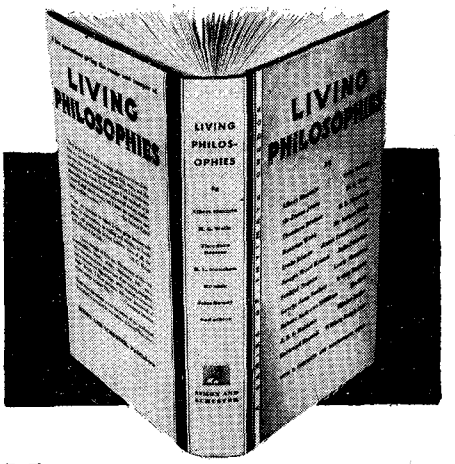
"It is a good joke. Everyone laughs heartily."

There is Don Melchor "of the wicked eye," slave-driven as a contract laborer on a Louisiana plantation in his youth; ruling a Tarascan village in his ripe age with blood, iron, corruption, and some revolutionary phrases. There is Avellaneda, spouting the catch phrases popular with the proletariat, assassinating his political enemies, buying his mistress a new fur coat every night and a palace in the suburbs, fondling the girls during a period of exile in a Montmartre café, winding up in the jungle with half a dozen knife thrusts in his vitals. Mr. Beals has few illusions about Mexico's political leaders, except, perhaps, dead ones like the martyred Felipe Carrillo Puerto, "the Ghandi of the Mayas." (The misspelling is his own).

He does, however, love the people. He suffers from that nostalgia for other ways and days which drives some moderns of Anglo-Saxon stock to immerse themselves in the thirteenth century and others to wander in unspoiled foreign lands. And this, perhaps, is the real fascination of his book — a quality which cannot well be summarized. It is, as truly as any romance, a vehicle of escape. It takes one so far away from our Manhattanized, mechanized civilization that not even the mooring mast of the Empire State building is visible — or would seem of the least importance if it were visible.

"Tehuantepec drowses among its rolling hills by the silver river where nude brown bodies flash in the sun"; "Mexico is ever throbbing with too much vitality,

Living Philosophies BY



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who regrets not his lofty loneliness and returns to the God of Spinoza

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EUGENE LÖHRKE'S

DEEP EVENING

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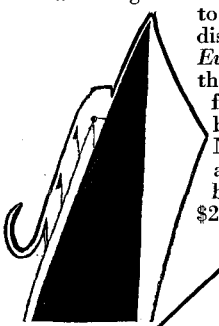

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greedy for life, reckless of means, unable to confine its boundless energies within any predetermined mold"; "the people have fortitude; they are not weighed down by a frenzied desire to improve their standards of living; they are not envious of those endowed with this world's goods; the people have the grace, the æsthetic appreciation, the hospitality and the refined courtesy of the ancient high-born, which is always and forever startling to the outsider observing their soil-woven, toil-worn lives." One might quote such sentences, and better ones, indefinitely.

The truth is that Mexico is for Mr. Beals a way of life. Its sunrises and sunsets, its barbaric trappings of costume and religious architecture, its un-Occidental gestures, its flamboyant women, its swaggering, brutal, good-humored males, the ancient integrity with which it accepts the universe delight him. There is probably a quality of illusion in all this, but the creation of the illusion is in itself the work of a writer with a poetic gift for experiencing and recording. Mr. Beals indulges in some tangible information and a few concrete speculations — for instance, what would happen if the United States took Mexico? But it is his perception of the rich color and meaning of the Mexican scene that makes his book stand out among books about Mexico. And this same quality of "color" one finds in the black-and-whites with which Diego Rivera has illustrated the book. They have sureness and power.

Storyteller's Story

THE CALIPH OF BAGDAD, by Robert H. Davis and Arthur B. Maurice; Appleton, $3.50.

Reviewed by OAKLEY JOHNSON.

THE DESCRIPTION of O. Henry sitting dejected in his bare room on West Twenty-fourth Street — a bed and a chair and a trunk, and on the trunk a rejected manuscript to be mailed out again — arouses in us now an incredulous surprise. This was the situation when Witter Bynner — determined to recover for *McClure's* a story which had overcautiously been returned — found him there sometime in 1902. O. Henry was about forty years old, had been in New York perhaps a year, and his remarkable less-than-ten-year career had just begun. His wife had died, he had recently served a term of years in the Ohio penitentiary, and he was penniless. In New York, nevertheless, he proceeded to turn out those hundreds of short stories, covering a wide variety of character, scene, and subject matter, stories highly original in manner and of notable literary significance. In a single year (1904) he produced seventy-five stories. It is astonishing that his immediate contemporaries did n realize how astonishing it was.

In life, as in the writing of stories, Henry was versatile. Singing in a chur quartette, clerking in a drug store, carou ing in Central America, these were all in lifetime for him. He could show markma ship with a revolver, make love to a gi or stow away two quarts of whisky, and doing naught out of the ordinary; might, just as likely, draw cartoons of l friends or advertise in the "lonely hearts column of a newspaper. He was reserve gentlemanly, lovable, shrewd; Americ through and through, as his stories sho yet with a mysterious, exotic grandeur (we look back) in his quiet personality.

It is this man to whose memory *T Caliph of Bagdad* attempts to do justic The book is more than a product of e cellent journalism and an O. Henry sour book combined: it is a fascinating stor told with justice and broad-mindedne and an insistence upon truth. The autho tell of the boyhood of William Sidne Porter, of his life in Texas, of his first ma riage, of his forced resignation as ban teller and flight to Honduras to escap trial, of his eventual return and incarcer tion in prison; then of his great success, h second marriage, his early death. The have collected the memories of everyon it would seem, who had ever known Henry — his relatives, his prison pals, h newspaper and magazine friends. Henry's own words and letters are give often, notably his opinions on ideas fo stories and on the right love relations men and women. While not primarily a tempting to give a literary judgment of Henry, the authors include, with happ nonchalance, the opinions of other writer on O. Henry's stories.

Does someone wonder if O. Henry wa *really* guilty of embezzling a bank's funds Poof — who cares! The authors give good deal of supplementary though no final evidence to the contrary; but anyon who knows the thousand possibilities o human nature and the thousands of vary ing influences in social environment wil worry but little — save in sympatheti regret — over this question. They hav before them the vastly more importan and incontrovertible fact of O. Henry' ability to write.

The criticisms that have been leveled a O. Henry as an artist consist chiefly in th charge that his work dealt too steadily with the ephemeral, in theme and i speech. The passing event, the current slang, the quickly forgotten allusion — these are in his stories, and these, it is said stamp his work with impermanence; these things, and the surprise ending, which has been thought a literary trick. To a certain extent this is true, but there are also elements in his stories which are of lasting value. He had humor which still brings a

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smile, a keen, mildly ironic knowledge of human nature, and a literary inventiveness which cannot be waved away. The "slang" is found to be less fugitive than has been charged if the reader turns again to read some of the old stories, for much of it consists of puns and much of a quick turn of phrase, less the *slang* of the street than the quick wit of the writer.

Furthermore, O. Henry's undoubted influence on short story technique gives him a definite place in literary history. Surely such a history, which would list Poe and Maupassant and Kipling, could not entirely omit O. Henry. It is worth noting that the short story is a tenuous medium to use, alone, in building a literary reputation. Poe, Kipling, Hawthorne, and Stevenson had other writings to sustain their names; but H. C. Bunner is forgotten, and even Maupassant is read less now, I think, than the novelists who were contemporary with him. If two or three of O. Henry's tales, along with two or three from each of the best of other writers of short stories, are included in some great Arabian Nights volume of the future, his spirit, we may believe, can rest content.

An Irish Boyhood

THE GARDEN, by L. A. G. Strong; Knopf, $2.50.
Reviewed by WILLIAM TROY.

THE SUBJECT of Mr. Strong's autobiographical novel is the passing of the Anglo-Irish gentry, "a class numerically and spiritually narrow, a tiny, black-coated incubus, a ruling caste: the Protestant well-to-do, in whose hands was vested all influence, all authority, all patronage." Those who remember Elizabeth Bowen's superb swan song for the same class in *The Last September* a few years ago will be struck by the remarkable differences which result in fiction from a change in method and point of view.

For Miss Bowen, it will be recalled, the Anglo-Irish offered an excellent laboratory study in the effects of ambiguous racial and social loyalties on individual character; her representation of these effects was something like a judgment on the class in question; her most appropriate symbol was a group of people dancing on the sides of a volcano. Mr. Strong's approach, on the other hand, is subjective. The approach does not permit of any crystallization of form into dramatic meaning. Mr. Strong offers little beyond the sentimental reconstruction of a way of living which is suddenly and forever gone; his symbol is a garden, the closed garden of his hero's childhood.

The quandary of the boy, Dermot, half English, half Anglo-Irish, is in reality the quandary of the whole class to which he belongs. Dividing his time between England and Ireland, he is never quite certain to which country he owes his spiritual allegiance. All the traditions of his family, environment, and education draw him toward an acceptance of the English side of his inheritance; but the influence of the Irish landscape, the charm of the socially inferior native Irish around him, make their appeal to something that is much more deeply a part of his nature. Most of the book consists of the record of the purely sensory experiences of the summers spent at his grandfather's house in Ireland. The months at school in England seem to leave no impression on his mind or sensibility; they are no more than an interruption of his real life, his true life, as it is lived in Ireland. Gradually the conflict that has shaped itself in his mind is objectified into a resistance to his English father's rigorous code of ethics. This resistance reaches its climax toward the end in a scene with his father in the course of which he deliberately throws in his lot with the inhabitants of "the infernal island."

The quality of Mr. Strong's book resides in the leisurely charm of its style and in the completeness with which it manages to reconstruct the whole fabric of a vanished epoch by means of the most commonplace details of living. As a novel it is deficient in movement and design, its episodes are chosen with too little attention to any general plan, and its characterization is too often in the flat. Perhaps it will be found less disappointing in these respects if approached as an example of that intermediate class of writing, more common in England than in America, which owes its effect to a combination of the methods of fiction and autobiography.

Books in Brief

STALIN, by Isaac Don Levine; Cosmopolitan, $3.50.

THE secretary-general of the Communist party, Joseph Stalin — who has inherited the power of Lenin and who has become the unquestioned dictator of Soviet Russia — is generally regarded as a man of mystery both at home and abroad. Lacking the theatrical instincts of a Mussolini, he has remained quietly behind stage, and though his career as a revolutionary dates back to the opening of the century, when he was merely the obscure son of a Caucasian shoemaker, he was for a long time overshadowed by the more dramatic personalities of Trotsky and Lenin. The account which Isaac Don Levine gives of Stalin's career is the first really adequate one which has appeared in English. It is, in many ways, a florid account, flamboyantly written, overrhetorical. Nevertheless it is richly documented and, to a large extent, it illuminates the traits in Stalin's character which are responsible for his rise to dominance — his energy, his strength of will, his practicality, his capacity for organization. Mr. Levine constantly insists that Stalin lacks creative imagination, that the ideas which he has carried through — such as the Five-Year Plan — have been borrowed from others, that he is measurably less brilliant than either Trotsky or Lenin. This appears to be true, and yet one is left with the impression that he was the proper man for the hour, that his intensely practical mind responded cannily to the various crises with which it was presented, that on many occasions he was right when Trotsky and Lenin were wrong. Aside from its value as biography, Mr. Levine's book is an excellent summary of the currents and cross-currents of the Russian revolutionary movement. He devotes particular attention to the critical period between 1917 and 1927, when Communism swung in the balance and Stalin was building up his power and prestige in spite of bitter opposition from Trotsky and other dissenting elements in the party. Mr. Levine is far from sympathetic with Communism in actual practice, whatever he may think of the fundamental theory behind it. He is, moreover, entirely too prone to explain everything Russian in terms of the "Eurasian" temperament and its profound dissimilarity from the temper of the West. His book is neither judicial nor detached, but it serves a useful purpose, and it makes extremely stimulating reading.

PIGS IN CLOVER, by Frances Noyes Hart; Doubleday, Doran, $2.50.

IT IS surprising, though it proves to be pleasant, to find the author of that admirable thriller, *The Bellamy Trial*, writing an account of an idyllic motor trip through France. Mr. and Mrs. Hart determined to be lavish and care free. They went where they wanted when they wanted, and they had a beautiful time. The descriptions of the incredibly succulent meals which they ate are calculated to rouse acute gastronomic envy or nostalgia in even the most spiritually minded. In fact, this book does for French food what G. B. Stern's *Bouquet* did for French wines. Mrs. Hart is a diverting and ingratiating chronicler — especially when it comes to the minor, amusing incidents of her trip. It is only when confronted with historical monuments that she lapses from grace into sentimentality and a rash of lush, purple adjectives. Even so, this is a very charming and gay-spirited book which has nothing in common with ordinary travel literature.

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Change of Address

Notice of a change of address, to be effective with the September issue of FORUM must reach the Subscription Department by July 31.

The Post Office does not forward magazines, including FORUM, which are mailed under the Second Class Rate of Postage.

Please give your former address when advising the Subscription Department of your new.

Books in Brief

SUN UP, by Will James; Scribners, $2.50.

WHEN I TURNED the last page of *Sun Up*, I felt like I'd been to a bucking horse contest, expecting to see my favorite rider covering the whole grounds in ten jumps, finding that he had drawed some critter that just wouldn't buck worth a cent but left him sitting atop his rigging fanning and scratching for all he was worth and getting no action — and then the judge blowed the whistle and it was all over. And all the time I kept waiting for things to bust loose that never did. His yarn is long-winded and drawed out and mostly would be twice as good if only half as long. He must of spend a lot of time on them pictures, too, especially the fancy ones. They're true and all that, but somehow them that aren't quite so "silver mounted" seem to fit into his way of telling things better — like them in his *Lone Cowboy*.

AMOK, by Stefan Zweig; Viking, $1.50.

TAKING a leaf out of Somerset Maugham, Mr. Zweig here tells a long short story of a white man decayed and embittered by the tropics. A young German doctor goes out to the Dutch East Indies and spends seven lonely years. At the end of that time an Englishwoman comes to him from the nearest settlement to ask if he will perform an illegal operation. He agrees to her request — on one condition. That condition she indignantly refuses, and then leaves him. Whereupon the doctor, tortured by shame and realizing that only he can save the woman, "runs amuck" — loses all control of himself, follows her to her home, and eventually tries to rescue her from the fatal complications in which her fear has involved her. The tale is pure melodrama, but Mr. Zweig tells it so adroitly and at such a swift pace that one cannot help but be entertained.

DARKNESS AT NOON, by Harry Carlisle; Liveright, $2.50.

THIS is a first novel of unusual strength and appeal, written with refreshing force by a young Englishman. Mr. Carlisle captures engagingly the rare quality of human understanding. Through his rough-hewn central character — a strong, inarticulate youth chained to the mines of England, dreaming of escape and love and security — he faithfully mirrors mankind, ever seeking, hoping, planning. Though winter comes most often in this narrow life, the character — and the author — is sensitively and painfully aware of each new spring. The story is extremely well told: "It was all a tangle that he could make nothing of. His hopes were like the few snowfalls of the winter season; a brief blanket, then slush." A nice and always delicate sense of selection, even unto the peoples' names, is notable throughout the book.

THE CONTEMPORARY AND HIS SOUL, by Irwin Edman; Cape & Smith, $2.50.

HOWEVER mechanistic his theories may be, however different his phraseology, the concerns of the contemporary, Irwin Edman believes, are precisely what those of his ancestor were — his soul and its salvation. "The whole attempt of contemporary reflection may be said to be that of finding some way of life whereby the modern may find integrity or peace." With considerable clarity and detachment Mr. Edman surveys, in this book, the manifold forms which this attempt takes. He discusses the Cult of Disillusion; the Faith in Intelligence, which maintains that the only hope for humanity is through science and the machine; the Retreat to Platonism, which implies withdrawal to an ideal world; the Nostalgia for Tradition; and those Flights to Action and to Ecstacy which include the cult of æstheticism, of sex, of mysticism, and of activity for its own sake. All these possible solutions Mr. Edman examines with care, only to find that all of them are deficient as techniques of escape in that they are too one-sided, that they ignore large tracts of experience, and that they do not enable their devotees to face life frankly and fruitfully. In his final chapter, Mr. Edman gives a hint as to his own prescription for salvation — a prescription which utilizes certain elements in the various solutions he has already considered and rejected, but which pleads for a healthy, naturalistic adjustment to the world as it actually is — a recognition of the age-old satisfactions which even our complex civilization cannot destroy. One wishes that Mr. Edman had expanded this section of his book, had asserted his own faith more positively. His analytic criticism is valuable but one would like to see him take the aggressive in working out a philosophy of the good life.

VOLUME TWO, by Katherine Mayo; Harcourt, Brace, $2.00.

IN *Volume Two*, Katherine Mayo has added to the revelations which roused so much morbid interest in the plight of Hindu women when *Mother India* was published four years ago. Incidentally, this second set of revelations is far less sensational than the first and, as a result, much more plausible. It is based upon the report of the Age of Consent Committee, sent out under the auspices of the Indian Legislature to investigate the conditions fostered by Hindu child-marriage,

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Books in Brief

and the Child-Marriage Restraint Law, passed as a result of that report. Miss Mayo has tried hard, sometimes to the detriment of sustained interest, to verify every statement in the book. The reader frequently becomes lost in a hazy multitude of bewildering names — names of various Indian assemblymen, doctors, professors, judges, and other worthies — and interminable footnotes, substantiating fact after fact after fact. But in spite of its several faults, *Volume Two* shows up rather well the fallacy of believing that the legislation thus far enacted has done or ever will do much to stop Hindu child-marriage and its appalling evils.

THE FLAME OF ISLAM, by Harold Lamb; Doubleday, Doran, $4.00.

MR. LAMB'S latest book concludes the story which he started in *The Crusades: Iron Men and Saints*, and covers the era from the appearance of Saladin to the final defeat of St. Louis and the Christian hope of recapturing Jerusalem. It is a meaty subject, and Mr. Lamb deals nobly by it. His erudition is complete and unobtrusive, and he has a pleasant habit of letting the protagonists tell their own story. Baha ad Din and William, Archbishop of Tyre, Ville-Hardouin, and a host of other eyewitnesses speak vividly to re-create the physical and mental condition of the participants in the struggle. It is the skill with which the author has marshaled and presented these commentators that gives his book its greatest value. When writing on his own, Mr. Lamb has a tendency to lapse into a style regrettably close to Cabellian harmonics. Trees wave in the breeze, suns rise and set, swords flash, and a mysterious black ship puts out to sea or draws into harbor, but these interludes are comparatively rare. For the better part of its lengthy way, *The Flame of Islam* is one of the best of adventure stories, told in the most satisfying manner.

LETTERS FROM FRATERNITY, by A. L. McCorrison; Dutton, $3.00.

BIOGRAPHY of a sort, these unedited letters from the old farmer who was the original of *Chet McAusland* in Ben Ames Williams' well-known down-East stories, reveal much of his sturdy self and much by implication of the economic shift which is gradually changing the New England countryside from the home — and work-place — of farmers to the holiday-land of city dwellers. McCorrison is a typical backwoodsman in his love for the land and the landscape, his zest for sport, and his conservatism. He is unusual in his ability to express them. Though the reader must supply for himself an emotional coloring which the farmer's reticence only hints at, still there is meat here for the student of life as well as for those who share the author's passion for fishing, hunting, and bird dogs.

A FAREWELL TO INDIA, by Edward Thompson; Dutton, $2.50.

WITH the publication of this book, E. M. Forster has been rivaled if not outclassed. Waiving the matter of comparisons, it is easily the best novel of its kind since *A Passage to India*. Mr. Thompson's hero is an educational missionary, Robert Alden, who has for twenty years been attached to a mission college in the provincial Bengal town of Vishnugram. He has passed through successive phases of Indian policy and the year 1929–1930 finds him tired, troubled, and baffled. Loving India, responsive to its ways and its psychology, he is too sane not to deplore the excesses of Nationalism, too intelligent not to grasp the more enlightened British point of view. The plot of the book is negligible. Its dual theme is the spiritual predicament of Alden and of the country itself. Miraculously, the lengthy conversations on the Indian problem which pepper the pages of this novel are never dull. Mr. Thompson writes with a pervasive humor and with the same poetic sensitiveness which so distinguished *These Men, Thy Friends* and *In Araby Orion*. Here, one feels, is the truth in all its complex shadings, and no mere simplification of the question in bald blacks and whites. *A Farewell to India* is a fine and thoughtful novel and it has, incidentally, more ingratiating charm than this account of its actual content might indicate.

LIFE AMONG THE LOWBROWS, by Eleanor Rowland Wembridge; Houghton Mifflin, $2.50.

THE MATERIAL for these sketches has been taken from Mrs. Wembridge's own notes as Referee of an Ohio Juvenile Court. It is valuable because it comes first-hand from a trained and experienced observer. It is intensely interesting because it is written down with humor and sympathy, with a perception of people as people — not "cases" but personalities, alive and kicking. "Sometimes," confesses the author slyly, "I can't figger *any* of them out." This is her final word, but it has been implicit throughout the book in her objective presentation of her stories. She makes her points indirectly but clearly. She allows a group of people who have been far too much sentimentalized by well-meaning novelists, professional and amateur, to stand up and speak for themselves. And so she forces on responsible citizens the pertinent question "What is to be done about them?"

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Books in Brief

DEATH AND TAXES, by Dorothy Parker; Viking, $1.75.

AT LEAST for the present, the unfailingly musical stream of Dorothy Parker's verse seems to be running a little thin. The old charm is there, but in a somewhat attenuated form, and the old sparkle seems tarnished. Too large a proportion of the poems in this meager volume are merely coy and arch; too many of them perfunctorily follow a formula. There are, to be sure, several gay and spontaneous lyrics such as "The Little Old Lady in Lavender Silk" and "Ninon de L'Enclos, On Her Last Birthday" which have the authentic touch. There are several others — "Little Words," "My Own" — which prompt again the highly unoriginal observation that Mrs. Parker could, if she willed, be a minor poet of distinction rather than a beguiling wit. On the whole, however, her characteristic mood of wistful bravado begins for the first time to pall. *Death and Taxes* is a disappointment — it is not nearly so good as its predecessors. One hopes that the title is not prophetic and that Dorothy Parker is not, like the rest of us, succumbing to the unpleasant realities of life. This is no year for her to fall from grace.

FATHER MALACHY'S MIRACLE, by Bruce Marshall; Doubleday, Doran, $2.50.

THIS is as novel and as thoroughly engaging a book as has been seen around these parts for some time. Call it a satire or a modern fable — it is equally delectable either way you look at it. Father Malachy, an unassuming little Benedictine monk released from his monastery for sacred duties in Edinburgh, is so pained by the wickedness of the world and the modern spirit of disbelief that he rashly engages, in the course of an argument with an Anglican parson, to perform a miracle for the furtherance of faith. This he does. At his behest "The Garden of Eden," a tawdry and noisy dance hall, rises into the air with all its occupants and deposits itself on the Bass Rock, twenty miles away. What follows is most disillusioning to poor Father Malachy. A titillated but blandly skeptical world refuses to accept the evidence of its eyes and maintains that the day of miracles is over, that only ignorant peasants and priests would credit such preposterous nonsense. Even Rome is bothered, and refuses to lend its sanction to so unorthodox a proceeding. The complications are endless, and are both funny and oddly pathetic. Mr. Marshall's humor is irresistible, his touch delicate. It is impossible to tell whether he is himself a believer, and it does not in the least matter. He has written a tenderly comic fantasy which discriminating readers will cherish.

DWARF'S BLOOD, by Edith Olivier; Viking, $2.50.

THIS strange and rather lovely book is wholly different from Miss Olivier's recent extravaganza, *The Triumphant Footman*. It is, perhaps, more akin to her first fantastic novel, *The Love-Child*. Sir Nicholas Roxerby, returned to England from Australia, renovates his dilapidated ancestral estate, marries the beautiful and thoroughly normal daughter of a neighbor, and prepares to settle down to a typical English country existence. His heritage, however, thwarts him. The second child born to Nicholas and Alethea is a dwarf, exquisitely formed, brilliantly endowed, but still — a freak. For a time Alethea cannot understand the bitter repulsion which her husband feels toward his son. Then she discovers that his mother, too, is deformed — warped in mind as well as body — and that the knowledge of this deadly inheritance has been responsible for her husband's abnormal sensitiveness. The child poisons the happiness of husband and wife, and the whole book is concerned with Alethea's attempt to bring Nicholas to a more rational point of view. Miss Olivier handles her curious theme deftly and beautifully, and introduces symbolic overtones which are never stressed. *Dwarf's Blood* is poised between the planes of reality and fantastic allegory. It maintains its balance admirably.

ADVENTURES IN GENIUS, by Will Durant; Simon & Schuster, $4.00.

READING the first section of this scrappy and disjointed book it is easy to work oneself up into a fervor of indignant revulsion. "The Ten 'Greatest' Thinkers," "The Ten 'Greatest' Poets" — ten easy lessons in tabloid knowledge! Surely this is popularization at its weakest and worst. Later one is mollified. One feels the force of that contagious enthusiasm which is Dr. Durant's gift, and by means of which he persuades a large public to enter his private shrines. In his rather disarming introduction, he confesses that he is by nature a hero-worshiper. He is just that. His essays on Flaubert, John Cowper Powys, and Anatole France are written in anything but a genuinely critical temper. They are written, rather, with warmth, exuberance, and a kind of large generosity. They are not wholly trustworthy, but they are obviously going to induce a great many uninitiated readers to visit the public libraries. The same can be said for his more ambitious interpretative essays on the philosophy of Spengler and of Keyserling. These five chapters are the best in the book. They provide excellent ammunition for the defenders of frank popu-

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Books in Brief

larization. If the rest of the volume were up to this standard, and if the rather irrelevant section on Dr. Durant's travels in China, India, and Palestine had been omitted, *Adventures in Genius* would have a better claim to serious attention, and would form a more coherent whole.

OH GLORY! by Harford Powel, Jr., Bobbs-Merrill, $2.00.

THIS is a book, like its predecessors, *The Virgin Queen* and *Married Money*, to be enjoyed most when you feel "fed up with it all." If you don't chuckle after the first three pages, read three more and then laugh outright in spite of yourself. Harford Powel always has a delightful way of complicating the lives of his characters — in this case, they are a publicity agent, a Boston débutante, several walrus-whiskered clubmen, a statesmen or two, and various menials, referred to on occasion as minions and crones — with unexpected Gilbertian situations. *Oh Glory* concerns the rise to national prominence of Harvey J. Buck, an imaginary person created by certain distinguished members of an exclusive Boston club. He is brought into the world to serve two purposes: to satisfy the desire of one of his creators to influence the public pseudonymously; to furnish with a substantial income one Charles Low, ex-Harvard English instructor, fellow club member, fiancé of Boston débutante already mentioned, and struggling publicity agent, poor but proud. The brain child is supplied, by those responsible for him, with talents galore, and Charles, who believes there really is a Harvey J. Buck, proclaims them to the public in eulogistic paragraphs. This is how Harvey J. Buck becomes famous. What happens after the Governor of Massachusetts butts in and insists that he run for Senator is too good to be spoiled by the revelatory endorsement of a book reviewer. You should read the book and find out for yourself.

AMERICA THE MENACE, by Georges Duhamel; Houghton Mifflin, $2.00.

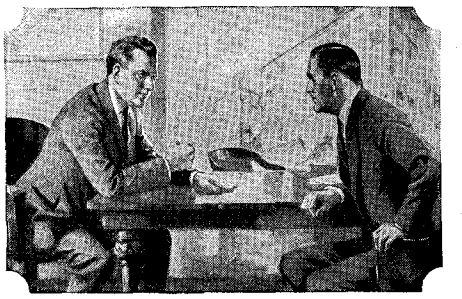
UNDER the title of *Scenes de la Vie Future* this book apparently excited a vast amount of interest and discussion in France. One doubts whether it will make much of a splash here. We are thoroughly accustomed to the embittered comments of visiting foreigners, many of whom have chastised us better and more brilliantly. It is true that M. Duhamel forswears chastisement as an aim. In pillorying America he is also pillorying Europe — which seems determined to adopt our civilization as its own. His book is intended as a warning to the Continent of what its future is to be. The warning would be more effective were it not based so largely on exaggerations and misconceptions. Some of M. Duhamel's observations are trenchant and true, but he is very apt to lose his head — especially when confronted with such phenomena as the Chicago stockyards. He is apt to plunge into sheer sentimentalism. His book blends rather ineffectively realism and satire. Everything that he says has been said before and said more tellingly.

LADY WITH A PAST, by Harriet Henry; Morrow, $2.00.

THIS is a version, with variations, of the Cinderella legend and though it is frankly featherweight, it is not unamusing. Venice Muir has all the rightful appurtenances of a New York débutante when it comes to money, looks, and social position — but somehow she just isn't a success. She is too shy and too introspective, and she lacks a gift for small talk. Men avoid her at parties and never think of taking her home. Then she goes to Paris, where she determinedly manufactures a past which includes an American gigolo and a French marquis who commits suicide in her presence. The rumors of these goings-on precede her, and on her return she is triumphantly popular, only to discover that the pleasures of society are hollow and that she has forfeited the opinion of the one man for whom she could care. Miss Henry's dialogue is weak and lacks the necessary sparkle, but her descriptions of Venice's social agonies are remarkably good and her book is a pretty respectable specimen of the light, popular novel.

AND NO BIRDS SING, by Pauline Leader; Vanguard, $2.50.

THE author of this curious, harshly powerful autobiography is a twenty-two-year-old girl who at the age of twelve was stricken with total deafness. Thereafter she fought a bitter struggle to preserve her independence and her cherished individuality in the face of physical handicaps. Her parents, she felt, were trying to make her "really deaf" by overemphasizing her helplessness and her difference from the rest of the normal world. Consequently she ran away to New York at the age of seventeen and, at the cost of loneliness and poverty, succeeded in making a tenuous livelihood at the few menial jobs that were open to her. That Pauline Leader has great courage and vitality is obvious. It is also obvious that she has been as much hampered by a difficult, rebellious, and egotistical temperament as by her actual deafness. She is by no means a Sunday School heroine triumphing nobly over disaster, and her story is for that reason the more interesting and human.



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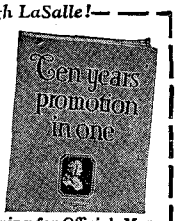

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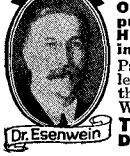

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Portraits of the Typical American

The Winners of the Prize Contest

The June FORUM *contained an article by George Frederic Nieberg called* "Portrait of the Man in the Street." *It was such a controversial portrait, was so harsh toward the unsuspecting subject, that the Editor thought it only fair to ask for other opinions. He therefore instituted a contest, and the following three papers, the best out of some six hundred versions of the Typical American which were submitted before the closing date, receive twenty-five dollar prizes.*

A PATHETIC FIGURE

by HALLIE READ HARDWICKE

Fort Worth, Texas

THE TYPICAL American, that curious product of Western civilization, is a more pathetic than a contemptible figure. He is not quite adult, and he has all of a child's terror of the unknown, and all the child's fear of ridicule; he is the victim of an inescapable inferiority complex. Life is very hard and no one appreciates him. His wife, breathlessly pursuing "culture" while she revels in his worldly goods, is ashamed of him; his children, undisciplined and poorly educated, openly sneer at him in the same breath with which they demand more money; his richer associates patronize or only tolerate him; foreign lecturers and writers deride him for being a materialistic, impossible brute; while our own self-appointed intelligentsia tear him limb from limb and dangle his pitiable members for the world's laughter, because he believes what he reads in the papers, because he joins men's luncheon clubs, and — oh! crime of crimes — because he tries hard to make a living for his clamorous family.

The marvel is that the average American has enough spirit to struggle before he succumbs to torture. Needless to say, his contempt of court provokes further indictments from the supercilious jury, but he summons up his shreds of courage and laughs back. It is better to despise what one does not understand than to worship it. So he evolves his creed. Foreigners are not nice people: Englishmen are overbearing, Germans are bloodthirsty, Latins immoral, Russians Socialistic. Only Americans are decent, and from that category he excludes artists, writers, educators, scientists, critics, and diplomats. An æsthete is untrustworthy — he is effeminate, hypocritical, and probably crooked. A diplomat is something of a fool and, moreover, dangerous, for he often entertains ladies at pink teas. As for professors, they are a shabby, ridiculous lot, shooting off their heads about ideas, when they might talk sensibly about business, or sports, or women. They never look at the sporting page. And Sport is the God of America, after Money — a pleasant enough deity whose decrees are intelligible, and whose rules are admirable; who dares deny him is a cad.

After all, why badger and curse this poor man? His purchasing power turns the wheels that make the profits. Where would we all be if he didn't buy things, such as safety razors and automobiles, ginger ale and pseudo-antiques? How would his critics live if he didn't pay his wife's bills for new books (mostly about *him*), her seats for Theatre Guild productions? They would be hungry, no doubt, and more virulent than ever in their scorn.

The American man, educated mostly by hard knocks and ruthless competition, unsustained by philosophy or religion, bewildered by business difficulties, asks only to be let alone, to be allowed the sweet solace of talkies and jazz, the occasional relaxation of a hell-raising convention, or a good dirty story, and he will carry on, paying endless bills, a fairly honest, pretty decent, and very industrious fellow, to the close of a rather futile life.

AN APATHETIC FIGURE

by HAROLD DONITZ

Brooklyn, New York

THE MOST prominent attribute of *Homo Americanus* is his utter apathy toward such general matters, particularly governmental, whose relation to his immediate affairs is not apparent. Make any attempt to impair his suffrage and he will fight to his last drop of blood; having the suffrage, he doesn't vote. He is convinced that this is a land of equal opportunity, but will concede that he doesn't stand the remotest chance of amassing a fortune or attaining a high office, nor does his son. He may write an indignant letter to his newspaper if his street goes three days unswept, but is only mildly surprised to hear that a ward heeler has swindled the street-cleaning department out of thousands of dollars, and does not regard that as sufficient cause to vote for the opposition party at election time.

He was born into what he calls "the middle class," and has been earning more or less of a living since the age of ten. His formal education ended somewhere in the high school years, but his children will go through college unless his daughter marries or his son (to his great joy and pride) decides that book learning isn't getting him anywhere and goes into business. He neither envies nor despises a college education, but regards it as very nice for those who go in for that sort of thing.

He owns a car, a radio, a vacuum cleaner, a bookcase containing uncut sets which came with magazine subscriptions, and a piano which is never played any more. He is aware that his expenditures are a bit in excess of what they should be, but doesn't know just what can be done about it. He will get an electric refrigerator and perhaps, some time in the future, a washing machine.

He allows his amusements their share of his time, but does not select them. He visits the movies once a week, and is not unlikely to fall asleep (or was, before the

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talkies came) without feeling that he has lost any enjoyment thereby. He listens to the first radio program he picks up, so long as it is not heavily symphonic, or an address. Lacking other diversions, he reads the short stories in whatever magazine his wife subscribes to.

He uses toilet articles and breakfast foods, cigarettes and garters, as well as his automobile and various household appliances, which have been manufactured by the millions, and uses his particular brands because, although he is unconscious of it, they have been drilled into his brain by thousands of radio broadcasts and printed advertisements. He is susceptible to any impassioned speech or editorial, and abides by the one he has heard or read most recently. He rides complacently to work on a trolley or subway under conditions to which a self-respecting rancher wouldn't submit his cattle, and he punches a time clock. He is thankful, however, that he dwells in a land where individuality counts for something, and where he is not reduced to a cog in a machine as, so he understands, is the case in Communist Russia.

A Figure of Action

by D. W. Gotshalk

Urbana, Illinois

Lift the thin veil of European tradition that he has imported and spread over his fair land, and what have you?

First, a producer, a fellow of competent, often highly specialized skill, a mechanism of high power if not of wide imagination, who could supply a world. And next, a generous fellow, an open noisy host. Naturally wealthy, never having felt the pinch of strong, close, competitive neighbors, as has the European, he is, normally, innocently responsive, abounding in animal good feeling, a feeling which quite conveniently takes the place of sympathy or any form of imaginative understanding of others.

Next, and preëminently, he is a man of motion, who likes to go, who dislikes mere thought which normally requires that he be still. If he must be still, he prefers to watch a race or game, to sit in a movie palace and witness an image of movement, to turn on a radio and attend events far away. This thirst for going, for elsewhere, penetrates his entire life. His chief work has been the perfection of the familiar devices of acceleration, his most characteristic art is the expression of speeded rhythms, his chief diversions are sport, travel, going places.

Paradoxically, this mobile, open, competent creature is a prey of fears. He applauds success loudly, even in ventures which he does not at all understand. He is ever ready to slough off care, to become a boy. He enjoys sentimentalities. And he shrinks from pushing ahead in directions of which his fellows, by and large, do not approve. This fear of distinctive maturity makes him amazingly gullible in all things beyond his ken — for instance, religion — although within his range he is self-confident, even at times loud-mouthed.

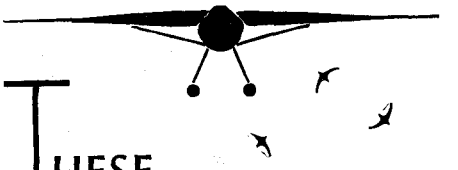
Religion, I say, is beyond him. Indeed, in essence he is completely irreligious. More than from fear, religion springs from wide imagination, from a vivid sense of the woeful inadequacy of ordinary living, from a desire for repose. And your Typical American is entirely without these. A desire for repose and a wide imagination — that is, a desire for a mild outer life and an intense inner life — he least of all possesses.

Nor does he deem ordinary living woefully inadequate. Indeed, he finds the earth a good place and he roams and exploits it with energy. And if the economic system which for him rules the earth — a system that is the very incarnation of his lack of wide imagination — gives him the bread and gasoline he needs, he is satisfied. Heaven, he may vaguely hope to reach. Mars, he is sure he will. But in the meantime he is content to confine his movements within the circles of terrestial gravity, to fly without breaking his neck.

Such, very briefly, is the Typical American. Not an ideal, he is what you have when you shake hands in your church, or, after surveying the strata of American life, you scan your less eccentric cronies in your speakeasy.

In Summary

One might conclude, after reading these three prize-winning portraits, that Forum *readers believe the Typical American to be not so bad as Mr. Nieberg painted him. Such a deduction, however, would be incorrect. The vast majority of the hundreds of papers submitted in this contest depicted the average citizen of this country as a moron, a poltroon, a vulgarian, a conceited ass — in short, a Babbitt without even the saving graces of animal vitality and friendliness which Sinclair Lewis granted to his original caricature. But, because he believed that many of these etched-in-acid portraits merely aped Mr. Nieberg's article, the Editor eventually cast them aside in favor of the more rounded, though less iconoclastic, judgments by Mrs. Hardwicke, Mr. Donitz, and Mr. Gotshalk. Perhaps he was wrong in so doing; perhaps the Typical American is the flabby monster which the pessimistic school of criticism would have us believe him. Yet in one thing he believes he was right: the true, the final analysis should contain the quality of tolerance. And this the prize-winning papers possess. Their authors have looked at both sides of the Typical American and, without making obeisance to Pollyanna, have judged him shrewdly.*



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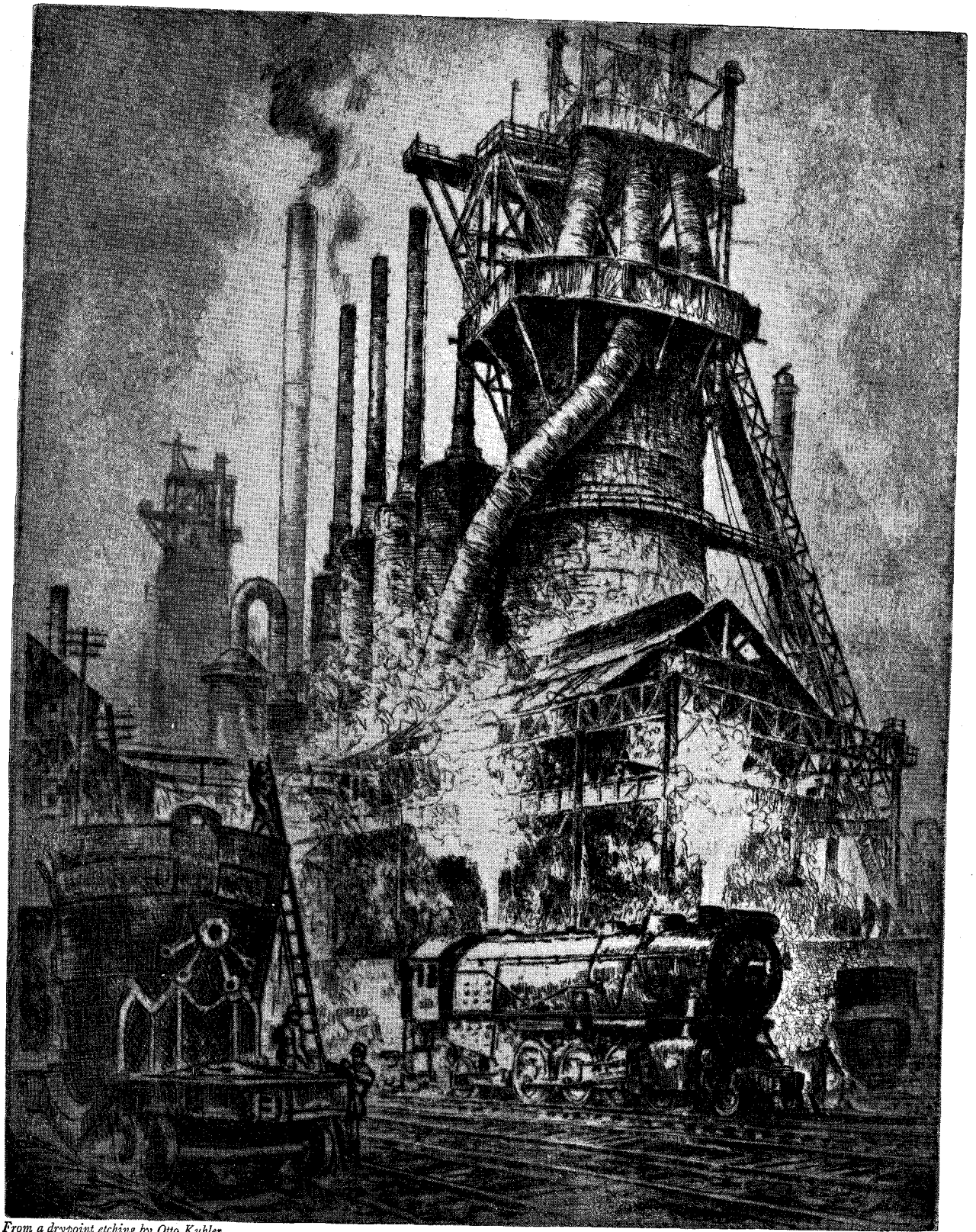

From a drypoint etching by Otto Kuhler

Courtesy of the Schwartz Galleries

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F O R U M

AUGUST, 1931 VOL. 86, NO. 2

U. S., Incorporated

A Modest Proposal for Removing the Current Depression and Preventing the Next, for Revamping Our Nation and Ushering in the Millennium in Five Wonderful Years

by **JAY FRANKLIN**

As even the best bonds float listlessly on the stagnant stock market and as the most persistent noise in Wall Street is the rattle of "seasoned industrial stocks" hitting new bottoms, the revolting notion that we may be able to learn something from the Soviet Russian experiment in planned economy begins to seduce our younger thinkers. To be sure, the orthodox rank-and-file are still doing business at the old standard of living. Roger Babson has emitted faint moans to the effect that thar's gold in them hills, though Irving Fisher is as silent as a New York patrolman asked to explain his bank account. President Hoover has blamed part of the depression on the five million soldiers being kept in guilty splendor in the world's standing armies, without explaining how employment is to be found for that five million who ought to be spewed out of the militaristic whale upon the industrial beach. Julius Barnes blames it all on government, holding that we should do away with safeguards against monopoly and unfair competition, supply and demand, and let Morgan catch the hindermost. Mr. Norman Thomas begs us to recline in a theory of Socialism which is as snug as an old-fashioned Morris chair. Heretics like Stuart Chase and George Soule point mischievously to Russia doing big things in a big way, while *The New York Times* simeonstrunskys its usual editorial lemon juice on the more succulent Soviet statistics.

However, something has got to be done or the electorate will commit the unforgivable sin of thinking for itself. People will start wondering why the farmers go hungry while the Farm Board has 275,000,000 bushels of grain on which the farmers should have practiced birth control; why, with more shoes and clothes and gadgets than is credible, six million Americans are tramping the streets for work because the

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bankers failed to lead out trumps during the bull market; why, with the greatest mass of gold in history, the Federal Reserve can't keep money in circulation; why a single round of roodles in Wall Street destroyed as many values as a year of warfare; why the richest government and the premier economic statesmen in the capitalistic world face a billion dollar deficit; why, in short, plenty is a greater calamity than is poverty.

Of course, nobody expects the stevedores at Memphis, Tennessee, to start crooning the Volga Boat Song; nobody believes that Stalin will get us if we don't watch out; nobody expects to see an American OGPU exiling the bourgeoisie to Alaska. We are quite capable of raising our own political wild oats without the aid of Red wheat, and never in the past have we had to borrow the institutions of another country when we wanted to raise hell on our own account. Just the same, our national patience is beginning to wear thin and a political upheaval is around the corner, unless the powers that rule us can outguess the electorate and stage something just as exciting and much more satisfactory than the Communist attempt to autogyro on their economic bootstraps.

So we're going to have a Five-Year Plan of our own, though naturally we will never admit it: that would be asking too much of a country which scarcely recognizes that Russia is on the map. Perhaps we had better call it a noble experiment. Certainly we should not copy Russia. Russia's problem is not ours. Russia is starting from scratch; we have to protect what was regarded as a $360,000,000,000 investment before October, 1929. Russia has no credit; we have too much. Russia needs everything; all that we need is intelligence. Russia must create capital out of national self-denial; we have the much less dramatic job of distributing our abundance to a population which is becoming less dependent on labor and more dependent upon machinery for its daily bread. Russia has had to substitute force for cash; we shall have to substitute brains for credit. Russia was swept clean; we must work with our own institutions and our own methods, however disappointing such an idea may be to our radical prophets. Russia aims to make itself a self-supporting industrial state; our object is to make capitalism self-respecting. Russia has got to produce goods — which is pitifully easy in these days of dynamos and tractors; we have got to produce a better civilization, which has not hitherto been regarded as a mission which can safely be intrusted to Julius Klein, Senator Smoot, or the American Chamber of Commerce.

II

Our "Five-Year Plan" must attack a series of moral objectives which make the famous Soviet "indicators of national economy" resemble a trial marriage between Bolshevism and Babbittry. We're going to drop our nasty habit of spouting car-loadings, pig iron, ton-miles, and installment sales whenever we're asked where we are headed, just at the time when the Kremlin, God help it! has gone in heavily for the economic gospel according to Henry Ford. For we have broken through the iron ring of national poverty and are about to move forward into an uncharted area of human betterment, hotly pursued by the posse of investment bankers and the bloodhounds of the law of supply and demand.

The objectives of our Plan must include a revolution in economic administration: scientific use of mechanical energy to supply basic economic needs; reduction of human labor to the minimum; distribution of goods through a dividend rather than a wage system; diversion of credit from overcapitalized industries to undercapitalized social needs; social control, through capitalistic methods, of the means of production, distribution, and exchange; rationalization of industry; conservation of natural resources; a higher standard of living through lower costs of production; occupation instead of work for everyone; a practical business partnership between government and business; promotion of the health, happiness, culture, and economic security of the mass of our people; and any other mouth-filling phrases which can be culled from the voluminous asseverations of our John Deweys and Senator Norrises. In homely terms, we propose to establish in the United States a national homeland for the hitherto nomadic American people, to enable them to settle down while the government helps them settle up.

If capitalism is based on the eternal truths of human greed and individual enterprise, why

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not use greed and private initiative to drive our people into a saner mode of life? Rather than confiscate capital or nationalize wealth, we should try to enable the mass of Americans to participate in the active wealth of the country. Leaving industry under private management and preserving that spirit of initiative so dear to our statesmen when they are opposing social reforms advanced by a Democratic Senator, we should improve the minimum standard of living, without bringing down the higher standards. We should lower our cost of living and of production so as to enable our high-priced inhabitants to compete against socialized and pauper labor in those unsanitary sections of the globe which are not represented in Congress. We ought to purge industrial management of the high-pressure white-collar element and put the latter into a much larger and lower-pressured government bureaucracy. And we could do it all, without having the fun of a revolution, man-handling the dear old Constitution, or putting our political stuffed-shirts and racketeering bankers on the spot where the accident occurred.

Drawings by Lewis Daniel

HORRID THOUGH it may seem to Wall Street and the D.A.R., the Federal Government already possesses legal sub-machine guns adequate to do all these things, without putting Smedley Butler in charge of our OGPU or Bishop Cannon in the White House. The weapons are: (1) the power to lay and collect taxes, conferred by Article 1, Section 8, of the Constitution; and, (2) the power to regulate commerce with foreign nations, and among the several states, conferred by Paragraph 3 of the same section of that sublime document. While another clause stipulates that no tax or duty shall be laid on articles exported from any state, this proviso can easily be circumvented by any hard-boiled and determined Administration, if we ever get one.

Here's how! After completing certain organizational reforms calculated to bring our government abreast of Al Capone, Congress shall declare that inter-state and foreign commerce is a public utility and shall issue franchises for its conduct, through a Treasury Bureau of Corporations, on the following regulatory principle:

1. Ordinary business — corporations and partnerships — shall (by increasing stock issues or in other appropriate ways) turn over to the government five per cent of its control for five years, thereby giving to the government a quarter share in its earnings and representation on its directorate, without touching its capital. At the same time, the government shall lay a tax at the source on the dividends of preferred stocks and on the interest earned by the bonds of these corporations, rising from five per cent to twenty-five per cent, over the same five-year period. Banks and individuals which desire to protect their equities in bonds and preferred stocks, may stabilize this tax at ten per cent by turning over their securities to the Bureau of Corporations as trustee, which will be empowered to issue bank notes up to fifty per cent of the value of sound collateral, for liquidating indebtedness or increasing currency.

2. Key industries shall be grouped into regional or national monopolies under federal auspices, after a similar five-year stock issue program, beginning at ten per cent and rising to fifty per cent or half control, with taxation at the same scale (ten to fifty per cent) on preferred stocks and bonds, subject to the same trustee privilege outlined above. The key industries would include: railways, commercial motor transport, airways, coal, petroleum, electric power, iron and steel, copper and other metals, lumber, textiles, chemicals, packing houses, sugar refining, insurance, automobile manufacture, agricultural machinery, commodity warehouses, telegraph and telephones, cable and radio, wholesale clothing, and all concerns operating subsidiaries or owning property abroad.

This operation, in no way subversive to the management or essential structure of the existing system, would give the government a lever for initiating and financing the recon-

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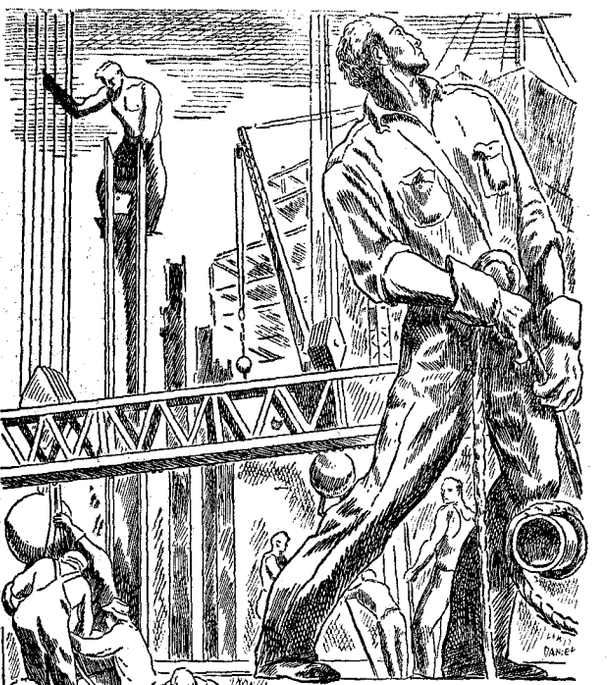
struction program which the Plan contemplates, and would prepare for the next step in reorganizing distribution: the payment of a national dividend to all adult American citizens who submit to the new régime of national economy or who participate therein. It would enable the business men who were left in charge of the actual conduct of the system to diddle their competitors in the name of patriotism — thereby largely meeting the requirements of "the moral equivalent of war." And at the same time it would gradually squeeze the ocean of watered stock out of industry and lower costs to an economic basis.

This is necessary. As it is, of our national income about forty-six billion dollars goes to labor, as wages and salaries, and thirty-five billions to property, in the form of rent, royalties, interest, dividends, and profits. Putting it another way, about twenty per cent of the people get about forty per cent of the money. The Plan contemplates, essentially, modifying the economic control of this lucky twenty per cent, so as to reduce the costs of living for the other eighty per cent, without robbing the upper twenty of a single Corona-Corona or one case of allegedly imported Scotch. If living costs be halved, a fifty per cent tax on bonds will leave the bondholder no worse off; while it will make the non-bondholders much better off.

In spite of all the radio addresses of Dr. Julius Klein, we're not really as well off as we were before the war. President Hoover's Committee on Recent Economic Changes reported in 1929 that there had been an actual apparent decrease in the standard of living, which they tried to explain away by the great Washington alibi of "invisible factors," better roads and schools, and so on, which are, of course, paid for by the masses in high taxes for nice little tax-free bond issues. We were eating less nourishing food than in 1914, wearing thin and less durable clothes, acquiring automobiles and radios and mechanical ice boxes on borrowed money.

Nearly half of our farmers were not earning enough from the old homestead to keep body and Ford together, and had maintained themselves only by merrily rolling along the primrose path of the mortgage. The National Industrial Conference Board, which ought to know its statistics, working from an index of July, 1914, as 100, found that in January, 1930, the cost of living was 160.4, while the effective weekly wage was only 134. Our



farmers, with the insane bravado of a fat man eating mashed potatoes in hot weather, were increasing their wheat acreage and growing more and more for less and less.

For a decade, our industries had been piling up horse power and liquidating man power, with about as much consideration as the Soviet showed in "liquidating" the rich peasants, until in the last year before the Republican light went out, they were employing a million fewer men than in the year before the Democratic Party evacuated the White House. And they were producing a great deal more. Statistics don't mean much, but it can be stated, for those who like that sort of thing, that between 1919 and 1925 American industry increased its horse power by twenty-two per cent, decreased its labor force by seven per cent, and increased its output by twenty-nine per cent. In other words, one man out of

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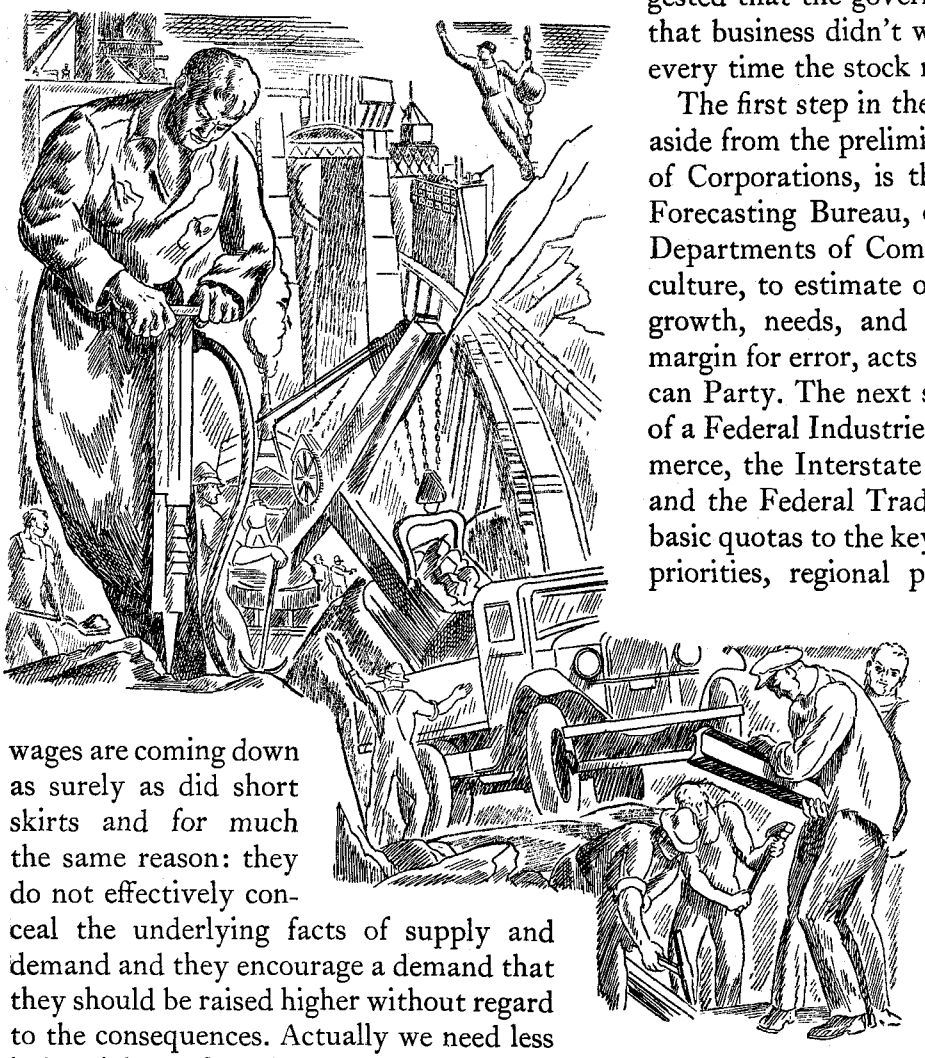
fourteen was fired, while the remaining thirteen did the work of eighteen men.

This is why we must short-circuit the high-wage boys and glory-grabbers of the Federation of Labor, and shift from the wage to the dividend basis of economic distribution. The high-wages-equals-prosperity theorem is as dead as the dogma of the Immaculate Conception or the Methodist Amendment. Money



wages are coming down as surely as did short skirts and for much the same reason: they do not effectively conceal the underlying facts of supply and demand and they encourage a demand that they should be raised higher without regard to the consequences. Actually we need less industrial and farm labor, and it's up to us to figure out some ingenious and moral way of letting a few farmers feed us and a few mechanicians push buttons and pull levers for us, while we make the country over into a place fit for human beings to live, love, drink, and die in.

IV

THIS REQUIRES a new type of organization. The government must supply it. Industry is the slave of its own lust for bigger and better production figures. Business hasn't got the brains to organize anything better than the present economic free-for-all. The banks are costive with gold and securities in their own vaults and need to have their pretensions liquidated. It's a dirty job, a difficult job, and an expensive job to set things going again, and therefore, by all the standards of American democracy, it's a job for the government: if it were easy and profitable, the Rotarians would insist on taking it on single-handed and would excommunicate as a radical anyone who suggested that the government had a duty to see that business didn't wreck the commonwealth every time the stock market got above itself.

The first step in the application of the Plan, aside from the preliminary work of the Bureau of Corporations, is the creation of a Federal Forecasting Bureau, organized jointly by the Departments of Commerce, Labor, and Agriculture, to estimate our economic and human growth, needs, and contingencies, with due margin for error, acts of God, and the Republican Party. The next step is the establishment of a Federal Industries Board, jointly by Commerce, the Interstate Commerce Commission, and the Federal Trade Commission, to assign basic quotas to the key industries, to determine priorities, regional production, and regional requirements. These estimates should contemplate the best available standards of living for the bulk of our people, and should coordinate the problems of national surplus and deficiency with a third great bureau, the Federal Trade Board.

This Board, like Wilson's War Trade Board, should be a joint bureau of Commerce, the State Department, and the Treasury, and might also include the Shipping Board and the Tariff Commission. It should conduct our foreign trade, at least so far as basic commodities are concerned, on a monopolistic basis, through a system of import and export licenses, reckoned on the actual consumption needs of America (liquor included) and upon effective foreign demand for our products, our tourists, our advice, and our money. In concert with the Bureau of Corporations, it should act as trustee for all American foreign investments, and would issue letters of credit and other

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instruments of economic torture, according to national requirements.

Concurrently with its acquisition of stock ownership in American industry, the government should secure direct access to the sources of capital and credit in the United States. The present preposterous chaos in our banking system must be ended by forcing all national, state, and private banks into the Federal Reserve System, through a ten per cent tax on their assets and deposits. Similarly, savings banks must merge their accounts with a liberalized Postal Savings System, through a graduated tax, rising from one per cent to five per cent in the course of five years, on private savings deposits. In as much as the Bureau of Corporations will have acquired control of the stock or the assets of the insurance companies, the three great reservoirs of national credit will be available for national purposes. At the same time, the ending of the "tax free" privilege would prevent a flight of capital into state bonds, while a tax of fifty per cent on income from foreign securities not deposited with the Federal Trade Board as trustee would discourage the flight of capital from the United States.

Then the ghastly folly of agricultural overproduction must be ended by the Federal Farm Board's instituting a system of production quotas for coöperative farming, with a view to assuring basic production while promoting diversified farming. Sheer economic coercion will have to be employed to force the farmer into anything calculated to be of practical value to agriculture. Licenses to ship cotton, wheat, corn, meat, livestock, hides, wool, sugar, rye, oats, barley, *etc.* in interstate commerce will be refused to products not produced coöperatively. This measure can be enforced by the railways, under government influence, through freight differentials or by refusing way bills to shipments which are not covered by Farm Board documents.

The coöperatives must undertake to enlarge their joint holdings to the economic optimum for machine cultivation and socialized farming, to restrict production for interstate purposes to the government estimates, to encourage individual cultivation of diversified foodstuffs for the consumption of the members, and to produce at their own risk for local state requirements. These coöperatives may be financed for these purposes by government funds working through the Federal Reserve System, and by transfer of farm mortgages from the banks to the Farm Board. Production for export would be subject to an equalization fee. This system would not only have the advantage of seeing that there is enough food for everybody, even the farmer, but would confer the priceless boon upon the country of deflating the farmer politically.

Backed by the authority of the government and the law of contracts, the Department of Labor should organize a standing Labor Army, out of the unemployed, and should encourage the formation of State Labor Militia by the Federation of Labor, to handle big federal projects and ordinary industrial or construction projects undertaken with the help of federal funds. The Army should be maintained in barracks, when idle, at a military rate of pay, and trained to coöperate with the defense forces as a service of supply. When engaged in work, its rate of pay should be increased to a standard living wage, union restrictions on output be abolished, and the six-hour day enforced. When the Labor Militia is employed on federal undertakings, it should be paid at the same rate as the Labor Army.

In ordinary industry, the government would work through the stock holdings of the Bureau of Corporations to stabilize wages and reduce employment to the necessary minimum for year-round production. Seasonal or emergency demands can be met by the Labor Militia. Wages would be cut whenever a factory or an industry exceeds or falls behind scheduled production by five per cent. Wages should include free housing, light and heat, subsistence allowances up to a family of four, annual vacations, insurance and pensions, with a balance for savings, entertainment, self-improvement, and home-brewing. While this system would dilute the special blackmailing privileges of the labor unions, it would lead to a much larger membership and a much greater usefulness than the present system permits. It would prevent the Federation of Labor "selling itself" to industry for higher wages in return for its self-appointed rôle of anti-Soviet drill sergeant; it would also make the Federation an appreciable part of the government.

And then the income tax system should be revised. The exemption for a married couple

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should be raised to $5,000, a small pay-roll tax be substituted for the lower brackets, and surtaxes be reduced to take account of the new taxes on dividends and interest. Exemptions for dependents should begin with $1,000 for one child, $1,500 for two children, $2,000 for three children, and the same for four, after which it would be reduced by $500 for each additional child, so that a family with eight children could claim no exemption at all for them, while a couple with ten children would have their own exemption reduced to $4,000 — a system which will encourage birth control without advocating it. Similar graduations on the payroll tax would apply this system to the masses. Thus the tax system, in addition to its essential character of robbing the rich in order to flatter the poor, would underline the economic necessity of preventing population from outstripping intelligence in the race for survival.

So much for the machinery of our Five-Year Plan. What about its concrete objectives? No nation so loudly moral as our own can rest content with purely economic purposes. There's not a cheer in the statistical manipulation of living costs and there's not a single sermon in the social acceleration of effective distribution. It's all too dreadfully *New Republic* where it isn't frankly Muscovite. We've got to put heart interest and mother love into the American Plan, or it will be a flop. Even the lascivious Bolsheviks have had to introduce the element of a Socialist war-scare into their own scheme in order to put it across.

Our first moral object, therefore, will be to end the happy-go-lucky nomadic streak which we caught from the Indians and make America that dreary thing — a Nation of Homes. Hearthstones and heartbeats, there's no place like home, and so forth. Any good publicity man could put punch into such a scheme. In the next twenty years we should have to rebuild our entire housing system, anyhow; the Plan might as well be the beneficiary, instead of the realtors.

The first thing is to smash high building costs, to encourage sensible and attractive housing, and to give every house its garden. We have land enough and to spare for that, though you'd never guess it if you tried to buy anything from a real estate bandit. There must be federal standards of price, quality, and construction, which must be complied with whenever federal funds are employed, which means that, in practice, the banks that advance the funds must obtain the approval of the local branch of the National Fine Arts Commission on all contemplated building.

When federal funds are employed, moreover, labor must work under Labor Army standards of output, discipline, and wages. Land needed for federal, state, or city housing projects should be condemned on the basis of its assessed tax value, plus any improvements made subsequent to the annual assessment. Slums and buildings which do not comply with standards of health and safety may be condemned without compensation, as soon as federalized housing is available to accommodate their occupants. Rent on federalized housing must be reckoned on maintenance plus replacement of capital costs within twenty years.

The superior quality and lower costs of federal housing will depreciate old housing rapidly and thus deflate real estate prices to their economic rather than their speculative value. Title to all housing constructed by federal funds shall be vested in the government, with the object of restricting private property in real estate to leasehold rights, and thereby reducing the stupid burden of rent upon our national life. Fifty billion dollars of our national income, according to Norman Thomas, is absorbed by rent and real estate speculation. This figure is probably too plump, but the truth is that rent is undeniably the point to be attacked in reducing our economic embonpoint.

Then something has to be done to improve the national health. Our mortality statistics may be calculated to make Frank Campbell a

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millionaire, but otherwise they are a dead loss. Clinics should be established in rural coöperatives and in factories. Village infirmaries, county hospitals, and city medical centers should be developed in concert with the American Medical Association. Where needed, new construction can be financed through federal control of credit, to be supported by local taxes, under the supervision of the Bureau of Public Health. In order to reduce our exorbitant medical costs, an additional personal exemption of $2000 on income taxes should be allowed all physicians who perform regular free medical duties at public clinics and hospitals, and the full cost of other hospital service shall be carried by the community. The funds of the insurance companies should, so far as possible, be used for preventive medical work among the insured.

Thus the cost of illness shall be shifted from the individual, who is least able to bear it, to the community, which is the ultimate beneficiary of public and private health. Thus, too, the moral (that is to say, financial) indignation of the community can be directed against unnecessary invalidism instead of tax-dodging and draft-evading. Among our general health objectives should be the reduction of infant mortality and the maternal death rate to those of New Zealand, and the reduction of deaths from cancer and heart failure to the average for Western Europe.

There remains the pursuit of happiness. We must knock dollar-chasing out of recreation and build up a nation of sportsmen rather than of spectators. In the first place, we should levy a ten per cent entertainment tax on all non-participative amusements, such as professional baseball, football, tennis, and the like, in which the average man derives no exercise, and encourage dancing, fishing, walking, swimming, and amateur sports. All entertainments which penalize the public by raising their rates on Sundays and holidays should be subject to a special ticket tax of one hundred per cent. Coöperatives and factories should condemn non-productive lands for baseball and soccer fields, tennis courts, golf courses, swimming pools, social halls, *etc.* A tax of fifty per cent on the net profits of all corporations which do not grant annual vacations with pay to all regular employees should be considered.

The Bureau of Public Health should coöperate with the Bureau of National Parks to establish national playground areas — in the mountains and at the sea — within which shall be constructed and operated by semi-public corporations cottages, hotels, and camps of varying classes, available at economic rents for vacation purposes. If once we can divorce the pursuit of cash from the pursuit of happiness, and penalize those who cash in on our pleasures, as we penalize other prostitutes, we may begin to make life bearable for the rank-and-file who to-day find that only the park bench and the family bedstead are not run on a cash-and-carry basis.

VI

THERE REMAINS the question of concrete economic objectives, particularly for the five years of transition from our capitalistic chaos to an individualistic collectivity. No one man could begin to work them out in any brief discussion, while the more intimate details would keep a large and lethargic bureaucracy busy for many, many years, and give to the statisticians the self-importance which is now the prerogative of a solvent banker or a re-elected Senator. Here, however, are a group of major public projects which could absorb the energies of our Labor Armies and command our national credit for at least five years of energetic engineering:

1. *Waterways.* A deep waterway from the Gulf to the Great Lakes, for bulk shipment of agricultural produce to the South and to Central America.

A Great Lakes-St. Lawrence deep waterway, for bulk shipments from the Middle West to Europe.

A ship canal from the Atlantic to the Gulf, across Florida, to shorten the run from Mexican and Texan ports to the East, and to avoid the dangerous navigation of the Florida Channel.

A ship canal linking the Delaware and Chesapeake Bay, to facilitate coastwise trade.

A Nicaraguan Canal, to shorten intercoastal trade.

2. *Trunk Railways.* From Charleston, S. C. to Los Angeles, to link the Southeast and the Southwest.

From Norfolk, Va., to Portland, Ore., to link the Northwest and the Middle Atlantic States.

From Galveston, Texas, to Winnipeg, to

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provide good north-south trans-Mississippi transportation.

From Detroit, Mich., to Mobile, Ala., to facilitate iron, steel, coal, and automobile transport between the industrial North and the industrial South.

3. *Housing.* One million new dwellings to be constructed each year for five years, under federal finances, standards, *etc.* Of these, not more than a half nor less than a fourth are to be replacements of condemned slum or unsanitary rural dwellings.

4. *Conservation.* Lumber exports to be barred for five years and imports to be encouraged until reforestation catches up with depletion, in order both to cheapen lumber for domestic construction and to end the criminal waste of our forests by get-rich-quick lumber barons.

Deficiencies in wool, sugar, rubber, *etc.*, to be reduced by reintroduction of sheep farming in Eastern states, mechanical cultivation of sugar beets, intensive cultivation of guayale, goldenrod (Edison process) rubber, *etc.*, to provide employment and to decrease our dependence on foreign sources of supply.

Coal consumption to be lessened by (a) replacement of private by municipal electric heating and, (b) encouragement of heavy woolen garments in cold weather, both to substitute replaceable for irreplaceable sources of warmth and to promote health.

Petroleum production to be curtailed, alternative liquid fuels developed, and more efficient internal combustion engines designed, in order to prevent the waste of a great natural resource.

And then when the Plan is completed and the Federal Government is running a gigantic holding company, with its finger in every economic pie, receiving an enormous and diversified income from taxes, from stock holdings, from rent, from monopolies of alcohol and tobacco, and with a firm economic grip upon prices and production costs, the time will have come for the issuance of inalienable stock in the United States of America, Incorporated, to the resident citizens of the United States, on an adult per capita basis, share and share alike.

Dividends of this stock shall be collectible in the form of cheques drawn on special deposits in Federal Reserve Banks, which will entitle the drawer to receive consumption goods at cost. In this way currency will be largely replaced by bookkeeping, and the mechanism of distributing the proceeds of industry will be wrenched from the dead hand of funded capital and from the hairy hand of profiteering labor, and will be operated by the National Dividend, as made available every month by the directors of the Federal Holding Company, who will be the President of the United States and his Cabinet, acting ex-officio. In this way, also, political democracy will create an industrial democracy, acting through the established forms of politics and business, rather than through the economic regurgitations of the Russian Plan for Socialistic warfare against capitalistic encirclement.

To get such a Plan across or to achieve anything remotely like it, we will have to be badly frightened. Probably we'll just bluster and blunder along until the next big crash and then try to do in a hurry what we haven't the brains to do while we still have plenty of time at our disposal. We'll probably make a mess of it, by tying it up to some face-saving device, carefully labeled as "Vote for Prosperity" or "Restore Lincoln Democracy," or boldly camouflaged as a solemn declaration of war against Afghanistan, Tibet, or the Antarctic, in order to turn the "war powers" of the Executive loose among our sleek and glossy herd of economic sacred cows.

For if the Soviet Five-Year Plan is a war plan, then the American Plan also should be a war plan — for war against hunger, unemployment, fear, disease, and debt, whether it be conducted in the name of Home and Mother, or for the greater and everlasting glory of that political party which happens to be holding the upper hand at the time.

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The Future of Marriage

A Socratic Dialogue

Drawings by Johan Bull

Persons of the Dialogue

MRS. MARGARET CULKIN BANNING — Novelist, short story writer, author of magazine articles. Home, Duluth, Minnesota

MRS. FREDERICA FIELD — Editor of *The Golden Book*. Home, New York City

MRS. ALICE BEAL PARSONS — Novelist and essayist. Home, Nyack, New York

MRS. MARY ROBERTS RINEHART — Novelist, short story writer, playwright; latest book, *My Story*. Home, Washington, D. C.

PLACE — The home of Henry Goddard Leach
TIME — After dinner. May 14, 1931.

MRS. RINEHART. It is impossible in any group of women to judge marriage academically; it must be a personal judgment based on experience. We might as well recognize that at the start.

MRS. FIELD. Naturally.

MRS. RINEHART. Personally, I don't believe the words of the marriage ceremony said over two people necessarily make it possible for them to live happily in communal life forever. I think in a happy marriage each has to make a compromise, and that that compromise is inevitably stultifying to a certain degree to both of the contracting parties. The only answer to that may be that where you cease to be broadened in one direction, you may amplify your life in another; that is, possibly for what you give up, you find other compensation.

MRS. PARSONS. Do you believe in divorce?

MRS. RINEHART. Not too easy divorce. To me, marriage has a sacramental element. To many people it has not. I have always claimed that we have built our marriage, that it was at the beginning merely a legal and religious contract, and that we have built it into something very much bigger than that, something that couldn't be done by one person alone.

MRS. BANNING. Bigger in what way — emotionally?

MRS. RINEHART. Well, at the beginning it was merely a contract between two persons, wasn't it? My husband and I agreed to certain things. At the beginning there were two persons who knew practically very little about each other, who then had to begin to work out a life between them — as I said before, a life of mutual compromise. That marriage was built with great care. At the present day, at the end of thirty-five years, we both feel our marriage has been successful. That is why I don't believe that companionate marriage or too easy divorce answers the question, because I have never believed that marriage could be made a success in any way but by careful building over a long period of time.

MRS. BANNING. I think that unless you keep the sacrament you might as well scrap the whole business. I am not sure that eventually we won't have to scrap it. But with the present tendencies, unless you tie it to something more important than the civil ceremony, marriage goes by the board.

MRS. RINEHART. Don't you think that comes back to the question of whether you have a religion or not? Nothing can be a covenant if you hold nothing sacred. You see, I have a religious belief. To the person who has no religious belief, who hasn't the ability of easy faith which happens to be mine, marriage may be a totally different thing.

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MRS. BANNING. There is not enough in the emotional and physical relationship to hold anybody permanently. And yet, in spite of feminism and all the rest of it, I think ninety per cent of all women — and that is putting it very, very modestly — still think that marriage is their best solution. I think that ninety per cent of the women I know want to be married, and I think that ninety-nine per cent of the women I know pity a woman who isn't living with a man, in marriage or out of it.

MRS. FIELD. Why shouldn't they?

MRS. BANNING. I don't think it is always such a frightfully good job.

MRS. RINEHART. Don't you think it is better to live with a man —

MRS. FIELD. That isn't what we mean. There is this terrific romantic ideal you can't fight against. You may think nine-tenths of all the marriages you see are flops, but at the same time, you have a romantic notion that possibly you could have a perfectly grand relationship with some one person. That is always in the background of your mind.

MRS. BANNING. You mean as an ideal that is worth conserving?

MRS. FIELD. It isn't a question of conserving it. I just think we have got it. I think it is the English tradition.

MRS. BANNING. And when you find it hasn't worked out for you?

MRS. FIELD. That is what makes it so difficult.

MRS. PARSONS. It seems to me any discussion of marriage ought to begin with the assumption that a woman and man have to live together to be happy, and then the question is whether marriage is the proper way to do it.

MRS. RINEHART. I myself believe that present-day marriage has survived because it answers most human demands, even though it does not work for every individual. On the other hand, I don't deny that it might be improved. While we are making changes, might it not be better if we assumed the attitude that a woman has an equal right to propose marriage? There are too many thwarted women going about because they belong to a generation, or at least to a tradition, which kept them quiet when they should have spoken up. Personally, if it were the last thing on earth I couldn't ask a man to marry me, but that isn't the question.

There is another angle to modern marriage that we haven't discussed. That is the way in which our present social order is making it necessary to defer it. I believe in young marriage, and I believe that the child-bearing period is much better early than late. Perhaps I believe that because I was a mother at twenty. But I believe it anyway. We have so organized our society that we are not letting our young men marry until they are pretty well along. They can't afford to marry early in this luxurious age. What are we going to do about them? Isn't it up to the older generation to make marriage possible for them, even if at a loss to themselves — to give them that early chance?

MRS. PARSONS. Wouldn't birth control help?

MRS. FIELD. I don't think that solves it. A marriage without children is a very different thing.

MRS. PARSONS. The desire for children is so strong in most people that they will have them even though at first circumstances make postponement necessary or desirable. I know when I reached a certain age the desire for a child really obsessed me. Nothing else could satisfy me.

MRS. BANNING. All I have seen of childless women has made me believe they would be much better off if they went through the natural difficulties and dangers of child-bearing. In fact, I don't think modern women are strong enough and unselfish enough to have children as they should have them. Most of the unhappy women I know are women who would be much better off if they had had four or five children. You will say, I suppose, that unexpected children are unwelcome and shouldn't be born, but that, to my mind, is utter nonsense because the unwelcome children in so many cases are the children who turn out best and are most needed.

MRS. FIELD. But there is still the economic difficulty. . . .

MRS. BANNING. That's true, and I don't know what we are going to do about it. I wish very much the church could somehow coöperate with the doctors on it so the proper advice could be given to those who need it. But how they are going to do that without also giving the advice to all the people who are going to take too great advantage of it, whether they need to or not, I don't see. There is this to consider too: if you are going to take the

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child-bearing function away from most women, I don't know what you are going to leave them, except their little wage-earning jobs (and we have found out by now that most of the work women do is always going to be unimportant). The woman with one or two children is far more apt to be neurotic than the woman with six or eight.

Mrs. Field. I don't think the constant fear of pregnancy is a very good basis for building up a close relationship between husband and wife. I think that is even more apt to develop a neurosis.

Mrs. Banning. Marriage is a hard relationship — the hardest there is. In the first place, it takes two people who, it is admitted, have different instincts. It takes all the brains those two people have to keep it going. The more artificial you make it the less chance it has. Most people haven't the wit or the generosity to work it out the way it should be worked out. What the average person would do would be to think of the immediate selfish relief of gratifying the desires and ignore the ultimate effect.

Mrs. Rinehart. I think unquestionably the woman's part in marriage is far the more difficult of the two. She is the adjuster, she bears the children. She is responsible for continuing the glamour of the love life which caused the marriage in the beginning. I am here to say that I think a great many of the women I know to-day have thrown that perhaps old-fashioned thing away for something which is of not very great value. I suppose you would call it "feminism."

Mrs. Banning. I feel, of course, that feminism has slipped terribly in the last ten years. I think many women have found out they don't want it and don't like it and that all it has done is to get them a lot of mediocre jobs.

Mrs. Parsons. Sometimes when they have jobs they are in a better position to continue the glamour you spoke of, Mrs. Rinehart. They have gone out and got away from the rut of the home (which *is* a rut, after all) and they come back to the home with a good deal of refreshment. Then they are able to provide an atmosphere for the man that is going to make something of a lark of their relationship together. Whereas, if they stay home all day and do little things in order to please the man when he comes home, they are very apt to be in an oversensitive state of mind and wonder why he doesn't notice all the things they have done.

Mrs. Rinehart. I don't care whether she goes out and works or not. I merely mean that the burden of the sentimental or romantic side of this relationship depends for its survival upon the woman, not upon the man. It hasn't anything to do with the job. It hasn't anything to do with economics. I am not defending it. I don't know why it should be, but I know it is so and I am just wondering if something isn't lost in marriage when the woman forgets it. I wonder if the modern feministic tendencies are not undermining marriage for that reason.

Mrs. Parsons. I too believe that a continuing relationship with one person is possibly the greatest factor in a satisfactory life, and yet we all know that, as Mrs. Banning has been saying, one or another member of the union is frequently trying to get out of it. Why do they want to get out of it if a life-long relationship with one person is admittedly the happiest solution? Simply because two of the strongest forces in the world are pulling in opposite directions. One is the desire to build a happy life with the one you love more than any other. The other is the fact that the sexual impulse derives a great deal of its force from novelty. The overwhelming excitement that comes, completely carrying you off your feet when you first "fall in love," must necessarily, from its very nature, grow less after a certain length of time. That does not mean that the other person is any less important to you, but that you as a person are not living as poignantly and intensely as you could. If the sense of life in you is very strong, then you are sure to fall in love with someone else.

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No matter how much you love the person you are married to, the original desire, to be re-created, must take the form of someone else. It may be a quite inferior person, one you could never care as much for. Nevertheless, for the time being you are in love with that someone else.

There is your great complication in marriage, and I think that we may see a partial return to the more lax and so more enduring Continental conception of marriage, which condones extra-marital relations on the theory that marriage is too important to be unnecessarily broken at the first strain, as we break it here with divorce. Only we must modify this conception so that no two persons who really wish to be divorced will be forced to remain married. The difficulty might be partially solved if we recognized more liberty within marriage instead of resorting so frequently to divorce.

MRS. BANNING. That will never get very far in this country: women are too hard and too violently possessive. That takes a more civilized type of woman. American women are so frightfully greedy. They feel if they can't have every moment of a man's time, every fraction of his emotions, they don't possess him, whereas the married woman should be content with the marriage, the children, the home, and the supreme possessorship.

MRS. RINEHART. In other words, women ought to know more about the psychology and physiology of sex and be prepared to accept the normal deviations of the male?

MRS. BANNING. You deal with people as if they were in your hands and made of wax. You have left out all their ugly passions and all their sins — if you don't want to call them sins, call them cruelties and viciousness. You have based this "liberalized marriage" simply on acceptance of adultery, which we have accepted ever since we have had sex, and which we shall continue to accept. No one believes in the possibility of universal fidelity, no one has ever credited it in marriage or out of it. But your attitude seems so weak to me.

MRS. PARSONS. What is weak?

MRS. BANNING. Simply to say, "Let us be a little more generous about adultery."

MRS. PARSONS. The woman, of course, should have the same freedom.

MRS. BANNING. I don't think she should. If a woman has one of those relationships outside of marriage, she wants another; the thing breeds itself. Women go to pieces under that kind of casual relationship much more quickly than men. There is no doubt about it. It does something to her. If she could take it as a man does, casually, then she would be all right. If she doesn't, she gets herself all tied up in emotional knots and it is untying emotional knots that brings on nervous breakdowns. I think she should have none of them, understand. I really do believe in comparative chastity and believe it from just looking at the lot of them, not from any personal emotion.

MRS. FIELD. I know husbands who put up with far more infidelity in the wife than the wife puts up with.

MRS. BANNING. So do I, but, after all, I don't think that they are our particular business. They can look after themselves. Look at this sad, spoiled generation of women.

MRS. RINEHART. I see women as divided into three classes. There are women who have a masculine type of mind, able to do things extremely well, with no flair for marriage and no very strong desire for children. There are other women so constituted that they are natural dependents in marriage, asking nothing better than to be the wife of the husband and the mother of the child and finding a complete fulfillment in it. Those women want no change. There is a third type of woman, usually one of acute mentality, a very extreme individualist, who would like to be the wife, the mother, and the individual at the same time. Of those three

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groups, the first two offer their own solutions. The first has liberty because she has no desire for chains. The second loves her chains. The third doesn't want to do without her chains, but resents them because she feels a capacity for doing something which marriage and its resultant factors have prevented. It isn't possible that any rule of thumb for a change in marriage will meet the demands of all three. I am saying this with a good deal of feeling, because undoubtedly I belong to the third group. I wouldn't give up my chains for anything in the world, but I would never fail to recognize that they are chains. I can see life from the two angles.

MRS. BANNING. You see, you are very clever.

MRS. RINEHART. I am not clever at all. I have had to live a long time.

MRS. BANNING. I am surrounded by women who would like to live along happily married — as you say, in the chain group — but whose husbands go smashing them right and left. There is that to consider too. Yet I think that a woman who is reasonably well married and who has been generous about having children and is clever about bringing them up has the best possibilities of anybody in the world for a successful life. I think until you have found a solution much better than the mere definition of the ideal relationship, you have to hold on to marriage for the protection of average men and women.

Making the Most of What You Have

A Prize Contest in Family Finance

Drawing by Julian de Miskey

THE FORUM wants to know how you spend what money you have, how you would spend more money if you had it, and in what ways you would change your manner of living if your income were reduced. Neither mere curiosity nor a questionnaire-complex prompts this contest, the details of which are outlined below, but rather a sober effort to determine the relative values which the typical American family places upon the material, cultural, and other aspects of its daily living. Numerous investigations have indicated the scale of life on which the common laborer must exist, and otners the scale of life chosen by the ultra rich, but the budget of the intelligent "white collar worker" remains a mystery. The Editor is not primarily interested in how you would juggle your figures in order to make them conform to the income here conditioned, which seems reasonable and fairly representative of the circumstances of the average FORUM reader, but in your own idea of what is and is not necessary to human happiness in 1931 America. Because some basic standard is essential for a contest of this sort, he has created a theoretical family, whose portrait follows. Probably it will differ

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in many respects from your own — it may have more children or less, or none; it may have more money than you have, or it may have less — but the Editor assumes that its tastes are shared by thousands of actual families all over the country. What those tastes are, he thinks, will be revealed if you will consider yourself the head of this family, however much it differs from your own, and plan a yearly budget for it.

BUDGET 1.

Your family consists of yourself, your wife, a daughter in her third year of college, and a fourteen-year-old son who has just finished his first year in a public high school. You live in a city of 100,000 population and are employed by a large manufacturing company in an executive capacity at $7,500 a year. You have a $20,000 insurance policy paid up in full, but since your savings have been wiped out in the market crash your salary constitutes your sole income.

Out of your $7,500 how much shall go for shelter, food, and the necessities of life? Will you rent a house or an apartment, live in a suburb or the city itself? Will you have a car, and if so how expensive a one? What household service, if any, will you employ; what items of modern household convenience will you buy? How much will you set aside for recreation, vacations, travel, education, protection against future contingencies, medical care, charity? Will cultural advantages consume much of your salary? What proportion of your income will you attempt to save, and will you bank it or invest it in stocks or bonds? In short, what shall be your family's manner of living on $7,500?

BUDGET 2.

And now, having budgeted your $7,500 income, make two suppositions. First, suppose that your salary were raised to $10,000 a year. What difference would this increase make in your way of living?

Here, apparently, the problem is one of alternatives. Will you move to a larger rented house or apartment, or will you buy a house? Will you spend the extra money on various means of recreation and entertainment? Will you take your son out of his high school, which has a good educational rating, and send him to a private school, or will you set a sum aside which he can use for traveling when he grows older? Or will you bank or invest your surplus salary and continue living as you have been? You have an extra $2,500 at your disposal. What will you do with it?

BUDGET 3.

The second supposition is that your salary is reduced from $7,500 a year to $4,000. Having no other income, you are forced to cut out something. What shall it be?

Again the question is one of choice; this time among many privations. Will you move to a neighborhood whose social standing is lower than that in which you now live, or will you take your daughter out of college and keep your present home? Will you make an effort to save in order to send your son to college? Will you sell the car which you may have bought or discharge the maid which your wife may have been employing? Will you attempt to reduce in the minor luxuries to which you have been accustomed — perhaps a radio, or books, or magazines, or concerts — or will you cut out one large expenditure; if the latter, which one?

THE CONDITIONS under which this imaginary family lives, and its income, have been presented. Assume that its problems are your own; and then explain how you would organize its affairs for the security, happiness, and greatest ultimate good of all its members. The above questions indicate the general type of discussion which the Editor hopes will accompany the three budgets submitted. The questions are by no means inclusive, and of course the contest will not be won by anyone who merely answers them and does no more. These paragraphs have contained only the foundation and a few suggested leads.

Contestants must bear in mind that each paper submitted must include three budgets, with reasons supporting your selection.

The rules of the contest are as follows:

1. Three cash prizes will be awarded: a first prize of $250; a second prize of $150; and a third prize of $100.
2. The Judges in the contest will be: Rosamond C. Cook, Professor of Home Economics, University of Cincinnati; Mr. Arthur P. Kellogg, Managing Editor of *The Survey;* and Mr. E. C. Beams, Manager of the Personal Loan Department, the National City Bank, New York City.
3. The winning papers will be printed in THE FORUM.
4. Papers must not be more than 2000 words long.
5. The contest will close on September 1, 1931. Entries bearing a postmark later than midnight of this date will be automatically ruled out.
6. Papers should be marked "Budget Contest" and sent to THE FORUM, 441 Lexington Avenue, New York.
7. THE FORUM will not return papers submitted in the contest, nor enter into correspondence about them.
8. The submission of a paper in the contest will be understood to mean that the contestant accepts the rules here stated and will abide by the Judges' decisions.

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The Responsibility of Bankers

by **JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS**

SCARCELY ANY of us can escape a banker. If we have luck we may go for years without consulting a doctor. Many of us go for a lifetime without consulting a lawyer, except perhaps to draw our wills. But the banker enters into the life of all of us, rich or poor, at every nook and cranny. This ubiquitous dependence, direct or indirect, makes the subject of sound and responsible banking one of intense and legitimate interest to the public. Indeed, banking is a "public utility" of much greater delicacy and social importance than such enterprises as are usually so classed. The banker can no longer regard his business as private or as primarily the concern of his stockholders. Their interests have been transcended by those of the public.

The banking situation deserves to be treated without gloves, and if I do so it is without any wish to write a mere muckraking article. The righteous discontent of the average citizen today with the way the banker performs and regards his public function demands an attention on the part of bankers themselves that unfortunately it is far from receiving, as is evidenced from the proceedings of the Bankers' Convention this spring. The business men of America are organized in multitudes of bodies, and presumably can take care of themselves. The ordinary men and women of the country are not, and it is for them and of their relations that I speak.

A banking account is a necessity for all but the lowest in the financial scale. For great numbers of us, busy all day within the confines of a single neighborhood in a city, or living in a small town where there is only one bank, it is a practical need to deposit our money in a bank which is near at hand. In any reputable banking system, we should be able to be sure, when we have saved the money and deposited it, that it is absolutely safe except for the rarest of colossal world panics or scandalous defalcations. The Englishman or the Canadian can be thus sure. We in the United States cannot. In 1930, 1326 banks failed, of which only 138 were able to reopen, the total final suspensions tying up $900,000,000 of depositors' money. Translating pass book entries into human terms, who can estimate the crushing amount of anxiety, of suffering, of hopes deferred or blighted, that the above figures indicate? Nor was this the situation only in a year of business depression. In the past decade, the prosperity of which our government has so blatantly proclaimed, about 6500 banks closed.

Leading bankers try to minimize this scandalous record by saying that practically all the closed banks were small and unimportant. To this it may be rejoined that no bank is unimportant to the community whose money is in it and which has its economic life dislocated or ruined by the failure. $900,000,000, mostly in small communities, is not an unimportant sum to have been taken from the people, even temporarily, in one year.

When a large New York City bank, with 400,000 depositors, fails for the largest sum in American history, we are again told it was an unimportant institution, apparently because Wall Street bankers "in the know" had considered its management dishonest, and because its clientele was mostly made up of "foreigners." What the State Banking Department was doing all the time we may discover in the investigation of the unsavory mess now under way, but why "foreigners" should be considered as less entitled to have their money conserved safely than native Americans is a mystery that is not yet resolved. As a matter of fact, plenty of Americans lost their money also — college professors, doctors, and others who found it convenient to use the neighborhood branch of a large bank which

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was presumably being regularly examined and checked up by the state.

Commercial Banks as Savings Banks

Commercial banks in the past few decades have sought to widen their opportunities to make money by trespassing on fields which before were occupied by specialized bankers, notably in their handling of savings funds, in competing with trust companies for trust functions, and in taking over the business of underwriting and issuing of investment securities. None of this business has been forced upon them. They have gone after all of it solely to make money, and at the possible risk of making the people's money less safe.

Unfortunately in 1914 the Federal Reserve Act practically allowed a commercial bank to function as a savings bank, and many were quick to seize the opportunity. So far has the movement gone that at present there are 1,500,000 persons in the State of New York alone who have "thrift accounts" in commercial banks. Throughout the country at large in the past five years, such savings accounts have bulked large in the deposits of all insolvent institutions. Savings depositors have been said by a high authority to have borne the brunt of the losses. The average savings depositor has not realized the difference between depositing his savings in a savings bank or in the "thrift department" of a commercial bank; and the commercial banks have been at no pains to point it out to him. A busy individual has found it much more convenient to carry both checking and savings accounts in the same near-by bank, and this has accounted for a huge growth in commercial bank deposits, wholly at the risk of the savings depositor.

This has not only directly jeopardized the savings of millions of citizens everywhere in our country but has had a distinctly detrimental effect on savings banks proper. In some states these have secured legislation lowering the safety to increase the return on legal investments so as to meet this unfair and dangerous competition. It is needless to point out that a commercial bank, free to discount commercial paper and to engage in many lines of banking denied to a savings bank, can average a much higher return upon its deposits than can the latter, properly limited to the highest grade of legal investments for trust funds.

Attempts to correct this abuse, notably in the battle recently waged by Governor Roosevelt in New York for the segregation of "thrift accounts" by commercial banks, have made it fairly clear that, with some exceptions, the bankers have cared more to retain, with the least trouble to themselves, a profitable business than to safeguard the public whose confidence they invite. Unfortunately, in national legislation, banking is a political subject; and in the leadership of bankers themselves it is all too apt to be a question of the profits of their particular institution. Between the two, the ordinary man and woman who asks for safety is but little considered, in spite of the nauseating talk about "service."

The situation with regard to the permanent investment of savings has altered greatly in the past generation or two. Even I can remember when not only in villages and small towns but even in cities so large as New York, it was the usual thing for almost all but the poorest to own their own homes. Interest in Wall Street investments was comparatively slight among the ordinary people of the country, as old lists of daily transactions on the Stock Exchange will indicate. To-day all that is changed, for various reasons. Within the confines of a city like New York, for example, it is extremely difficult if not impossible for a man of small means to own his own home. We are, moreover, living in a period of large units and of corporate forms. Circumstances, reënforced by all the psychological pressure of modern salesmanship, have made the small man, as well as what used to be termed a "capitalist," the owner of securities.

Formerly the conservative small investor, the widow, and what a recent writer has termed the "investment illiterates," usually bought bonds. For some years preceding the late debacle, under the slogan of "buy equities" they were urged to invest in stocks — with disastrous consequences. In many cases here in the United States, for example, and even so far away as Chile, I have found people who were urged to buy, as something exceptionally choice, the stock of a banking institution then absurdly selling at around 500 which is now below 100.

Insecure Securities

The term "investment illiterates" is a little misleading. Modern business has become

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exceedingly and perplexingly complex. This is in part due to changes in business itself and in part to consolidations and juggling. Forty years ago there was a comparatively simple business structure for the investor. In most cases, moreover, speaking broadly, the capital structure of the enterprises themselves was simple. One could readily compare the operations and earnings of one year with those of another. To-day the situation confronting the small investor is utterly bewildering. Not only are there literally thousands of so-called "securities" among which he is urged to make his choice, but the conditions making for success or failure in an industry change rapidly.

In addition, though the balance and earnings sheets of our vast modern consolidated companies would be almost impossible for a layman to analyze in any case, the stock split-ups, the stock dividends, the constant amalgamations, and other factors make it even more impossible for him to compare the condition of a company in one year with that in past years. The position of the average investor to-day is not so much that of an "illiterate" as it is that of a person who is well-educated but who is expected to master a highly technical scientific subject in which he has had no training whatever, and which, not seldom, is so complicated by his instructor as to make it still less capable of being understood.

In the old days, a group of neighbors could build a wooden bridge or put up a barn. Now we have to count on the technical experts to build a Holland Tunnel or a skyscraper. In the same way, most men and women are to-day utterly dependent on the bankers, by which I mean also the "investment bankers" as they call themselves, for technical expert advice. This advice they wish on two topics, when to buy and what to buy. On neither count, it seems to me, can the technicians take much pride in their work in the past few years. I was in the Stock Exchange and investment business for thirteen years, and I assuredly do not expect any banker to be able to predict the price movement from day to day or even from month to month, but that is very different from considering the long swings or not seeing danger when the signals have been set for months past.

With the statements of Mr. Mellon, whom the public looked up to as an eminently successful banker and Secretary of the Treasury, with presumably all possible information at hand, I have already dealt elsewhere. Let us take another distinguished example. Mr. Charles E. Mitchell, as president of the largest banking institution in America, the National City Bank of New York, was naturally assumed by the public to be a man of unusual banking ability and of sound judgment. On October 9, 1929, *The New York Times* reported him as saying in Berlin that "the industrial condition of the United States is absolutely sound and our credit situation is in no way critical." A few days later, in London, where I happened to be at the moment, he made a similar statement. Yet even before he could reach New York the crash had begun, and by the twenty-ninth the *Times* was reporting the crumbling of values to the extent of fourteen billion dollars; and six of the leading bankers of New York, including Mr. Mitchell, were in conference in Mr. Morgan's office to try to save the country from a complete cataclysm. In the eyes of the public at large, there are, or rather were, no more eminent bankers than the two whose advice, to say the least, had hardly been found helpful.

Most of us have to rely upon the published sayings of our leaders. It is not often that a widow is so fortunate, apparently, as to be able to have her investments made for her by a partner in one of the very greatest of American private banking houses or by one of the highest banking officials of the Federal Reserve System. I happen to know of two who were. In the first instance a number of the lady's investments are at present worth less than fifty per cent of what she paid for them. In the second, the official, whose name is one of the best known in America, stated that the investments would be of the widow variety — that is, that the first and most important principle guiding him in making them would be safety. He bought bonds, and *within five months* two of the various blocks had defaulted on their interest. Such episodes are as unnecessary as they are inexcusable.

Speculation and Investment

To a very great extent the commercial banks have begun, in recent years, to compete with private bankers in underwriting issues of securities to offer the public. The subterfuge

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of maintaining a separate "securities company" is, of course, flimsy. In the case of one bank, of which I am a stockholder, and I think this is true of many others, the same certificate covers my interest in the bank and in the affiliated security company, and the same dividend check covers profits from both legally disparate concerns. The advantage to the public of having its banks engaged in this line of business would seem to me to be doubtful, and the competition with the old private houses of issue unfair, but I am not here concerned with those points; and as both providers of the public's supply of investments call themselves bankers, I shall not here discriminate.

It is needless to say that the great majority of securities sold to the public by "reputable" bankers pay their interest, if not always their dividends, for some years at least after being issued. The business could not continue otherwise. But it would be a doubtful endorsement of an engineer to say that the majority of the bridges built by him did not *immediately* collapse. The responsibility of the engineer is clear. What is the responsibility of the banker?

There are several things to be said as to that. It is quite true that we would not continue to widen the scope of our business activity as a nation, that we could not develop new undertakings, if some among us were not willing to take chances with capital for the possibility of securing large profits or income yields. This is an age of coöperative endeavor, and the banker is performing a useful and necessary function when he collects the balances awaiting investment from many small scattered sources and unites them into such a sum as shall suffice to build up or assist a large scale industry. This is, as I see it, a legitimate function even when the undertaking and the security representing it are of distinctly a speculative nature, that is, when the investment is an uncertain and risky one.

As I also see it, however, three heavy responsibilities rest upon the banker. One is that he should assure himself that the investor has some chance from the start before securities are sold to him; the second is that no specific issue of securities should be forced upon anyone; and the third is that such information should be given as to allow an investor to judge of the risk — in a word, that speculative geese should not be advertised in the same terms as investment swans.

As an example of the first point I well recall a number of years ago an extreme case of what should not be done. One of the largest and most notable banking houses in America brought out an issue of bonds. From the day of issue, apparently, they were not worth the paper they were engraved on. Not only did they never pay even the first coupon, but a client of mine has never since been able to realize ten cents on a block of $5000 which he bought. The total issue, as I recall, was $1,500,000 and the money was as completely wiped out as if the owners had put their bank notes in the fire. Not a word of regret or explanation could ever be got from the house, which is still going on merrily as one of our great houses.

On another occasion a man I know was sold $25,000 worth of bonds by a banking house. Before the first coupon was due the company went into the hands of a receiver. As it happened the purchaser was sufficiently important in Wall Street to enable him to force the bankers to refund the purchase price, but if he had been an ordinarily obscure citizen, or a widow without influence, the loss would have had to be taken. My readers can doubtless supply a sufficient number of other such incidents.

Whatever mistakes, to take the most charitable view of it, the private banks of issue might make as to the real security of the "securities" brought out by them, there was one important difference between such houses and the security companies of the big banks. The former could not force anyone to buy from them. The situation is different as between a big city bank and, say, its out-of-town correspondents. The president of a country or small town bank has nothing like the information at hand that the president of a big city bank has, but instead of selling "an issue" of bonds to "the public" he sells one or two bonds to his neighbor Tom Jones. The relation, being personal, at once becomes different.

Not long ago such a president of a small bank asked a friend of mine, who had recently been in a certain foreign country, for all the information he could give about it. Surprised at such a thirst for facts, my friend asked the reason. This proved to be that the securities affiliate of the country bank's city correspond-

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ent had brought out an issue of government bonds of the nation in question. The country bank had been forced to take its small share of the issue. The country president did not believe in the bonds and declined to sell them to his friends Tom Jones or Bill Smith. His bank was therefore carrying them, at a heavy loss, hoping eventually to get out.

The other day an officer of a bank in a city of 500,000 inhabitants remarked that he hoped to heaven his New York correspondent would not force any more securities down their throats for a while, for his bank already had far more than it ought to have of securities it both would not and could not sell. On the other hand, if the bank did not take the amount allotted to it by its correspondent of *every* issue brought out by it, it would never thereafter have a chance at any issue, and business men do not have to be told of how pressure can be brought to bear in various other ways.

Having scores or hundreds of such outlets through the country greatly facilitates the city bank's underwriting and disposing of bonds. It would be quite consonant with human nature, however, that such a certain market for a large proportion of *any* issue underwritten would tend to make the underwriters somewhat less careful as to quality than they would be if their customers were free to scrutinize and reject such issues as they did not believe sound.

Foreign Bonds

The billions of foreign bonds floated in the past few years have given peculiar opportunities to underwriters, and entailed corresponding obligations on them. As a people we had had no experience whatever with foreign bonds. As a great creditor nation it was essential that we should learn how to invest surplus funds abroad to finance trade and international obligations. To-day our people are extremely gun-shy of foreign bonds. I think the reason is that the bankers who brought them out thought more of selling them than of educating the public. The bonds which have been sold have run all the way from thoroughly first-class investments to extremely dubious speculations. To altogether too great an extent, the advertisements have failed to distinguish between them for a public ignorant as to the whole subject. I do not mean to say that a single banker of standing has made a wilfully false statement, but the public can get a wrong impression from carefully selected facts, *and omissions*, as readily as from false statements. One or two instances illustrate my meaning.

On July 21, 1925, we made our first loan to Australia, which was oversubscribed two and a half times within an hour. The bankers offering the issue made a most impressive list, J. P. Morgan & Co., the City and First National Banks, the Bankers and Guaranty Trust Companies, and others. In the offering not a single false fact was stated or any true fact twisted. But the knowledge of the average investor throughout the country as to the financial stability and credit of Australia was presumably of the haziest. He trusted to the facts given and to the reputations and colossal aggregate resources of the issuing bankers. Most investors did have some idea of our neighbor Canada. The prospectus read: "the Commonwealth of Australia is comparable with the Dominion of Canada in area, resources, and importance to the British Empire." Of course, almost any two things may be said to be "comparable." What the investor, however, would naturally take the words to mean would be that Australia was about as safe for his money as Canada.

Nothing was said of the real nigger in the woodpile, which was the difference in character between Canadians and Australians, and the extreme labor views and Socialistic experiments among the latter. It was precisely this important and unmentioned factor that has forced Australian bonds down in the fifties, with danger of default, whereas Canadians are still well above par. I do not suggest misrepresentation. All I say is that in buying Australians the prospective investor might well infer from the advertisement that he was making much the same sort of investment he would have been had he bought Canadian bonds.

Four years ago, on March 16, 1927, two groups of bankers brought out respectively $6,000,000 Pernambuco 7's at 97¾ and $15,000,000 Peru 7's at 96½. Both advertisements read well for the ordinary uninformed investor. Both, as it happened, stated that the income to cover charges was 3½ times the amount necessary. To-day the Pernambuco's are selling at 17½ and the Peruvians at 38. Investors are facing heavy losses in both.

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It must be remembered that there are to-day vast numbers of people who have money to invest, little or much, but who have no knowledge whatever of how to do it. These are not only widows and orphans, but professional men of all sorts, and even, in the growing complexity of life, business men whose daily work gives them no insight at all into investments. In innumerable instances throughout the whole country they have no access to financial works of reference, to Moody's ratings, and other things that they would not know how to use if they had. These people have to a considerable extent bought on the recommendation of bankers. If the bankers make no effort to distinguish between sound investments and questionable speculative ones, the public is bound to make mistakes, and to blame the bankers.

It is natural, in our American business world, that when a man has something to sell, he will make it look as attractive as possible, and leave the buyer to find the flaws. It may seem absurd to ask the bankers, when they offer a security, to tell the public whether it is gilt-edged, moderately good, or highly speculative. Yet is it so absurd? In a few months after issue the agencies which give rating to securities will have listed the newcomer as AAA or what-not, all the way down the scale. When the temporary support given to the market has been withdrawn the bonds will find their own level, often making a sudden drop not understandable by the unfortunate holder. But then it is too late for him to discover that he has been speculating when he thought he was safely "soaking away" a few thousands.

It may be said that an investor should not trust himself to buy from the advertisements of even the most reputable houses but should consult his own banker. One answer to this is that of our 23,000 banks, the vast majority are so small as to preclude even their presidents from having much knowledge of investments. Another answer is that even in larger banks, the information received is often discouragingly wrong. I have cited above the instance of the two widows with their exceptionally highly placed advisers, and can add that much of the poorest information I have had in the past two years has come from New York bankers. Why this should be, I frankly do not know. I do not blame bankers for not making fortunes for their clients. I do blame them for so frequently and tragically not being able, when asked, to give them safe investments.

As I made a very modest sum and lost nothing in the wild days of the past four years, I may say that none of this article is flavored with sour grapes or personal resentment. Such resentment, however, I find in America to-day on every side. For example, I was talking yesterday with a professional man who knows nothing of investments and trusted to his bank for information, a good one in a large city. This bank told him that the Bank of Kentucky was perfectly sound and its stock a good investment. To-day the man is facing not only the loss of his money but the possibility of an assessment besides. As a result of this and other like experiences, he remarked, "what is the use of trying to save from a salary when it is impossible to find out how to keep your money when you have saved it?" This man, like many others I know, has relied solely on bankers' advice, only to lose money over and over again.

Trustees and Mergers

There is another factor in the present banking situation, as it has been developing for the past few years, which is causing very deep anxiety to the public. The banks, in many cases having swallowed trust companies, advertise on every hand asking that they be made executors and trustees. The arguments they advance against the use of individuals for that purpose are perfectly sound, especially so in this day when people move about from one locality to another so frequently, and when active business men are as apt to die from heart disease or a stroke in the fifties as they used to be to live to eighty.

There is, however, one point which gives, apparently, a great many others pause as well as myself. We pick, let us say, after careful thought, the X.Y.Z. Bank & Trust Company to execute our will and to invest and handle our estate for our widow and children. But when we have done so, we have not, in reality, the faintest idea *whom* we have made trustee. We may have picked the X.Y.Z. because we consider it to be ably managed, to have a personnel and a tradition of the sort we would like to trust our widow or child to, and then,

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perhaps the very day after we have signed our will and paid the lawyer his fee, we pick up the paper and find the X.Y.Z. has been merged with the 'Steenth National, which is the last bank in the world we would ever have named, and the whole personnel and policy of which we hate as the devil hates holy water.

One of my legal friends, not so long ago, met me one day with a "Thank God I am still alive." I inquired the reason for the pious but somewhat cryptical ejaculation, and was told that, the night before, the trust company which he had made trustee of $500,000 for his widow and children had been merged with a bank that he would not trust with a nickel, and that he was about to change his will as fast as possible. Had he been dead, there would have been no way out. Another lawyer told me at luncheon the other day that since he had made an irrevocable trust fund less than ten years ago, the bank has been through three mergers, and that the resultant institution was one he would never have dreamed of selecting.

I have myself made a New York institution executor and trustee, yet I am haunted by the question of who will really be in charge of the investing of the funds twenty years — or even one year — hence. The banks which solicit your business as trustees will sell you out, without notice, whenever it suits their purpose to do so, and leave your shade in Hades to watch an entirely different institution and set of men handling the affairs of your widow.

There are other aspects of the banking situation that are giving the public deep concern, but I have touched on enough to indicate some of the reasons why resentment against bankers is rapidly growing. There have been several periods in our history when such resentment has been extremely deep, and has had far-reaching effect. The present wave of feeling is, in one respect, different from any of the preceding ones. Hitherto the anger against banks and bankers has been voiced by the poor and debtor classes; to-day the strongest feeling I find is among the well-to-do classes.

This is a new phenomenon, and one well worth pondering by the bankers. It is needless to say that I have no intention of indicting every member of a most important profession. I am at the moment well content with my own banking connection, although of course I have the uncomfortable knowledge that I may find in the newspaper any morning that a merger has completely altered everything. There are able, public-spirited, conscientious bankers, but I think the criticisms made above of conditions in general are all fair, and that the public is wholly justified in its present belief that the banking fraternity is unsocially lacking in sense of responsibility as to how it performs functions now vital to everyone.

In the old days, when business was comparatively simple and almost every American man was in business, we overdeveloped our theory that each could look after himself, and the business philosophy of *caveat emptor*. To-day conditions are wholly different. In every department of our life, the responsibility of the technical expert is increasing in proportion to our growing and necessary dependence upon him. As I have pointed out elsewhere, one of the most sinister influences now at work is the breaking down in law, medicine, and other professions of the professional spirit as contrasted with the business spirit. This is occurring just at the time when more than ever the professional spirit has got to permeate all our activities unless society itself is to break down. In no business or profession is that spirit more needed at present than in banking, nor will that spirit interfere with legitimate profits.

Many years ago in a money panic, the rate for money on the Stock Exchange rose to 1 per cent a day, 360 per cent a year, before all money disappeared. My father needed $50,000 to avert failure. As a last resort, he applied to J. P. Morgan & Co., and Mr. Morgan, though a stranger, let him have it. Asked what the rate would be, Mr. Morgan said "6 per cent. Morgan & Company never charge more than that." Others of the banks charging their hundreds of per cent that day, have failed. For the forty years or so since, Morgan & Company have been on the whole the symbol of strength and ability, and the chief reliance of the bankers themselves in every period of stress. If, on the other hand, most of the leading bankers find the public — as it is — with regard to them, anxious, distrustful, cynical, resentful, they have only themselves to blame, and will have until they have cleaned their houses and shown by their acts that they have come to a full realization of the heavy social responsibility which rests upon them.

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Tammany's Grab-Bag

Who's Who in Graft, and What He Gets

by RALPH E. RENAUD

TAMMANY HALL is just a great, big happy family of overgrown playboys. Ask any Tammany man. But Tammany is something else again.

Tammany Hall is haunted by elderly sachems addicted to Fourth of July celebrations in the robust manner. When Old Glory ripples into the breeze it thrills them more than anything else on earth, except possibly a bit of green now and then. And here is a strange and incredible thing about Tammany Hall which you must accept on my say-so. It has acquired no piles of crisp bills, no hidden hoards, no invisible bank accounts, no concealed safe deposit boxes — not a dime that any honest club shouldn't have.

Drawing by Thomas Benrimo

The Hall calls itself the Columbian Order of the Sons of St. Tammany, "the Affable," a good Indian and, according to all accounts, a good scout. The old building on New York's Fourteenth Street, next to a dump known euphemistically as the Olympia Theater, was encrusted with proletarian grime and had capacious spittoons located at all strategic points. There was also a good deal of oratory spilled there. The site is now appropriately occupied by the Gas Company. The new building, with a bank nestling substantially under the balcony, faces Union Square within a stone's throw (and a good many stones are thrown in Union Square) of Communist headquarters. It is chastely Colonial. I cannot testify whether it consists of anything more than a façade, but it puts up a good front. And if there really is an interior I am sure it contains none of those piratical accumulations which the public imagination so persistently places there.

Tammany is something else again. Tammany may be diagnosed, according to one's mood, as a state of mind, a kind of cult, an organized appetite, or an enormous thrift society. It is only incidentally a political institution. Elections have to be won before they can be exploited. But it is undoubtedly the most profitable business in New York. Rabbi Wise describes the present government of the city as "a Coney Island Mardi Gras managed by cheap and incompetent vulgarians." He is mistaken. It is a racket.

For many years now, as a working editor, I have studied Tammany and in my opinion it is the biggest racket in the United States, with the sole exception of the organized liquor traffic. I do not hesitate to set its annual "take" well into the hundreds of millions. This is considerable money, especially in the desolation accompanying Hoover prosperity. Where does Tammany get it? Where does it go? The first question can be answered definitively — from the record. Flashes of testimony in many a court transcript show how luxuriously Tammany keeps afloat. The second question will never be completely answered, though the slow, tidal advance of Judge Samuel Seabury's inquiry rise through the very portals of Sing Sing. Tammany itself doesn't know. It doesn't wish to know.

Tammany, with much the same membership as the Columbian Order, is, of course, predominantly Irish and Catholic. But John Curry, the present leader, his seventy district leaders, and the public officials are not responsible to the Hall itself. McCooey, the smooth and powerful Democratic leader in Brooklyn, isn't even a member. The Tammany Hall General Committee rents the building from the Columbian Order. Curry and his group operate under the authority of the General Committee. They may meet in the Hall and sometimes do,

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though really important meetings are held elsewhere. In the famous but elusive Gold Room, for instance.

Outside and beyond this group, which contains a constantly changing inner ring, is a society with no constitution, no password, no insignia, indeed no formally acknowledged existence, which may be called the Friends of Tammany. It consists of the Civil Service employees, 130,000 of them, a large part of the Republican organization, all the protected racketeers, many more or less honest burghers, magistrates, judges, lawyers, experts, big business men, little business men, theatrical big shots and small fry, labor leaders, race track touts and operators, contractors, bootleggers, United States Senators, a flock of Congressmen, state legislators, bankers, Catholic priests and prelates, marketmen, gunmen, brokers, Jewish rabbis, Protestant clergymen, lobbygows, drug peddlers and sniffers, gamblers, grifters, grafters, prostitutes — those, at least, who elude or "conciliate" the vice squad — and Jimmy Walker. They may not constitute a majority of the population of New York City, but they manage to swing the heavy end of the voting list. The bond that holds them in mystical union is profit, privilege, or power — often all three. This loose confraternity has established an absolute, self-perpetuating dictatorship over the political destinies of the city.

Naturally the mere supposition of a system of graft is what Mayor Walker describes as "defaming the fair name of New York City," though even the Mayor admits a little nickel-snatching. Nevertheless, let us suppose. . . . Suppose I wanted to get into a profitable line in New York. In a modest way, of course. I couldn't expect a subway contract. I probably couldn't even chip in with a few friends and buy a magistrate to dismiss favored traffic offenders. But I might open a speakeasy. Having rented a basement and stocked up, I would automatically become a candidate for election to the Friends of Tammany. The initiation would be quiet, simple, and immediate. I would merely kick in when the bulls came around. After their first friendly call I would be a member in good standing. If I knew what was healthy I would continue to come across and before the next election, as a Friend of Tammany, I would be rooting heartily among my customers for the organization ticket.

But I might not be an individual. I might be a corporation, one of the big steamship companies, for example. I might wish to lease certain piers from the city. I might send my representatives before the dock commission and after they had appeared there — frequently, eloquently, but in vain — I might be so dumb that I would quit trying to get the piers and, in fact, quit business altogether. On the other hand I might not be that dumb. I might hunt up a certain judge-elect who had considerable influence with the Dock Commission. I might even slip him a fat retainer to get the lease. Of course the judge might be so simple as to take part of the money after he ascended the bench. He might even be crazy enough to get caught. In that event he would merely cease being a Friend of Tammany. But I, a perfectly solvent corporation, would promptly take his place in that esoteric society — Friend and Victim in one.

But suppositions, of course, prove nothing. Let's give names and numbers.

The Shakedown

Well, the first case sounds oddly like that absurd pier story I had the effrontery to invent a moment ago. A Brooklyn County Judge, W. Bernard Vause, got into difficulties last year for showing the Columbia Finance Company, a blue-sky concern, how to shake $400,000 out of innocent but confiding investors. Unfortunately he permitted the Columbia Company to pay him $125 to $150 a week for his legal services while he occupied the bench, which is against the law. During the inquiry into these transactions the Federal Attorney discovered that the United American Steamship Lines also paid Judge Vause $250,000 to obtain the lease on two city piers. Morgan O'Brien, Jr. had already received a $10,000 fee for a series of not surprisingly unsuccessful appearances before the Dock Commission. But Judge Vause got action at once. The next day he and his wife sailed for Europe as guests of the lines.

Judge Vause had to admit all this. The checks were produced in court. He explained, however, that the later checks, which covered the period he was on the bench, went to a mysterious and unidentified "Frank Baxter." A typical New York jury believed him. But don't sprain your sympathies over this injured jurist.

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For the little Columbia Finance irregularity he was sentenced to six months in Atlanta. Incidentally, the pier lease graft seemed to pass right through Judge Vause, now ruined but silent, to somebody more important. And the city owns 268 piers. Figure it out yourself.

Dr. William F. Doyle, our next specimen, is more fortunate than Judge Vause. He still continues his practice or, rather, his practices. United States Attorney Charles H. Tuttle disclosed that Dr. Doyle, while appearing as a solicitor before the Board of Standards and Appeals, had banked more than $2,000,000 in less than three years. He described him as "a veterinary who rose to be a millionaire" and proceeded to investigate his activities.

Dr. Doyle originally had a job in the Fire Department. Mayor Hylan made him head of the Fire Prevention Bureau, but during his incumbency a couple of lives were lost in a Maiden Lane fire. Dr. Doyle was indicted and had to retire on a pension. Since then he has been busy — and how! — before the Board of Standards. This board was organized to hear appeals from decisions of the Fire Department. This is the way it actually functions. George H. Davis, vice president of Saks and Company, prominent merchandisers, testified at Dr. Doyle's trial that the Fire Prevention Bureau ordered partitions built into their Thirty-fourth Street store and their new Fifth Avenue store. They were erected in the Thirty-fourth Street store but resisted on Fifth Avenue. To have installed them there, Davis explained, "would have meant closing the store." But stay! Saks and Company had the acumen to employ Dr. Doyle, and the day was saved — for $8,600.

Ely Maran, a Bronx builder, testified he paid Doyle $52,000 — $31,500 of it in cash at Doyle's request. One benighted woman paid him $5,000 in 1929 to get her a permit for a filling station in Jamaica, a Long Island town. Dr. Doyle and his successful fellow solicitors (there are only about half a dozen who have any success) did a nice little business by easing filling stations and garages into districts zoned against them. Doyle's fee for garages usually ran from $1,000 to $3,500, and for filling stations from $250 to $1,500. The Board of Standards and Appeals issued about 2,100 permits questionable enough to excite the attention of even District Attorney Crain before he forgot about them. When the federal courts tried Dr. Doyle on a diagonal charge of concealing his income he was acquitted.

Doyle never rendered a bill and never gave a receipt. He admitted splitting his fees, but wouldn't testify who got the split. He explained that it might incriminate him. Some light may be thrown on this by the testimony of Augustus Misch at the trial of William E. Walsh, chairman of the Board of Standards and Appeals. Misch had been asked to come through with $2,000 for the privilege of operating two oil burners. He swore that Walsh told him: "I am unable to live on the salary paid me by the city, and in order to enjoy a living income it is necessary for those who need the approval of the Bureau to pay me for the accommodations." Walsh's salary was $12,500.

Mr. Walsh approved a change in the zoning law which permitted a certain apartment house to obtain a greatly increased rental space, and then himself moved into a $4,000 apartment at a rental of $1,500. He was also fortunate enough to negotiate one of those unsecured, non-interest-bearing, flexible flyer notes for $30,000 with a Bronx builder. The United States indicted him for regarding this as a personal secret. He was acquitted, but it was deemed advisable for him to resign.

William F. Kenny is introduced merely as a typical but particularly ardent Friend of Tammany. What a friend! He gave $70,000 to Al Smith's Presidential campaign fund and testified before a Senate committee that, had it been necessary, he would have contributed his whole fortune. Yet Mr. Kenny could afford his contribution. A series of suits indicates that for many years he and his brother James enjoyed a monopoly of the tank truck business in moving gasoline through New York City because of the peculiarly devised specifications of the Fire Prevention Bureau which barred all other trucks. It was charged that the Kennys not only made a profit of $3,000,000 on their trucks but exacted a tax of one-tenth of a cent on every gallon of gasoline delivered. Mr. Kenny vehemently denied this. Al Smith is now in a Tammany eclipse. The authorities have finally certified a Standard Oil truck as satisfactory.

Albert Vitale was the first of the magistrates whose outside financial operations attracted attention. It was revealed that he had borrowed $19,940 from Arnold Rothstein, that

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sinister underworld autocrat who was supposed to collect for the police from the big gambling games in return for protection on his own extensive gambling and narcotic transactions. Indeed, Rothstein's murder on November 4, 1928, was the spark which crept along a slow fuse to set off the present explosion under Tammany. It was too simple a crime for the police to register so spectacular a failure in solving it. At all events, Magistrate Vitale, his beneficiary, confessed to an accumulation of $165,000 during his sojourn on the bench and demonstrated such a fraternal acquaintance with the criminal classes that the Appellate Division invited him to retire.

There has been a doffing of magistrates' robes ever since. Magistrate George F. Ewald's resignation while charged with having bought his job shocked Governor Roosevelt into appointing Judge Seabury to conduct an inquiry into the minor courts. Thereupon Magistrate F. X. McQuaide resigned. Magistrate George W. Simpson resigned. Magistrate Jean Norris did not resign, but the Appellate Division removed her, and magistrate Jesse Silbermann also was ousted by Judge Seabury. Magistrate Louis Brodsky, who just escaped going to Congress, was shown to have maintained eleven different brokerage accounts with transactions of $3,000,000. The son-in-law of Mr. Brodsky's district leader had power of attorney over one of these accounts, but the Appellate Division endorsed the Magistrate four to one and he is still dispensing, er — justice.

This projection of district leaders into the affairs of the magistrates is significant because the appointment of magistrates and any loose change that goes with it is believed to be the prerogative of these leaders. The career of Ewald, unimpressive otherwise, though he did manage to get hold of what the federal authorities insist was a paying mail fraud, illuminates the activities of Martin J. Healy, leader of the nineteenth district. When Ewald, a butcher's helper who climbed into an Assistant District Attorneyship, wanted to mount the bench, Mrs. Ewald quietly loaned Mr. Healy $10,000. The money was conveyed to Healy by a faithful retainer named — of all things! — Thomas J. Tommaney. They all have these men Fridays. Healy, who was being pressed for payments on a little Long Island bungalow, though he had about $70,000 in various banks at the time, gave a note for the money — another of those flexible flyers. But Mrs. Ewald, an absent-minded woman about such trifles, lost it.

About the same time Healy was receiving, it was testified, a votive offering of $2,000 for the appointment of Jacob Cash — again the incredible name! — as a City Marshal. Tommaney managed that negotiation, too. Healy, who likewise pried a diamond brooch for Mrs. Healy out of Cash, generously bestowed $1200 on the faithful Tommaney. This sum, oddly enough, represented exactly ten per cent of the Ewald and Cash payments to Healy. But Ewald paid a total of $12,000 on the occasion of his appointment, including $2,000 to a member of the Steuben Society which "recommended" to him. This was his full salary for a year. Ten per cent on an individual sum, one hundred per cent of a year's salary for an appointment seems to run like a pecuniary theme through the sweet song of Tammany politics.

Speakeasy Graft

So far we have merely selected a few shining illustrations from the thickening book of municipal scandal to show the diversity and ingenuity of Tammany's golden touch. But how about the big money?

Let's take a look at the speakeasies. New York is a thirsty town, and the official figure of the oases is now about 36,000. A police stool pigeon, Harry Levey, testifying before Judge Seabury, declared: "During 1927 and 1928 I helped Patrolman James J. Quinlivan and William M. O'Connor collect at least $7,500 a month from 125 or more speakeasies. The larger ones paid a hundred dollars and the smaller ones came across with fifty dollars." This makes an average of seventy-five dollars a month, or perhaps a little less, assuming there were more smaller places. On the other hand, they were all uptown resorts, for O'Connor and Quinlivan never reached the good hunting grounds around Times Square or lower Manhattan. Seventy-five dollars a month from 36,000 speakeasies figures out to about $32,000,000 a year.

The question arises as to whether these plain clothes men represented merely the precinct or the "higher-ups," or both. Their tax certainly did not include that levied by the cop on the beat. Major Maurice Campbell, former

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Federal Prohibition Administrator for the Southern District of New York, thinks any such figure as $32,000,000 is ridiculously low. Some of the larger speakeasies take in as much as $3,000 a day and pay in proportion. I know of one rather prosperous speakeasy café which pays $500 a week, but this may include a cut to federal agents and perhaps to muscle men. Moreover, all speakeasies buy only protected liquor, which means a terrific graft for police connivance in delivery.

Mighty few gallons of any sort of liquor would reach their destinations unless the police had been reached first. Leaving the "alky racket" entirely alone, let us consider beer deliveries. There are about twenty breweries in the Southern District, and at least four of them have been flagrant law violators. A truck of beer is worth not less than $1,500. From a cheating brewery ten or twelve trucks a night, each under police escort or protection, will start radiating their cheer as often as three times a week. Ten per cent is regarded as the "cops' cut."

Whatever the figures, liquor graft in New York is tremendous. I don't want to give the impression that Friends of Tammany get it all. Plenty of itching Republicans are being scratched. And upstate — well, up there it is just too bad. But skimming the surface of illegal liquor has now become an old and honored pastime. Racketeering is a newer manifestation of organized crime; it is only about seven years old. A racket is essentially an alliance between business or labor and the underworld to fix or raise prices, operating usually under police or political protection. The New York State Crime Commission, reporting to the Legislature last spring, declared that rackets cost the people of the nation between twelve and eighteen billions a year.

During his term in office Joab Banton, Tammany District Attorney, made it a set policy to initiate no crusades and to act only on specific complaints. Ferdinand Pecora, his chief assistant, declared he knew of no rackets in New York. The question arises as to whether such an attitude isn't tantamount to issuing letters of marque to the racketeers. Judge Crain, who followed Banton, assumed a different attitude. He started by declaring war, with the aid of a citizens' committee of fifty, on all rackets, ended with a few feeble indictments in the leather pocketbook manufacturing racket, and is now under investigation by Judge Seabury because, among other things, he hasn't succeeded in demonstrating the difference between a racket and a tennis court.

For any effective or complete action it is necessary to turn to the Federal Attorney's office. There at least one healthy racket was put under the microscope and thoroughly mangled, if not utterly destroyed. This was the Chicken Trust, or, as is it called itself, the Greater New York Live Poultry Chamber of Commerce. Competitors were blown out of their beds with bombs, beaten, gassed in their places of business, had their property destroyed by poison or, if other means failed, were threatened with "the apple," that persuasive leaden pellet which killed Barnet Baff, once a big pullet-and-hen man himself. There was sworn evidence that independents were intimidated by city detectives and motorcycle police. This single racket, not one of the biggest, cost New York $10,000,000 annually and yielded its organizers several millions a year.

There is no census of rackets in New York. I have just listed fifty which received some sort of official attention in the past two years, from Larry Fay's milk racket to the window cleaners' racket. If anyone imagines the Friends of Tammany are overlooking the possibilities of all these good things, he ought to have his head examined.

Wheels Within Wheels

But it is possible to come even closer to Tammany and remain among the astronomical figures. William H. Allen, Director of the Institute for Public Service, says the New York City budget contains a hundred million dollars more than the city ought to cost. It goes to the maintenance of waste, slackage, surplusage of employees, and malingering. Governor Roosevelt says Allen is a person of no importance and Mayor Walker implies he is crazy. He sounds quite sane to me. Besides, Jimmy disagrees with a great many people. When the City Affairs Committee figured the recent cost to taxpayers of condemnation proceedings at $33,000,000 the Mayor was shocked at the absurdity of such a total.

Nevertheless, Charles Berry, Tammany Comptroller (but of the Al Smith wing), discussing the school site scandal, said on May 6:

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"I make the open charge in this public hearing that the procedure adopted by the Board of Education regarding school sites is costing the taxpayers of this city millions of dollars unnecessarily." This referred merely to school sites, a minor aspect of condemnation, and did not even cover the gobbling up of adjoining lots by favored insiders. The Mayor declared a few days later that anyone criticizing the schools was un-American and an enemy of civilization.

The bail bond business, thriving to a degree, might have been regarded as legitimate if the nauseating details of how it is conducted had not been exposed before the Seabury inquiry. It is inextricably intertwisted with the levy on prostitution imposed by the amazingly prosperous members of the Vice Squad. This dirty traffic is scorned by the regular police, and the cops, like the Greeks, have a word for it. Judge Seabury's bright young men traced bank deposits of $83,000 to the name of plain clothes man Charles A. Wundt. Patrolman Robert E. Morris had bank accounts, too, but kept $50,000 kicking around in an old tin box. Policeman Andrew G. McLaughlin banked $35,800 in two years on a salary of $3,000.

In March, 1931, Charles Brady, Superintendent of Buildings, resigned under fire, with the City Administration aiming the gun in his particular case, and his chief building inspector, Rollin C. Bastress, was arrested for accepting a bribe. It seems only fair to consider the subject of construction, especially since the figures are large. In 1930, an off year, new buildings and alterations in Manhattan cost $198,662,098. Residential construction in the Bronx, Brooklyn, and Queens ran to $64,019,000. Tammany has approximately ten city departments, each with more or less of a finger in this vast pie. And the organization has never been accused of not developing plenty of Jack Horners.

The gambling industry in New York fully equals the building industry. Betting on the races is entirely illegal in the state. Yet New York City supports 5,000 pool rooms, 1,000 touts in the Times Square district alone, and pays its full share of the annual billion dollars which flow to the American race tracks. At least, those are the figures given by Charles H. Clarahan, Post Office Inspector, assigned to fraudulent tipping. Crap games thrive everywhere, from the little ones anyone can watch late at night in quiet subway stations to the big ones in protected flats. George McLaughlin, a good Police Commissioner, had to retire when he interfered with gambling in the Tammany District Clubs.

Anyone familiar with city affairs will recognize the gaps in my assemblage of green pastures for the Friends of Tammany. I have not attempted to discuss Tammany banks, such as the City Trust and the Bank of United States, with their costly and scandalous failures, the widespread narcotic traffic, inequality of assessments in the Tax Department, destruction of property values by zoning changes, the markets and peddlers' graft, the Queens sewer and highway graft, insurance graft, subway contracts, water system development, refereeships, local bankruptcies, organized perjury, the sale of appointments, designations, and nominations much more important than those of magistrates, and a dozen other prolific subjects. But I believe I have said enough to indicate that Boss Tweed, with his $80,000,000 swag, was a piker.

Where does it all go? I don't know. I suspect that a large part of it is dumped at the races and in the stock market. Some of it clings to buttered fingers along the way up. I can't conceive of more than five or ten per cent of it reaching the upper levels.

It can't last. For years I despaired of the conscience of the city, callous even to bartered judgeships and soiled ermine. But suddenly it flashed out at the spectacle of chartered brutes in the police department beating, torturing, and blackmailing fallen women and some wholly innocent women as well. Tammany itself was shocked, though it kept a stiff upper lip. And, strange as it may seem under present conditions, there are honest police aplenty and honest officials striving in a bewildered manner to check the appalling manifestations of a vicious system which has got out of hand.

Finally the relentless pressure of economic law will crush the graft back to a minimum. People in prosperity forget how they are robbed. In adversity they remember it — and resent it. New York is still rich. But it feels poor. And an increasing number of its citizens are sick of that political lycanthropy which changes too many of its sworn guardians into wolves. Stand by for a change, Mr. Walker.

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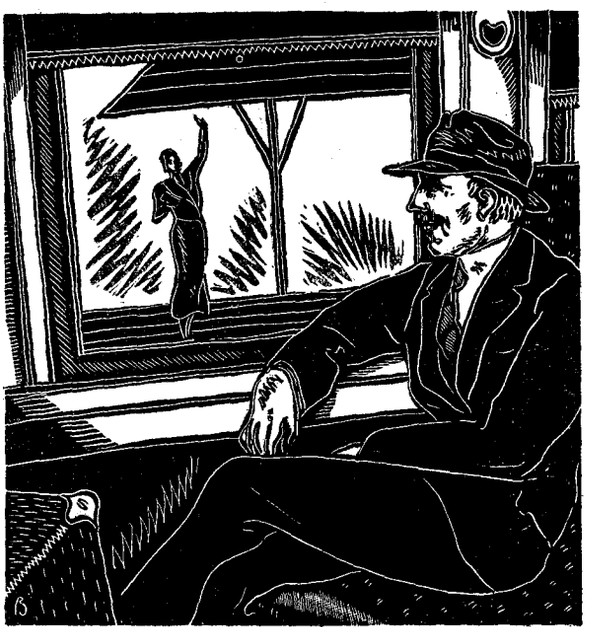
The Dressing Case

by **BRUNO FRANK**

I

He watched her as she walked away with firm, reliable steps along the station platform, a still young, if homely rather than elegant figure. She looked back just once to wave a friendly hand. Then, after a short wait at the ticket barrier, she vanished into the crowd.

He settled into his seat before the train started, and spread his papers out on the little folding table.



Drawings by Weldon Bailey

He remained alone. Whenever he looked up from his papers he saw through the window a dull landscape wrapped in gray November haze. Behind the line of hills was a dim, red glow. At a level crossing, through which they passed more slowly, stood a shabby little automobile, a frightfully battered piece of old iron that might have come straight out of an American film farce. He thought of his own car at home. It really was high time he exchanged it. At least he might have a good look round in the city for something more up-to-date. But his sensible wife, always so thrifty, thought there was time enough. He turned to his papers again.

When the train got in, it was dark. There were far too few porters about. He kept his brief case under his arm, and saw his trunk and little brown dressing case piled on a heavily laden luggage-trolley that went rumbling along to the station exit.

It was quite a long way to the hotel. The theater rush was on. Millions of pleasure seekers were flocking gayly toward the lights that beckoned, leaping, whirling, colorful. Every car in the city seemed to be out. Progress was at a snail's pace. One caught glimpses of festively clad women, all of them beautiful, in the dimly lighted interiors of luxurious automobiles.

The same old drive, repeated every two months, from the station through the evening streets. How well he knew the attacks of questioning to which this drive always laid him open. Was it right, he asked himself every time, as he did to-day, for him to be spending his years out there in the province, beyond the dark miles, while life sparkled here in such alluring colors? To follow the prescribed road calmly, successfully, but without any particular interest — was he not too young for this at forty-five? Evasive thoughts, he knew it, and he knew what it was they were evading.

He arrived. They knew him here. His room was ready, quiet, spacious, really meant for two persons. A curtain could be drawn across the room before the two beds, so that it could then be used as a reception and work room.

His luggage was brought up, and he was left alone. The first thing next morning his work would begin, so it would be best, he decided, to have an early night.

He opened the dressing case. Dark green silk puffed up. He started. This was not his property.

Changed by mistake. How annoying! One is attached to little things in daily use, particularly when one is no longer young. To be sure, nothing seriously regrettable had occurred. He could get over the loss of a sum of money inside the lid pocket of his dressing case. All his documents were here in the brief case. But he would almost have preferred the loss

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of these to that of his brushes, his slippers, and his shaving kit. Besides, it was not very pleasant to think of these things under a stranger's eyes, and, what is more, feminine eyes, for this dressing case belonged to a lady. A delicate fragrance of refined, luxurious femininity rose from the green silken heap.

He closed the case again, to examine it. Really, they were exactly alike. The same size, the same light brown leather, even the nickel locks were the same. The porter at the station was hardly to blame. Ah, to be sure, that was where this mistake could be rectified. He could send the dressing case straight to the station lost property office, the unknown lady would surely do the same, and the cases could be changed back again. His hand reached out toward the bell.

He hesitated. There was another way. Perhaps he could find her name somewhere — a visiting card, an envelope. A slight trace of her perfume was left in the room. He opened the case again. The fragrance rose, stronger than ever.

Carefully, so as not to destroy the folds, he lifted out the dark green silken wrapper that lay on top, and stood with the soft fabric resting on both his hands. The daintiest of traveling necessities lay there beneath his gaze.

Yes, truly men were made of sterner stuff. He thought with some embarrassment of the contents of his own dressing case. Perhaps at that very moment its lid was springing open in another room. She would surely start back, disagreeably surprised, perhaps even repulsed. Everything there was tidy and respectable, certainly, but it was all rather the worse for wear, coarse, frankly practical. At the top — he saw it with unpleasant distinctness — lay his old black leather slippers, worn shapeless, very shiny inside; not far from these his shaving brush, with which he could not bear to part although it showed definite signs of senile molting. And then that hairbrush, faded with age, with a handle of white unpainted wood, and dearer to him than many a document.

But worst of all was his nightshirt, freshly washed and faultlessly ironed, to be sure, but still a nightshirt, that symbol — unbecoming, but oh, so comfortable — of a bygone, middle-class generation. For years now he had been fighting a playful duel with his laundryman about it. "I assure you, Sir," he could hear

him say, "you are the very last of all my elegant customers who hasn't taken to pyjamas." Of course the man was only flattering him: he wasn't really an elegant customer at all. There he stood, painfully seeing himself as the fair stranger would probably imagine him, some little provincial in out-of-date negligee.

Her fragrance filled the room. It was a delicious perfume; fresh, even somewhat sharp, reminiscent of youth after a brisk walk or lively play. It went with a slim firm figure, this fragrance, with small but strong hands, a round willful chin, a broad open brow, and fair unruly curls that would fall into bright, frank, mocking eyes. Brilliant detective work! And what if it belonged to an old woman, short and fat, who wobbled? Or a peevish-mouthed, sharp-nosed, withered spinster? . . . Impossible!

A sort of spell had come over him, a slight dizziness and intoxication, a sudden warmth, roused by something else besides this little travel mishap — or stroke of luck. What he did next was not strictly correct, and seemed to him almost an offense. He tiptoed to the door and locked himself in. It felt almost as if he were locking himself in with the strange lady herself. He wanted to taste forbidden fruit, to examine her possessions one by one. Nobody should disturb him.

Dark green seemed to be her favorite color. That pleased him straight away. This green went beautifully with the dark tortoise shell

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of her brushes and combs, her powder box, the oval hand mirror. All these glittering objects, the crystal flasks too, were set with a little gold monogram, an M. Mabel, Marjorie, May, names in keeping with her youthful freshness. Only English names occurred to him, suggested by a paper-bound English novel, evidently meant for the train journey. But nothing more. No name, not a word.

Dark green was her manicure set, dark green suède leather her little slippers, edged with narrow swansdown. He took them out. They were not quite new either, and that was a comfort to him, and brought her nearer, gave him an almost brotherly feeling. They were a little worn at the sides where they touched in walking, and the inner soles had been rubbed rather shiny by her bare feet.

Silken, somewhat lighter green, her nightgown lay folded up in one corner. Surely his laundryman could never have found a word to say against this garment. It had already been worn, as a few creases showed. Of dark green leather again was a little box that looked like a jewel casket. Should he open it? He was very conscious of his guilt; his temples burned, but he was enjoying it.

He opened it, half eager, half fearing to see the colored sparkling of precious stones. Would not this moment decide his integrity? He might not keep valuable property for a single hour, yet he dreaded the thought of having to give up his charming booty. He saw it in his mind's eye on the rack of the Lost Property Office, in unworthy surroundings.

He heaved a sigh of relief when he saw the contents: chains and bracelets of light metal, necklaces of large gaudy imitation jewels, such as are worn and generally approved of to-day. Customs of West Africa — had he not said so himself somewhere or other? But that was all nonsense. The fashion was bold, gay, and pretty. To be sure, the wearer must be the same. Youth and grace were essential to the exotic masquerade. Luckily no gentleman would ever be arrested on account of such primitive baubles.

He fell asleep late, and slept badly.

In the morning he got the hotel servant to buy him certain necessities, and was up and out by nine. He had locked the door of his room carefully. Business friends saw him sitting absent-minded at his conferences, and when he took out a handkerchief, his neighbor noticed with slight surprise a whiff of perfume hardly in keeping with a man of affairs. It was a wisp of lawn he had found in a folding green leather sachet.

In the lift that evening his heart beat furiously, as if he were being awaited by a new-found love. He unlocked the door, switched on the light, and stood absolutely amazed. The maid had already prepared the room for the night, but not for him alone. In kindly zeal she had unpacked the dressing case. The tortoise shell brushes and combs and mirror, the crystal flasks too, were laid out on the little dressing table, the wrapper was spread over a chair, the dividing curtain was drawn from before the beds, which were both turned down for the night. By the unslept-in bed, the one nearest the door, stood the little slippers, and on the pillow rested the gossamer gown of sea-green silk, lace-edged at the neck. All seemed to be waiting for its mistress, and its mistress for him.

III

THE MOMENT in which he had not had the dressing case taken back to the station had been his first infidelity. His business friends all made a kind of saturnalia of their periodic business trips to the metropolis. Cigar in mouth, they would recount their easy adventures, cynically regarded by them as the unquestioned right of men long married. He had never felt the slightest temptation to do as they did. The thought of returning to his home town after such lapses, getting out at his station, and kissing his wife cheerfully on the lips, was intensely repugnant to him. For the others such infidelities were nothing. Not so for him. His self-restraint was well-known. It might have made a laughingstock of one less respected in his profession.

No man could really want more than he had found in his married life. His wife had once been beautiful, and still preserved a stately grace, though she had borne him three sons, whom he loved. She was the most prudent of housewives, without ever alluding to her prudence. Knowing always when to be silent, she took an intelligent interest in his business affairs. She had none of that pettiness that most women develop who spend their lives in the provinces. She laughed readily, yet was

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never silly or foolish; was sympathetic, and yet far too healthy to be sentimental. She was frank, easily moved by beauty, but had at the same time a well-balanced view of life. People spoke of her as a splendid person, which indeed she was.

However, no splendor in the world can hold back the feeling of satiety that assails a man at the critical turn of a life which has been for too long unvaried. This long straight road, sloping gently upward, with never a turn in sight, breaking off somewhere, sudden and black — he did not care to look along it very often. There had been dangerous moments for him during the past years of which nobody knew. One of them was on his fortieth birthday, at table, when he had stood up and tapped his glass for silence, so that he might gayly thank the assembled guests. It all but turned out to be a very unexpected speech. For a whole second he held a knife above all the threads that bound him to the life that he had loved until this moment — and they were many, a whole skein. Then he spoke — as they had all expected him to speak.

There was a second moment very fresh in his memory. It was less than a year back. During their winter travels they had been wandering in Cairo through the colorful, unclean, bustling throng of the native quarter. As they walked down the main street and came to a narrow, crooked, shady side-turning, where a few figures were moving, draped, phantomlike, a sudden temptation attacked him to let go the arm of the conventionally clad lady at his side and, without a word, to vanish down that street that was no different from fifty others, to seek its outlet, to let himself be carried away by the nameless tide of the Orient that began here, down into Central Africa, over into the swarming legions of Asia, farther still, anywhere, so long as he might never be able to find his way back to his respectable existence and his happy married life.

The ache for far-off lands — who does not know its restless urge? It is latent in every imaginative human being who is aware of the inevitability of death, and perhaps in none so strongly as in those at this man's period of life. It is dissatisfaction with the limits of oneself rather than with actual conditions of life; it is an intense longing to escape the prison bars of personal identity. What! Never to be any but such and such a one, from childhood to the grave, among all the millions of various kinds of existence? If blood and brain cannot be altered, why, adventure comes in to help. Adventure, colorful wanderings over land and sea; adventure, the artist's eager penetration of strange places; adventure, even the flight of the world-weary up into the cloistered rigidity of La Trappe. Surely most of the disturbances that cross the paths of love are due to this seductive spirit of adventure.

The unknown woman, present only in her dainty perfumed belongings, was a far stronger lure than all the hundred thousand women ready at a glance of desire or challenge in the gigantic city. He could never have spoken to anybody about this. He was well conscious how incongruous this sensual, unreal bewitchment was to a man of position and active life, and head of a family. He was ashamed of himself, and this unaccustomed feeling of shame, which he had not known since boyhood, was disturbing and intensified the conflict within him.

The chambermaid on his floor must have wondered about this lady whose night things she laid out every day and whom she never saw. He met her in the corridor. Without a word he pressed into her hand a banknote of a generosity she had hardly known in all her years of service. A sly smile, a smile of understanding, appeared on her face, and she returned the pressure of his hand. The blood rushed to his temples at this silent conspiracy, and even this degradation was sweet to him. He kept his room locked always, and carried the key about with him during the day.

The first physical approach to the unknown woman was as exhausting to him as actual indulgence in excess would have been. It

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consisted of his washing himself with her soap. It was a piece that had already been used by her, though one could still read the letters of an English firm stamped on it. The lather seemed to him particularly rich and white, and filled the bathroom with a somewhat sharp, fresh fragrance, something like the strong perfume which he already knew, that was given out by all her belongings. His hands, his neck now exhaled it. And when he lay in his bed, it was as if he were in the embrace of her light, scented body.

That was the only contact. In the morning he awoke to the consciousness that he now faced a decision. A crisis was approaching. Stretched out in bed, his hands folded behind his head, he thought of his wife still waiting for him out there, miles away. He thought of her not without pity. But it seemed impossible for him to change anything. He had already stayed away longer than was his wont. Suddenly he was certain that he never would go back. Nothing but a miracle could make him return now. Perhaps he wished to be drawn back again, but he could not see any possibility of this.

Still lost in thought, he started to dress himself; then stopped, sat before the little dressing table, and began to plan practical arrangements. He imagined it in all fairness. Oh, surely he would not be of those who show themselves mean at the hour of separation. He was in a position to leave his family an independent and comfortable income. It would be as if he had died. Did not men of forty-five actually die every day in dozens, in hundreds? Faithful colleagues, whom he could trust implicitly, would manage his enterprise for some years. And before long his eldest boy, who showed definite signs of capability in this direction, would be able to go into the business. But what about himself? Was he no longer attached to his life's work? Had he not even during these last days been making efforts to secure little business advantages, as if they were of importance? His finger plucked at some inner string, but there was no longer any response.

Mechanically, still musing, he took up the tortoise shell mirror with the little golden M., turned it about in his hand, and caught sight of his own likeness in it — the narrow head with the full lips, the already somewhat tired eyes, and the eyebrows that, strikingly enough, had gone gray earlier than the hair of his head. Emerging from his thoughts, he realized suddenly what his hands were playing with, and also, to his astonishment, that the pretty thing had lost its charm. But so had everything. All those charming femining objects of dark green and shimmering brown, he saw them no more; it had all been nothing but an excuse, a pretext. He had thought that it was the strange woman he wanted, but he really wanted adventure, the unknown, wanted to be free again, free to make new decisions, to make a fresh start. He hardly ever thought of his boyhood. But now he saw a certain page of his school reading book, and even the crooked blue line with which he had marked a certain place in it; two lines of a certain poem he had not thought of for at least thirty years:

> . . . .and understand the freedom
> to set out, whither he would. . . .

III

He had nothing more to do in the city, yet he did not leave. He saw nobody any more, lived as in a dream, occupied with his thoughts and decisions. Except for two hastily scribbled cards he had let them have no news at home.

One afternoon he had been walking swiftly hither and thither in the park, already covered lightly with snow, and had returned after dark. The key stuck in his door, since for several days he had not been locking it. He turned the handle, opened the door, and felt at once that there was someone in the room. He held his breath. Then he heard a soft but distinct sound of weeping. He switched on the light. At the little dressing table sat his wife, her face resting on the glass top with the tortoise shell things, and he saw her shoulders heaving under her blue dress. His first glance had taken in the whole of the room. It was all ready for the night. Over an armchair hung the green silk wrapper, the light nightgown lay across the turned back bedclothes, and the slippers edged with swansdown stood ready before the bed, as if awaiting the stranger's feet.

He stood quiet. A few moments passed before she turned round. So she had come to fetch him home, naturally without a suspicion, with the playful intention of surprising him, as she had already done once or twice during the past years. She had asked for his room, had simply

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gone in. The blow must have been terrible. How long had she been crouching there? What she had been going through? Yet worse than anything else was the fact that he could not explain anything, could not enlighten her. Her mistaken assumption was at any rate not as bad as the actual truth. Her tears flowed because of a phantom. Nothing had happened, and yet, something far worse than she imagined. How could he ever explain this grotesque pretense without lying? And he could not lie.

Surprised now by this turn of events, he must immediately, without hesitation, speak the worst. This was no place for discretion or evasion. Like a boy he must admit of secret boyish emotions, of dissatisfactions and lonely torments and flight from himself. To banish this ghost of silk and tortoise shell, he must admit that it was the fear of life and death that drove him, at his age, to take up the wanderer's staff. But was it possible? Could he simply go off and leave his work, his sons so full of promise, his wife who for so many years had never disappointed him, had always come up to his expectations, and who was wholly blameless? But possible or not, ridiculous or not, he was faced with this necessity, which nothing short of a miracle could have removed.

And then she raised her head, and he saw her troubled face. A woman is not beautiful when she has been weeping for hours, when fright and perplexity have played havoc with her features. Her dark hair was all disordered, a straight strand fell over her eyes, which were inflamed with weeping. She pushed it aside and looked up at him. He took a step toward her. Her lips quivered for a moment, and then she said, low and hoarse:

"Here in the hotel. . . . She is living here with you? But this is too awful. . . ."

This would have been the moment to settle everything with a few cutting words. But he could not find them. An insupportable pity began to move him.

He said, what anyone else would have said, "There has been no woman here."

She sprang to her feet. They stood facing one another, in the middle of the room that was prepared for a night of love. And then, instead of the scornful laughter he expected, he saw her face grow calmer, and a smile begin to shine through the veil of her grief.

"No woman?" she asked. "Really not?"

And he, mechanically, "None, I swear it."

"Then I've tormented myself for nothing," he heard her cry. "Oh, thank God, thank God!" and she came up to him, radiant, and grasped his hands.

But he swayed, stunned. Something tore at his heart, painful and overpoweringly sweet. This was stupendous: she believed him. The tangible evidence, blatant in the bright electric light, was silenced by his word. All these objects out of the little dressing case — they had never been there; a word that she believed shattered their existence. She did not stop to think about it, there was nothing to be explained, to be proved. "There has been no woman here," he said, and so there had been none. The miracle of trust, of unconditioned unity — here it was, and there was nothing greater, nothing like it in the world. And were he to take up his staff and go away, and wander round the world and know all its glory, and should he have strength to enjoy it all until his last distant day, it could give him nothing more than this.

She stood there before him, smiling through her tears. A strand of hair had fallen across her face again, but now it was no longer a sign of distress; it made her face look young and happier.

"You believe me!" he said, hardly above a whisper, fell down before her, threw his arms about her, and kissed her knees.

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Bunkers Ahead

The Plight of Ex-Business Men

by **STRUTHERS BURT**

I

I HAPPEN to live part of the year a neighbor to one of the greatest winter golf resorts of the country. Within five miles of me are eight eighteen-hole golf courses, not to mention two packs of hounds, five polo fields, innumerable tennis courts, plenty of swimming, several roque courts, and a factory where bows and arrows are made and the factory hands talk the language of Robin Hood. However, none of this need interest us very much except the golf, for golf, for some reason, has become the game, *par excellence*, of the average business man; the retired business man, the retiring business man, and the business man who hasn't yet got around to retiring.

Just why this should be so remains, as I have said, somewhat of a mystery, for not only is golf one of the most expensive games played but it is probably the most difficult, requiring perfect coördination of mind and muscle. I am able to test this fact myself accurately and amusingly for, being a writer, I use my eyes a great deal in the morning, and I know that this affects my golf — when I occasionally play it — in the afternoon. If by any chance I am able to play in the morning, my game isn't half bad.

Furthermore, golf is the most fatiguing game there is, mentally and physically, unless you play it well. A man can ride, even fox hunt, until he dies in his eighties and nineties, nor need he meanwhile take very much care of himself, as everyone knows who knows riding men. A man can practice archery, swim, or play roque until he has to be wheeled about in a chair. But the average business man doesn't want to do any of these things, easy as they are to do and frequent as are the opportunities nowadays for doing them. He wants to concentrate furiously and terribly on golf.

It seems to me that there is more here than merely a desire for exercise or an excuse for taking the air; this concentration resembles closely a sop thrown to a bad conscience. Golf as played by the average business man is certainly not a recreation. Anyone who has seen weary, and sometimes obese, business men arrive on a train and immediately try to kill themselves by two thirty-six hole games a day will not long cherish the idea that this is pleasure. For the average business man, retired or not, golf is a substitution, not a recreation. It is a substitution for business and — as now played for the most part — is more like business than any other game. It was first made popular by a conscience-ridden race, the Scotch — the more placid Dutch, having invented it, promptly abandoned it; and as soon at they were given the chance, the conscience-ridden English and Americans took it up enthusiastically.

You see, golf is the only game extant which combines exercise and at the same time assuages the sense of sin. Not only is the competitive feature of it underscored and doubled, for you are also always competing against yourself, but there is invariably enough misery attached to the usual game to placate even an old-line Presbyterian. Moreover, your sins find you out. They are there, unconcealed, for everyone to look at. And there's no wiping them off. You cannot erase a bad shot by a good shot as you can in polo or tennis. Golf is a grand game for those races not yet able to consider painless pleasure as anything but sinful. It is morose, sullen, and gives the impression of being worth while — the last a very important consideration to the average man trained to business standards.

Now, do not mistake me. This is not an attack upon the fundamental idea of business or the individual business man. There is no vision of the Nobel Prize at the back of my head. I regard business as a perfectly natural phase in man's gradual conquest of his environment, and I believe that until man has completely subjected material to his will he will never have

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much time for his mental and spiritual development. That seems to me clear and, since this is evolution, I believe that even the stupidest business man, intrinsically and in his philosophy, is more advanced than the cleverest and most enlightened duke or robber baron.

Furthermore, I have never been able to discover the horrid vacuum in the mind and soul of the business man that some of my fellow writers have been able to discover. Outside of moments of pomposity concerning his calling, and this is by no means confined solely to the business man, I find the upper-stratum business man an almost universally intelligent and pleasant fellow; alert, interested, and extraordinarily generous minded. Far more generous minded than the average artist, and far more interested in other people and in general questions.

But even if I did not sincerely believe these things, I should be a great fool if I were not vitally interested in the business mind and what is going to happen to business, since today business rules the entire world. Even those artists, and naturally there are many of them, who have a contempt for business are dependent upon the business men who supply for them each step in their contempt, including the profits, except the initial idea. As for the great business men, naturally few in number, they are of the stuff of which all greatness is made, and there is no difference between them and any other great man, whether he be an artist, a professional man, or a statesman.

No, I am not puzzled, nor have I any quarrel, with business itself or with the individual business man. I am only puzzled at the attitude of so many intelligent business men toward business. There must be something the matter with business to account for that attitude.

Well, there is. The diagnosis seems simple, although the cure is something else.

II

To BEGIN with, no other proof is needed that there is something the matter with business than the fact that so many men retire from it, and so many others want to retire from it. The term "retired business man" is an accusation in itself. Men do not retire from an overmastering passion, from a real "calling." There is no such generic term as retired artist, retired statesman, retired lawyer, retired newspaperman, retired engineer, or retired doctor. There are sporadic instances of retirement in all these walks of life, but as a rule they are the results of illness or old age and represent physical conditions, not a state of mind. For the most part, you couldn't retire a painter, writer, surgeon, inventor, editor, and so on if you tried, much as retirement in many instances might seem advisable. These people die in their tracks, still caught up and bemused magnificently by their jobs. Even those poor bewildered creatures, the politicians, when they are retired forcibly spend the rest of their lives trying to get back where they are not wanted.

Only the business men retire voluntarily, and not the *great* business men at that. One does not hear of the Morgans, the Krupps, the Rothschilds, or — one is forced to include them, however much one may deprecate them in other respects — the Fords of the world, retiring. Why is this? The answer is that these men are caught up by something greater than business. But I do not mean that exactly — I mean, something greater than business as now understood, for I see no reason why business, properly understood, and as some day it may be understood, should not be as glamorous and enthralling, as worshipful, as any other immense preoccupation a man may have.

Nor do those business men who have a deep local, a provincial preoccupation, wish to retire. Those manufacturers, for instance, who are still conducting their mills in an intimate paternalistic fashion, who are the feudal lords of their small towns and are vitally interested in improving them, and who are interested in their workers, and in their plants. Anachronistic as these conditions may be, they hold the interest.

Unfortunately business, the latest child of that heavily spawning mother, social conditions, was born with an inferiority complex. In those happy days when men took what they wanted, and that means during most of history, it was considered bad form and a sign of weakness to bargain for anything or attempt a peaceable settlement. You hit your competitor over the head and walked off with whatever of his you wanted — wife, lands, or cattle. As a result, what business men there were were too humiliated by their state to attempt to achieve any kind of philosophy or body of traditions.

The proud guilds of the Middle Ages were

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mostly artisan guilds, and artisans have always had a philosophy of a kind, traditions, and social coherence. They have to-day. The terms that artisans use go back through the centuries. There is always a pride and a higher morality connected with handwork. When these guilds were business guilds, the business men belonging to them salvaged their sense of inferiority by being at the same time explorers, conquerors, and rulers. Percentage was back of the Doges of Venice, of the Hanseatic League, of the buccaneers of Elizabeth, but they disguised this fact, even to themselves, by the panoply of nationalism and government. By the time business men were powerful enough to admit frankly that they were business men and nothing else, it was no longer the fashion to choose gonfalons and dedicate yourself to king, state, or the Holy Sepulcher.

But one of the most curious characteristics of man is that he cannot live unless he dedicate himself to something. He must worship something bigger than himself. In short, and it cannot be said better, he must lose his soul in order to gain it. Why this is so cannot be explained, any more than the fact that a dog, apparently irrationally, requires the same sublimation. But it is true. A man cannot be happy unless caught up in a vision beyond the circumference of his own ego. That is why people in love are happy — for the time being they have lost themselves.

Man is born to a quandary, and to-day that quandary has been sharpened. In order to live with any degree of satisfaction the individual must have some sense of dignity and some sense of worth, and through these the feeling that the human race, terrible as it often seems, is none the less either at present or in its potentialities a dignified and worth-while experiment. Even the most convinced iconoclasts do not actually believe that they are no more than salt and water badly mixed.

But, as has just been said, although man must have this individual sense of worth and dignity it can only be achieved, paradoxically enough, by forgetting that sense of worth and dignity in the larger dignity of some general and philosophical ideal. Man is created a dualist. He cannot have any sense of dignity merely by himself. That is why contemplation, although so much praised — at least, in the past — has never been practiced by any intelligent man; nor, for that matter, leisure — also in the past much praised. The intelligent contemplationists have for the most part written books, often in honor of contemplation; but writing books is not contemplation.

And nowadays contemplation and leisure are in a worse fix than ever before. Thomas Moore's recipe for Oriental *otium cum dignitate*, "A Persian's heaven is easily made, 'Tis but — black eyes and lemonade," if practiced by the usual occidental retired business man is all too likely, as we all know, to degenerate into gin and a succession of eyes — black, brown, and blue — which, due to repetition, cease to have even a physical stimulation. And the occidental retired business man is right: leisure is a desperate condition unless you have some job to do in it bigger than the job you have left.

I think it a compliment to the brains of the American business man that he cannot retire to uncharted leisure gracefully; that he cannot, for instance, retire to the growing of a garden, that famous former retreat of the retired of any description, except he turn it into a commercial enterprise. And I think it is a sign that the European business man is catching up to his American brother spiritually that he, too, is beginning to feel the same way. In this short life no man should be satisfied, no matter what his age, so long as his health is good, by the growing of roses merely for his own satisfaction. Roses, save commercially, are an avocation not a vocation; a background — and a very necessary one — but not the present or the future.

III

This seems to be a very materialistic point of view? Not in the least; it is a spiritual one. Until recently it was perhaps possible to grow roses, or do anything else, with the conviction that what you did was of little importance since this life was but a brief prelude to a more important one. To-day no good mind can agree to this, no matter how much of a devout believer the possessor of that mind may be, or what, publicly, he may say. There has come a great change in the world. No matter what men may hope for, it has become their conviction, or the conviction of all of them who think, that this life is of immense importance, the only thing we know anything about, no matter what else we may desire. For

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the first time in history, mankind has now concentrated itself — however badly to begin with — on life and not on death. A man, retired or otherwise, simply hasn't time to grow roses and do nothing else, unless he is spiritually tired. This is an immense spiritual and mental revolution not yet generally realized. Nowadays he may realize his sense of worth in this life. He cannot wait for heaven.

Of all the arts, professions, and trades, business is the only one which has no general philosophy, traditions, or objective. In that respect it is again like golf; you fight yourself and the world in a vicious circle, and when you get through you wonder why you did it. This is recognized, although not clearly enough or widely enough, by the greatest business concerns and they have set up, in place of pure business, a tradition of service to the public. Such an organization as the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, for instance, is not in the least solely preoccupied with dividends. But business, in order to save itself, and to save the soul of the man engaged in it, must eventually extend itself far beyond these limits.

Even the poorest artist starts with a vision and feels himself the direct descendant of a fine and, on the whole, unselfish tradition. He belongs to a great and age-old craft the primary purpose of which has not been gain but the attempt to illuminate and make understandable the world. And this craft has a past, a present, and a future. Therefore, the artist worships a mistress greater than himself, and should he become venal, as so many artists do, in his secret mind he never fools himself — he knows he has betrayed his mistress. That is why the motion picture companies, those strange monsters with the bodies of artists but the heads of business men, and not very enlightened business men at that, cannot understand the artists with whom they deal; they speak a completely different language. That is why most of the executives of the motion pictures are neurotics, although they don't know it, while most artists aren't. If you tear up and down the world with only the idea of dividends in your head, when you sit down, you go crazy.

The doctor, the lawyer, the engineer, the mechanic, the farmer — the whole world except the business man — has, generally speaking, this sense of something bigger than itself, and of being in some self-perpetuating tradition. As I have said, these men when they are venal — and no doubt many of them are — are discontented, not because there is nothing there to begin with, but because they have fallen so far short of the vision. The business founders of this country had a far better chance for happiness than have their descendants unless these realize their predicament and set about solving it. The men who built railways, who sent out clipper ships, who extended the frontier were quite obviously worshiping something bigger than themselves. They were often terrible men, far less ethical, generous, and broad-minded than the business man of to-day — but they didn't retire.

The most curious feature of this whole discussion is the core of it. In the beginning, due again no doubt to its lowly position, business stepped off on the wrong foot. It is odd that the business man, having to do with money, knows less about it than almost anyone else. And so, not knowing what money is, is unable to put his finger on the principal thing that is troubling him. At the very heart of the trouble with business is the present conception of profit.

Money is nothing. It is neither bread, wine, nor love. It is neither beauty nor use. If you plant it it will not grow, and if you give it away it has no regret at the parting. It is a symbol and an exchange, and a symbol so vague that no one yet has been able to define it. And a man cannot worship a symbol alone unless he is such a mystic that he is beyond the calculations of ordinary humanity. The Russian peasant could worship an icon, and the miser can worship money in itself, but the average intelligent American business man is neither a Russian peasant nor a miser. Most certainly he is neither a symbolist nor a mystic.

Money is worth only what you can buy with it, and if for the most of your life you have been concentrating only upon money, how have you trained yourself to make the real bargain when it comes? What are you retiring to? A man can buy only what is already in his brain. What you have been doing is exactly this: you have been walking along a beach collecting shells. While you were collecting them, the process, possibly, was exciting and sufficiently enthralling, but when you are through you have only — shells. Once more, although greatly more fatigued, you are at the beginning of life.

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This would seem to lead us back to the old argument that it is well for the business man to retire, but that, while still in business, he should cultivate other interests and so be able to retire with trained tastes and an active mind. This is very charming, and better than nothing, and the present-day business man is, on the whole, following this advice. Most business men do cultivate their minds and train their hobbies. Golf is a hobby. But this does not answer the main question at all.

A man should not train himself to retire from business; he should train himself to stay in business. But before men will wish generally to stay in business, business will have to make itself as universally satisfying as the arts, the professions, and the trades. I do not wish to draw too roseate a picture of the state of mind of the world outside of business. Man is born to discontent and a constant complaining about his job. The grapes on the other side of the wall are always the sweetest. But it needs little argument to prove that in most other pursuits there is a satisfaction the average business man does not find.

IV

You can put this question of profit in another way. Man has three fundamental passions: reproduction, food, and the making of himself comfortable in a hostile environment. From the last, mixed with the first, civilized man's æsthetic impulses arise. Business, as far as I can make out, is the only preoccupation of man that has attempted to concentrate solely on food, and no wise man needs to be told that man cannot live by bread alone.

At once most modern business men will arise to state, and angrily, that profit is by no means the primary object in most modern business. That modern business is greatly caught up in improving its products, its services, in the condition of its workers, and a dozen other worthwhile and unselfish objects. Furthermore, most modern business men will say that the principal reason they wish to retire is through no fault of business except the environment in which business is conducted — they may wish to live in the country, for instance. The latter objection can be answered briefly. With the present means of transportation and communication, business can make for itself any kind of environment it wishes; also it can control its leisure and its hours; even its tempo. If the business man works in a sunless canyon and at a feverish pace, it is his fault and the fault of his fellow business men.

The first objection can be answered briefly, too. However altruistic and enlightened modern business may be, or is likely to become, it starts with the idea of profit, whereas the rest of the world does not. Money is pleasant and necessary; at least, it is necessary as life is now conducted. But, since it has no real value and is merely a symbol, money cannot be the main object of any sensible man's life. It is a by-product. Once again it is odd that the business man who considers himself a hard-headed fellow is, in reality, the greatest self-mesmerist we have. He chases a will-o'-the-wisp and talks the langauge of abracadabra. The vaguest artist is a stern realist in comparison.

Finally, the philosophically minded business man suffers from a sense of power abused, a disturbing thought to the philosophically minded man. If you have power, you must use it wisely, and know why you are using it, and toward what end. Otherwise you are baffled and at a loss. Even the stupidest absolute monarch is unhappy if he abuses his power and fails to use it constructively.

Business now possesses the world. It can do exactly what it wants. It can stop war tomorrow; it can equalize economic conditions; it can grant opportunity to everyone; it can make this world physically an almost flawless place in which to live. And since we have now come to the conclusion that this life is important, these would seem to be important things to do. But in order even to start, business will first have to organize itself as a whole, not only nationally but, of course, internationally, and will have to evolve a general philosophy, and from this philosophy, a compelling tradition. First of all, it will have to understand, philosophically, what money and profit are.

We have, so far as we know, just one life to lead; at least, only one life on this planet. It is absurd, especially if we have any power, not to live it as beautifully, decently, and contentedly as we can. There is enough inherent discontent and horror in life itself without adding to them. And if you possess a mind, you cannot kill these thoughts . . . not all the time . . . not even by golf.

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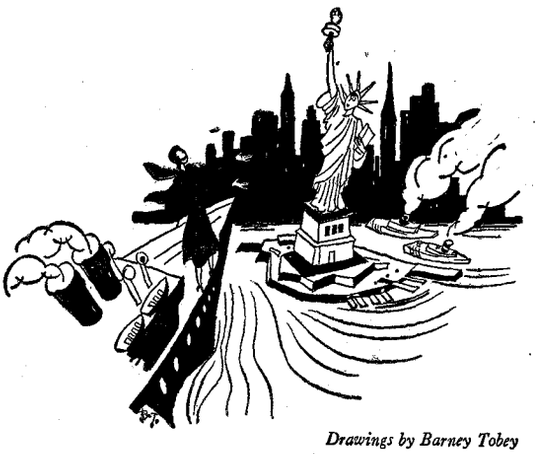
Just Back from Paradise



Drawings by Barney Tobey

by **FRANCES CRANE**

I DO NOT want to become an ex-patriot. I really protest against the prospect, but unless I can make everybody understand, unless they begin letting me alone. . . .

But first I must explain how I happened to become a patriot, for you can't possibly be an ex-patriot without being first a patriot. Well, the funny thing is that I became a patriot under conditions which are supposed to generate, foster, and perfect the most howling ex-patriots. That is, that's what people tell you. In other words I was living abroad, and you know what that is supposed to do to you if you keep at it long enough, and I guess I did. But anyhow I was not in the least aware, during all these months and years, of turning into a patriot. I wasn't trying to. I was in London, and the only thing I was trying to do was just to keep warm, but one evening, in a single flash, the way romantic girls suddenly realize that they are no longer girls but women — well, all at once I knew that I was a patriot.

It happened at the Fabian Society, in London, where hundreds of earnest Londoners gather together to improve their minds, and of course that was why I was there too. I have forgotten what the speaker was scheduled to speak on, but it doesn't matter, because what she spoke on was quite different from what we expected her to speak on, and perhaps she kind of surprised herself too when she began talking all at once about the U. S. A. She knew all about the U. S. A. She had been to New York, you see.

Well, she kept on talking about the U. S. A. and the mistakes it makes, though she admitted that she loved the place, and after a while she got to talking about the criminal courts out there and the murderesses, and the Fabians began to show signs of real interest, and I began to feel kind of self-conscious because everybody knows that the subject is too delicate to get out abroad, and the speaker went on to say that our courts were so susceptible and our murderesses were so attractive that it had got so that it is almost impossible to get a conviction out there any more, and I kind of slipped lower in my seat and felt that it was true that England does handle things like this very well — but of course it is a man's country — and so the speaker went on and on and finally she told about a famous murder trial in Chicago in which the defendant was the usual beautiful female and the jury foreman came forward to read the usual "Not Guilty," after which he turned hastily and said in a loud voice to the erstwhile-suspected-murderess: "And, honey, would you give me your telephone number?"

Well, maybe it did happen. I don't know. But what bothered me was that the Fabians took it

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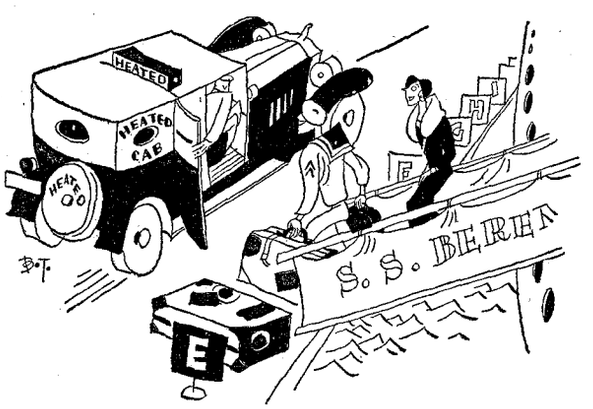
so seriously that they seemed to think this was the usual procedure in the United States, and maybe it is, but hearing it in London like that, from a person who understood and loved (her word) America, I suddenly felt myself transformed into a patriot.

It is little things like this that make patriots, though perhaps it isn't very logical that they should. It happens easily to some and with others it takes a long time. I recall one patriot who lived in London ten years before anything of the sort happened to her, and then it came through her reading an article in the London *Times* in which the writer tried to make clear to the English the social difference between the Al Smith and Herbert Hoover families. In this case it seems to me that what the patriot should have felt when reading the article ought not to have been patriotism but admiration for the London *Times* for attempting to inform its readers that there are social strata outside the British Empire.

But it is often hard to sympathize with the little things that convert foreign residents, other than yourself, to patriotism. I once saw a man become a patriot over the price of a bunch of grapes at a Belgian railway station, but he was the kind of patriot that doesn't do us any good. Another friend of mine was made a patriot years and years ago because at a baseball game played by two famous American teams in London where the King was the guest of honor, well, on the stroke of four-thirty, in the *ninth inning* with the *score tied*, what did the King do but rise with great dignity and go for his Tea.

Anyhow being a patriot only lets you in for trouble unless you handle it with discretion when in foreign places, as I learned when I protested to that speaker at the Fabian Society, for I felt it my duty to tell her that she had



done wrong in giving those earnest Fabians such a frivolous impression of our Criminal Courts, and all she had to say to that was that I "was apparently one of those nosey American women who run about Europe looking for persons who they imagine are finding fault with their country."

On the whole it is very comfortable being a patriot when abroad, for it gives you a kind of glow inside, and if you are sensible and do not make a noise about it you really get a lot of satisfaction from it in the long run. And it really isn't any trouble. It ought not to be any trouble at home. Things go along very smoothly here, considering the little help most of us give to anything at all pertaining to our country. But the thing that troubles me in coming back after three years' foreign residence is that I am expected to have become an ex-patriot.

For instance: I am just off the boat; friends down to meet me. One by one, and with painful monotony, they ask me in voices tinged with melancholy:

"I guess you find it pretty bad to come back?"

Yeah? I do not. Isn't the customs man most awfully nice? I know they aren't always. People do have bad experiences. But see this one — he's even shifting my baggage — and he is most thoughtful about not prying into that thermos

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bottle. I don't say there is or isn't anything contraband in it — I just say try coming into England from the Cognac-country without opening a thermos! And just ask a French customs official please to help you with this buckle on your bag — la *la!*

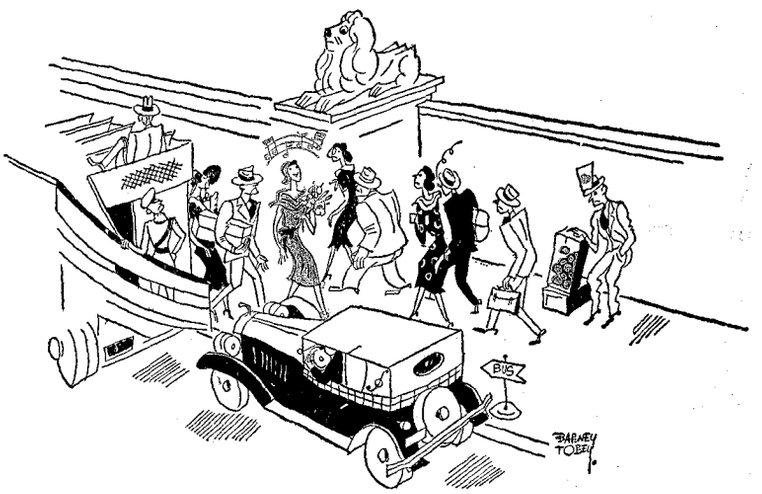
In the taxi the friendly lament continues. Think of Paris, of Sicily, of St. Moritz, of north Devonshire — but think, too, of the lovely taxi's being heated. Isn't it grand to be comfortable? But this raises a protest. Isn't it just too *material* to be thinking about being comfortable, to be gloating about it even? Maybe it is, but Paris and London are material in their way, and it's like putting on an old shoe to get back to your own kind of materialism — it gives you so much more energy if you don't have to spend a lot simply keeping warm. And then, before you have got ten blocks up comes the drink question.

Well, of course you can't say much for that, but the way things are going along in most places now there's no reason for prohibition making anyone want to become an ex-patriot. Oh, it isn't that the things are too wholesome! Not at all. But gin comes more cheaply than it does in England, thanks to the English tax, which is about 400 per cent on the original cost of the spirits. And it's perfectly wonderful the way everybody at home has become an expert bartender. Marvelous things are concocted out of the stuffs we use to burn up in little lamps, really. But have you ever had a cocktail in an English private house? Ugh!

The fact is that it has become a general practice to complain about everything here at home, and I, who have been living in Paradise — they think — these three years, am supposed to be suffering terribly from this sudden return to what-have-you. People aren't even sensible about what they themselves got out of Europe. Somebody asked me the other day if I didn't find Christmas at home just awful, after England, and before I had time to answer he added that the worst Christmas he had ever gone through was in London, which he spent in the rain on the top of a bus!

I like it here. I prefer it. But nobody believes me. I have got to feeling guilty, for every time I raise my voice to say something cheerful about Home I get squelched or high-hatted or even cut. I am not supposed to like it here, you see. I am supposed to have had a wonderful opportunity — three long years in which to have become a deep-dyed ex-patriot. But what have I done with this opportunity? Can't I find a little fault with things here — that is, this messy prohibition? Well, it *is* kind of hard to say anything too nice about that, so try another. What about all the racketeering, then? What ho, are we so conceited that we think we invented this old game? Well, then, what about the crime? Well, maybe if we had the London police — do you know that if everybody in London but the police stayed indoors there would still be a dense navy-blue crowd on the streets? And speaking of the depression, London has had nothing else since 1914.

But of course I like to be agreeable, and maybe I ought to start harking back on Paradise a little more, because people do expect it.



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Albert C. Ritchie

Presidential Possibilities—I

by **MARK S. WATSON**

WHEN THE various favorite sons march into the Democratic National Convention next year in search of an opportunity to succeed Mr. Hoover in the White House, the galleries will eagerly estimate which one has the largest and noisiest parade. The more spectacular phases of that venerable institution, the American political convention, will of course be repeated. The bands will blare and the paraders will caper through the opening hours, then plod, and then doggedly stagger about the hall just as if it meant something—just as if most of them had not attended the 1924 Convention in the old Madison Square Garden while it resounded with hymns for McAdoo and whoops for Smith, who between them got far more hullabaloo than all other candidates combined, but no nomination. The "spontaneous demonstrations" mean little.

This pen-portrait of Governor Albert Cabell Ritchie of Maryland begins a series of articles in which individual journalists of sound political judgment will estimate the chances of the candidates most frequently mentioned for the Democratic and Republican Presidential nominations. Future issues will contain articles on Franklin D. Roosevelt, Owen D. Young, Joseph T Robinson, Dwight W. Morrow, Alfred E. Smith, Newton D. Baker, and Samuel Seabury.

And really a good many of the pledged votes do not necessarily mean much more, welcome though they are to a favorite son, for when the customary deadlock is reached with enough pledged votes on record among divers determined candidates to prevent any one of them from winning the prize, obviously it can be smashed only by someone breaking away from his instructions and turning over to some luckier or shrewder ally as many of the pledged votes as he can control. That happens often in Republican Conventions, where a majority vote is required for nomination.

It happens far oftener in Democratic Conventions where, by oft-assailed but still thriving precedent, a two-thirds vote is required. That rule — to give a famous instance — kept the nomination from Champ Clark in 1912 and ultimately broke his majority, giving to Woodrow Wilson the Democratic nomination which that year, with the G. O. P. hopelessly split between Taft and Roosevelt, was early recognized as tantamount to election. In 1924 the existence of the two-thirds rule made it sure to rationalists that neither Smith nor McAdoo could win, as each could and would and did cling to enough bitter-enders to deny the other anything like a two-thirds vote.

Indeed, it is impressive to look back over the records and see how often the leader in the early balloting is the chosen victim of the lesser candidates, who instinctively unite against him, and hence how much of a liability rather than an asset a fat list of pledges may become — if it is not quite fat enough. Acquainted with that record, one can recognize the distinct likelihood that at next year's Democratic Convention this same two-thirds rule may operate to deny the campaign leadership to the very favorite sons who walk with proudest step and most delegates into the beflagged Convention hall, and to bestow that leadership upon one who carries with him the votes of a single state, or perhaps not that much — not a thing except a great and irrepressible hope.

A Significant Straw Vote

THIS, MORE than any other single circumstance, warrants the confidence exhibited by the hopeful supporters of Governor Albert Cabell Ritchie of Maryland. If the Convention were to be held next week, Ritchie would arrive with just 16 votes, for though no delegation has been named, Maryland is so heartily for Ritchie that he is assured the entire state delegation, which will have 16 votes. But there is very great doubt whether Ritchie will have another one of the 1100 votes on the Convention floor — when the first ballot is cast.

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Even his most hopeful admirers (and there is nothing much more hopeful than a political admirer) do not expect a great deal on the first ballot. They are much more interested in the last ballot, and certainly they have ample precedent. The successful candidate of 1896 did not loom nearly so large in 1895 as Ritchie does on the eve of 1932, nor did many people think in 1919 that a year later they would be voting, however futilely, for Cox. The circumstance that Ritchie to-day is assured only 16 pledged votes is assuredly not in itself vital.

Yet the tendency to rate a candidate's chances by the number of votes pledged to him is so inevitable that Mr Straus, an assistant treasurer of the Democratic National Committee, wrote to some 2,000 persons scattered over the United States outside his own state of New York, and asked them to name their choice for the 1932 standard bearer. This was not one of the ordinary straw votes which mean so little, for the 2,000 he addressed were those who had been delegates and alternates to the 1928 Democratic Convention, a very large percentage of whom will normally be delegates and alternates to the 1932 Convention.

Late in March Mr. Straus published the returns of his experiment. Of the whole lot 942 had answered, and of them 478 were for Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt of New York. If a majority were all that is needed, and if one regarded this straw vote as an infallible guide, it would seem hardly worth while to list the other candidates in Mr. Straus' enumeration. But we do not know that the straw vote is sound, and we do know that a two-thirds vote is needed, rather than a simple majority.

Handsome as is Governor Roosevelt's present indicated lead, let us see what else the poll shows. Second in rating is Alfred E. Smith with 125. Third is Owen D. Young with 73. The three leading candidates in a poll from which all New York delegates were specifically excluded are all New Yorkers, and among them they have more than two-thirds of the total reporting. Next in line comes a cluster of the favorite sons of other states, with Ritchie of Maryland and Joe Robinson of Arkansas carrying 39 each, and Newton D. Baker of Ohio polling 35. So formidable a dark horse as former Governor Cox of Ohio charms only 8 in this group, and a few celebrities claim only a single admirer, and a good many more none at all. Does this vast accumulation of votes for the three New Yorkers, then, mean a great deal?

It would be absurd to deny that Roosevelt in particular has thus far made a most impressive showing, yet it would be folly to say positively that all his apparent strength is sure to stick. There are plenty of political prophets who doubt, for example, that Smith is at all eager for Roosevelt, and while very few think that after the 1928 drubbing Smith himself has any idea of renomination, they all realize that he remains the most important single figure in the party, without whose outspoken aid neither Roosevelt nor anyone else can well win the nomination. And there are plenty of others who, for all their admiration for Owen D. Young, feel that the dominant figure of the so-called but somewhat vaguely defined Power Trust is hardly the one to carry the banner lately laid down by William Jennings Bryan.

Thus with a couple of broad sweeps of the arm the true Ritchie supporter, after a single critical glance at Mr. Straus' figures, wipes Messrs. Roosevelt, Smith, and Young completely off the list of possibilities. Who is left? Why, none other than Albert Cabell Ritchie running nose and nose with Senator Robinson!

The elimination of the three notables of the Empire State is, of course, not achieved quite so readily in fact as in rhetoric. Roosevelt in particular is sure to enter the convention with a very large pledged vote. If Smith supports him to the fullest, the boldest Ritchie boomer knows pretty well that it will be almost impossible to beat Roosevelt. But if Roosevelt falls short of the needed two-thirds, and some other candidate is sought, there are those who volunteer to find him at the Executive Mansion in Annapolis.

Ritchie On Prohibition

The difficulties which Ritchie faces are first, as stated, the great advance strength of two conspicuous rivals and, second, his own slowness in accumulating needed support in the South and West. Toward him there is exhibited in many quarters an indifference based on unfamiliarity with what he has done and, at times, a definite hostility attributable to his own courage and candor and, chiefly, to the human aptitude for associating a man with one idea and studying him no further. For a good many uninformed, notably in the South and

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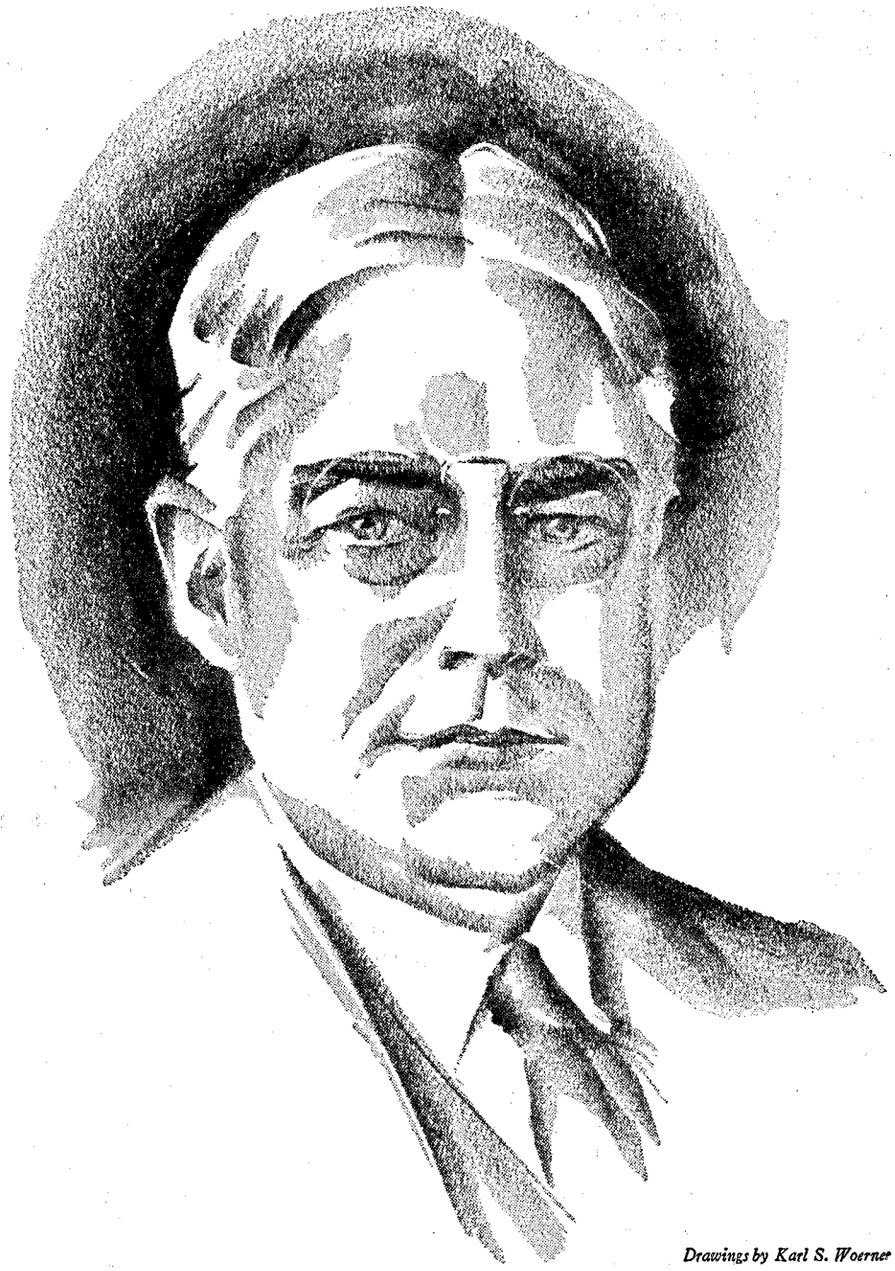

Drawings by Karl S. Woerner

Albert C. Ritchie

West, identify Ritchie vaguely as "the chief leader of the wets," and stop there.

This wearies both Ritchie's friends and many who are not particularly friendly to him, but who as serious observers see in him an extraordinary executive. In Maryland a series of reforms, inauguated before Ritchie reached Annapolis but in many vital instances not put into operation until his colossal energy was applied to them, has so reorganized the structure that the State is literally in the blessed position of having no need for further reform of its machinery of government! There remains, as always, the need of efficient administration with the existing machinery, but no structural reform. And this need the capable Ritchie has met to an extraordinary degree.

Ritchie has been doing this service now for more successive years than the chief executive of any other American commonwealth. Until his day Maryland never reëlected a governor. He was first elected in 1919 when almost everyone thought no Democratic candidate had a chance to overcome the post-war reaction

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against his party (that is why the old state boss, who did not like him, let him have the nomination). But Ritchie battled his way in, that year, by the slim margin of 165 votes. In 1923 he was reëlected despite the state tradition against second terms, and by a very large vote. Then he was elected a third time by a still larger vote, and a fourth time by the largest majority in Maryland history. That sort of public endorsement does not come to a one-idea man.

Yet because Ritchie is spoken of so often merely as "chief of the wet leaders" it may be as well to summarize his position on that violently controversial question. He has not changed it an inch, in which he is unique among political leaders. He fought national prohibition at the outset when most of his present rivals, however wet in principle and in private practice, were politically dry. When prohibition began to lose its supporters many of these rivals began pussyfooting so that wets would think them wet and drys would think them dry; Ritchie eschewed all dry support and remained clearly and vigorously and unceasingly against national prohibition. Now that several of his rivals have become moist, and even actually wet, he is still precisely where he was in 1920. The others have moved over to him — after noting that a considerable element of the country (and of the Wickersham Commission) had already done so.

Ritchie's views, then, ought to be pretty well known, but a summary of them may serve to show how intimately they are bound up with that one-time Democratic doctrine of State rights which he had revived, and of which he is much the most brilliant advocate. He points out that sectional views (on prohibition, for example) are at wide variance, and that no such standardized restriction as the Volstead Act can be pressed down upon East and West, North and South, city and farm, with anything like general compliance; and that without the consent of the governed the law is impotent; that laws which from their nature will not be obeyed in whole vast sectors of the country weaken all respect for law in those sectors and breed crime and corruption; that, this being so, such reforms must be left to communities — in this instance to the states, which, with the Federal Government preventing manufacture in and smuggling into dry commonwealths, will recognize their own constituents' standards.

As remarked, this summarization of his views could have been written in 1919 when the noble experiment was started. It is an impressive thing to see how close to this view is the dominant tone of the Wickersham Commission, assembled years afterward.

The doctrine of State rights supposedly was "buried at Appomattox," in the picturesque but not wholly accurate language of a famous Democratic dry. Ritchie has resurrected it and has revitalized the supposed skeleton. Furthermore, with just as much energy and conviction as in the spectacular assault on the Volstead Act he has assailed the federal "50-50 aid" program to the states (for standardizing agricultural methods and hygiene and education and the like) with his State rights banners still flying. His Jeffersonian objection is that the aid (which comes from federal funds the taxpayers in the states have already paid) is "given" back to the states on condition that they raise a like amount, and that the government then presumes to supervise the expenditures for all these purposes — which are purely local matters which the Constitution did not take from the states; that the Federal Government thus gets by bargaining and indirection powers which it could not possibly acquire by Constitutional means.

Ritchie's practical objections are that these bureaucracies have already grown to staggering size and have accumulated their inevitable accompaniments of red tape in incompetence and extravagance. State initiative has been killed by "letting Washington do it." The Federal Government had tended to draw from the state, in order to take care of a mythical "bargain," funds which are acutely needed for the state's own problems. The whole system has led toward standardization in the very fields of inventiveness where the states should adjust their treatments to their local needs, most accurately observed locally.

Here, as in the more grateful field of national prohibition, Maryland's governor is a pioneer among oppositionists. The "50-50 aid" idea is popular in the West — naturally, for four states actually get back in "50-50 aid" more than their total payment of national income tax! And the 1925 Governor's Conference, where Ritchie opened his furious blast on the practice, did not end with approval of his ideas. No marked conversion has been noted even after

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six years — but it was more than six years before Ritchie's ideas on national prohibition attained their present popularity.

An Efficient Administrator

In these two fields of national politics Ritchie is distinctly a big man, and a pioneer. In other matters he has not been so outspoken. Indeed it would be hard to tell where he stands in the matter of the League, or the World Court, or a dozen other controversial problems. Possibly he does not himself know precisely. But there is no doubt how he stands on matters to which he has bent his keen and very active mind and his really astonishing energy.

No study of him would be fair if it failed to mention his reorganization of Maryland's governmental machinery, by which endless state boards and bureaus and sinecure offices were swept out of existence. Or his working out of the model budget (authorized in a preceding administration) which concentrates in the executive full responsibility for a businesslike conducting of the state's affairs. He submits his budget to the legislature, which is at liberty to *reduce* any item but not to revise a single one upward; it can pass separate appropriation acts of its own for new ventures, but only by also passing separate tax acts to meet their cost, and even these the Governor can veto. Here is throttled at the source most of the extravagance and corruption which too often blackens the normal legislative session of most states.

Nor is the survey complete without mention of Ritchie's central purchasing agency, which at a stroke eliminated the small rackets which had prospered in all the state institutions previously. It has saved Maryland countless moneys and has made possible a lower tax rate in an era of mounting costs. The head of that agency, by the way, was not even a member of Ritchie's party, and is not yet so far as known. Likewise, when Ritchie built up the Merit System he put at the head of it a man the politicians had not even heard of.

Specially notable, too, is the reorganization of the Baltimore police force which, oddly for a community so wedded to home rule, is headed by a state appointee; the city has nothing to do with its own police force except to pay it and keep it busy, and so well has Ritchie's appointee done his job that no one bothers to yell for home rule in this most vital field of municipal affairs. In the old days there was a three-man police board, and with that diffusion of authority there was so much scandal that a hard-boiled one-man rule — even by a state-named head — was welcomed and still is.

These are all matters of business efficiency, where Ritchie admittedly shines. But there are those who think that far more important is a job in an entirely different field. When Ritchie entered the Executive Mansion the public schools of Maryland were in truly disgraceful condition. No one rated the state halfway up the list; most authorities put it at fortieth or worse. The same zealous study that had gone into Ritchie's first public job (when he thrashed the well-intrenched Gas Company and made himself famous) and to his vigorous handling of the hitherto trifling office of attorney-general, he put into the school survey.

He found things much worse than he had suspected. For instance, he discovered that in many sections of the state, agents for school textbook publishers used to "advise" the school boards about selecting teachers! He wound up his study by asking the Rockefeller Foundation where in America he could get the best man to reorganize the schools. They told him there was none better than a man right in Maryland, and Ritchie gave him the job without worrying over his political affiliations. To-day the Maryland schools by all accepted ratings stand very close to the top of the list. There are old-fashioned people who think that in this feat Ritchie has done his best constructive job.

It would be pleasant to record that Maryland's prisons and her asylums and her poor farms have been made the best, but it would not be true. It is indubitably true that in all these fields of dependants' care conditions are better than Ritchie found them, but progress in these harassing problems is slow. It would be pleasant, too, to record that administration in all departments has been uniformly serene, but that too would be inaccurate. In fact the Ritchie passion of eliminating waste and concentrating authority once went too far. He combined the state roads chairmanship with the post of chief engineer; a few years later subordinates of that greatly overworked official walked off with about $400,000 of state funds. Most of the guilty went to jail and a little of the money

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was recovered. However, the realistic Ritchie did not hesitate to abandon theory where it proved impractical and to split up once more those overheavy duties. His opponents made that "roads scandal" the chief issue, but the voting public's view of the matter is suggested by the fact that at the ensuing election Ritchie won by a larger majority than ever before.

The Man Himself

All this perhaps describes Ritchie's character far more surely than a study of his face would indicate. In recognition of praise or censure his face is unchanging, for its owner has an amazing self-control. When he laughs — which is often, for he is a man of high good humor — it is a hearty laugh, and the best evidence of his self-control is found in the heartiness of his laugh over hostile sallies, which doubtless stings a lot deeper than Ritchie lets his opponents know. He has few illusions, and a realistic good sense enables him to take what he can get out of life and enjoy it, without regretting too much the things which do not come his way. They tell a story of him at the 1924 Convention, when his somewhat overzealous admirers were confident that through some break in the deadlock he would emerge as the nominee.

"A delegate from Pennsylvania just asked me whether you would take the vice-Presidency," reported one of these loyalists hotly one evening. "I told him certainly not. I told him you would take the Presidential nomination or nothing."

"Now, Bob, that isn't quite accurate," said the Governor calmly. "As I feel now, if I can get the Presidency I'd like it, and I'd take it. And if I can't, but can get the vice-Presidency — as I feel now — then I'd like that, and I'd take it. Let's not be too proud and haughty."

He is extraordinarily free from puffiness and affectation. It is not at all difficult to get an audience with him, as many a pleader for executive clemency knows. Every month comes down the list of paroles which he has granted with or without the approval of his parole commissioner, and after each name is a compact but extraordinarily illuminating citation of precisely why clemency is extended, revealing the typical thoroughness with which a busy governor has examined the case of each humble derelict.

Once having studied a thing with his wholly objective realistic sense, Ritchie reaches a position which rarely can be shaken except by the adducing of new evidence. Asked by a political adherent to "take care" of a man on the police force, Ritchie says calmly that he will be glad to pass on the request to the commissioner, but without any recommendation: "If it shouldn't be granted on its merits I can't ask the commissioner to injure his force to please me or anyone else — and he wouldn't do it if I asked him," is his standard reply. The inevitable result is that he is no longer often bothered with the impudent requests which swamp most executives.

He is a man of few amusements. He plays no cards and takes part in no outdoor sports. At the big football matches at the Naval Academy or at the Baltimore stadium he is generally present, and at the opening baseball game of the Baltimore Orioles' season, and at the Preakness and one or two other races, but even there he seems to get most of his entertainment from chatting with the men about him. For he is very "good company," in the Maryland phrase. He tells a good story and — what is rarer — listens well, and in that informal, easy social contact he gets all the diversion he craves. While his mother lived she was hostess at the Executive Mansion's dignified receptions, and because she was ailing for some time before her death he moved little in society. All his life, work has been his occupation and largely his diversion as well.

He turns out an overpowering amount of it. Men who watched him in his famous Gas fight nearly twenty years ago, and in his early reorganization days at Annapolis, tell of his associates going wearily to bed very late at night with Ritchie still studying the day's findings, and finding him up in the morning long before them — gay, debonair, eager for the next job. This sort of thing went on literally for months. His abundant energy, plus a mind of extraordinary alertness and an ability to view facts without wearying passion for or against them, may explain the ease with which he does his work, and does so much, and minds so little. He has no need for "play."

That realistic power to see things just as they are is a very great asset. It keeps this highly pragmatic governor from letting his airy flights into national affairs detach him from

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earthy matters. Thus while he was campaigning for Cox in 1920 he was also keeping a watchful eye on the folks at home. Next year, with party primaries imminent and the threat of throat-cutting which would wreck the Democratic party in Maryland as completely as the 1920 election had wrecked it nationally, Ritchie had a few chats with Baltimore's hard-boiled old Democratic bosses and got them to avoid a primary fight. At the next election, when the G. O. P. was still triumphant elsewhere, he won a handsome triumph for his party in his own state, and has kept on winning it ever since.

When those two old bosses died, by the way, there was wide speculation as to who would succeed them. The speculation ended at last, for a smart man saw that under Ritchie's reorganization the governor had control of all the jobs! The "boss" had already succeeded, and his name was Ritchie. The 1931 legislative session was absolutely under his control.

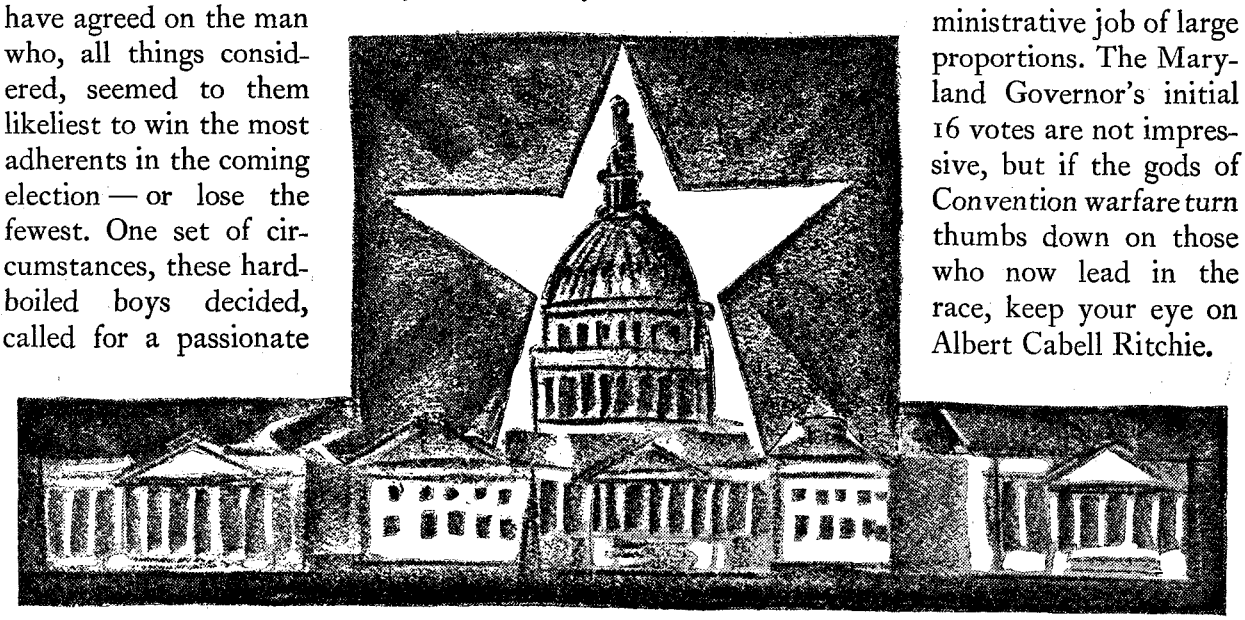
This is the man whom a good many political observers look on as something far more important than the favorite son of 1924 and the dark horse of 1928. Concede that he may very well enter the convention with not a single pledge other than his 16 from Maryland. If the candidates with greater strength shall, by the two-thirds rule, ultimately be forced to disgorge their big accumulations of delegates' votes, those votes must go somewhere. Where will they go?

The best guide to the future is usually the past. Other conventions have reached a deadlock and, recognizing it, the party leaders have surveyed the situation calmly and usually have agreed on the man who, all things considered, seemed to them likeliest to win the most adherents in the coming election — or lose the fewest. One set of circumstances, these hard-boiled boys decided, called for a passionate foe of privilege, and they named Bryan. Another time current circumstances called for an amiable man without any very vigorous opinions and hence without any active enemies, to inaugurate a good-will post-bellum era; that time the convention leaders named Harding.

If the 1932 candidates before the Democratic Convention run into a deadlock, as is distinctly likely, then it is the non-talking leaders of the party who will break the deadlock. If they think a pussyfooter on prohibition is needed, they certainly will not unite on Ritchie. If they want a man whose own state has a big vote in the Electoral College, they can not give him a thought. If they want a strong federationalist, they certainly will ignore him.

But will they want any such types? May they not decide that the shift from prohibition pussyfooting has been a very definite one, and that what the country really wants in 1932 is a candid, realistic handling of a scandalous situation? May they not decide, Ritchie supporters ask, that the country has had its surfeit of governmental guidance of farmers and of business, and of child hygiene and local education, and help to coöperatives, and aid to housewives? May they not decide that there is far greater need for a straightforward survey of facts, viewed without emotion and coped with dispassionately and, at long last, efficiently. If they do, to whom will the Democratic leaders turn?

There are plenty of observers who point to Ritchie's spectacular achievements in this very field of realistic administration, and to the enormous success he has attained in an administrative job of large proportions. The Maryland Governor's initial 16 votes are not impressive, but if the gods of Convention warfare turn thumbs down on those who now lead in the race, keep your eye on Albert Cabell Ritchie.



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Strafing the Church

by S. PARKES CADMAN, D. D.

When I was asked by the Editor of The Forum to reply to Mr. Robert G. M. Neville's article in the June number on "Prima Donnas of the Pulpit" I assumed a task whose general nature is familiar to most ministers, but for which there is perhaps less demand now than formerly. Strafing the church and specifically the clergy has grown stale and wearisome from sheer repetition. To be sure, it is the favorite all-year sport for a group of writers to whom Mr. Neville has obviously played the sedulous ape. They are nothing if not denunciatory. Rage, riot, and rebellion characterize their animadversions. Like them, he is distinguished for what he loathes rather than for what he loves; and their highly emotional and accusative traits are imitated by him, albeit with the ragged edges of the amateur.

Yet Mr. Neville seems to have had at least a bowing acquaintance with churches and their ministers, and this is more than some of his masters in the art of strafing have yet evinced. Not a few appear to have very recently discovered an institution which in one of its forms is three thousand, and in another nearly two thousand years old. The printed results of their post-war inquisition would fill a moderate sized library consisting mainly of fierce protest and relentless animosity. Rupert Hughes, Sinclair Lewis, H. L. Mencken, Herbert Asbury, Heywood Broun, and Harry Elmer Barnes, not to mention scores of other less conspicuous but equally prejudiced censors, have dwelt at considerable length upon the shortcomings, contradictions, puerilities, hypocrisies, Machiavellian policies, and celestial insanities of the clergy and their adherents.

It is notable that for reasons best known to the tempest raisers themselves, their full fury usually falls on the Protestant divines. But rabbis, priests, and pastors are alike regarded as an archaic set of superstitious babblers belonging to a bygone time, or else as wary peddlers of exploded nostrums who have no legitimate function for our splendidly advanced age of realism. The pontifical edicts of cocksure modernists-to-the-minute who consign the clerical calling to speedy oblivion are issued with feverish frequency. How such a ridiculously outworn organization as the church assuredly is can hang on and even take fresh hold is beyond their comprehension. They exhibit positive annoyance to learn she is still in the field, still undaunted, still alert, and more resolute by far than in the stupid and complacent Victorian age.

Obviously someone has blundered badly in these reckonings. I do not assert that clergymen are free from error in thought, word, or deed. This would be absurd. But so far as I can discern, the strafers persist in drawing entirely condemnatory conclusions from exceedingly slender data. That their glittering generalities are so inadequate as to be negligible disappoints but does not deter them.

Take the classic instance of Sinclair Lewis and his crusade against the clergy. When moved to join the fray, he announced to a deferential circle of New York ministers who gave him a dinner that he had been "looking them over," and proposed to "do" them in his next volume. Of course the news of another and a victorious onslaught spread apace. Reviewers, columnists, and energetic purveyors of blurbs hinted that a terrific explosion was imminent. Lewis had declared war on the parsons.

Publicity may be sinful for the pulpit, but on this occasion it was virtuous for the press. The great day dawned, *Elmer Gantry* appeared, and the Book of the Month Club thrust it on its credulous subscribers. A brief interval of silence ensued, broken by the plaintive remonstrances of a few sensitive clergymen, and after that — quiet chuckles and suppressed grins. To put it bluntly, the loudly heralded bomb was a dud. "Elmer" had simply served as a sort of paper donkey on which his blindfolded creator pinned all the diabolic tails he

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could muster. The book was hurried by general consent to the literary morgue as a novel false in factual experience, bad in construction, and none too good in execution. But *Elmer Gantry* did not vanish until it had evoked suspicion that the great idol's feet were of clay.

Other church and parson baiters of Mr. Lewis's kidney leaped into the breach. Mr. Rupert Hughes gravely informed us why he had forsaken the church. He did not tell us, however, that the church he described ceased to exist shortly after women wore crinolines and men rejoiced in beaver hats. With unconscious egotism Herbert Asbury exposed his upward development by using a great world church as his ladder. Magazines echoed the chorus of dispraise with zest. Withering objurgation, extravagant caricature, or patronizing effrontery, were the order of the hour for churches.

Did the strafers but know more they would imagine less. Three days spent in a Methodist Conference, an Episcopal General Convention, a Presbyterian Assembly, or a Congregational or a Baptist Association would furnish even the casual observer with more promising material for effective rebuke than any yet secured by the somewhat disorganized tribe in question.

Demimondes of the Press

Mr. Neville, the latest recruit in an attack characterized by the suppressed rancor which defeats sound strategy, opens his paper as usual with a latent note of surprise. Alice in Wonderland was scarcely more excited over her adventures there than is the author of "Prima Donnas of the Pulpit" by his strange discoveries in the ecclesiastical realm. The title itself is not as appropriate as that of "Demimondes of the Press" would be for Mr. Neville and his coterie. But it serves to hint at that belief in clerical feminism which is one of the cherished superstitions of confirmed but ill-informed secularists.

This inference runs through what follows, and colors its arraignments. For example, the forensic ability of His Eminence Cardinal Hayes may be less brilliant than his ermine cape and red cassock. Bishop Manning is an avid hunter of publicity and the former dispenser of Old Trinity's millions, John Haynes Holmes is the Floyd Gibbons of the pulpit, Dr. Stephen S. Wise the defamer of the fair name of Mayor Walker's beloved city, Dr. Milo H. Gates the cherubic, red-faced, jolly fat little Dean, and Dr. Fosdick the militant opponent of war and patriotism and father confessor to the benevolent Rockefellers. The Rev. Dr. Christian Reisner specializes in "cheerio" Sunday evening services to which actors and actresses, radio personages, bootleggers, hoboes, and night club entertainers contribute their talent. Upon inquiry I find that Dr. Reisner denies this, and I think his denial is justified.

The capacities of speech stagger under the burden of Mr. Neville's tumultuous feelings. Succulent phrases abound, nothing is calculated or judicial except his impartiality in awarding diversified degrees of damnatory praise, dubious compliment, or downright aversion to all and sundry. No individual in a wide and representative range of pulpiteers pleases him except those few fortunate clergymen whom he does not name, and upon whom he bestows his spasmodic benediction in the fervent outburst: "God bless them! They still ignore the press and stick to the Gospel."

So opulent a characterizer as Mr. Neville is pretty sure sooner or later to fall into the ditch he digs for others. His comments manifest the empirical art of description on the rampage. But they are feebleness itself from the standpoint of interpretation. Upon reading them one can hardly escape the sentiments so naïvely voiced by Olivia in Goldsmith's *The Vicar of Wakefield*. When asked her opinion of a certain young man who offered her his hand in marriage, she replied: "I think he has a great deal to say upon everything, and is never at a loss; and the more trifling the subject the more he has to say."

Likewise, Mr. Neville gives one the impression of being at his verbal best upon those phases of his subject with which he is least familiar. It is well known that a certain type of orator and writer arrives at the top of his form when he is unhampered by an exact knowledge of his theme. Mr. Neville inclines toward that type.

I wonder if Mr. Neville can defend his thesis. Can he quote any Biblical prohibition of publicity in the pulpit which clergymen should obey? Certainly the Old Testament prophets constantly practiced it, and one or two employed extraordinary means to get it. Christ Himself deliberately sought the shepherdless

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multitudes, and was so successful in reaching them that He aroused the antagonism of His nation's rulers, who crucified Him as a seditionist they could not otherwise silence. After the Pentecostal baptism His Apostles took to the streets of Jerusalem and the highways of the Roman Empire, in spite of the fact that this step brought on them severe persecutions ending in martyrdom — a doom they might have avoided had they been content to "ignore the press" and conduct their advocacies behind the closed doors of their first hiding places.

The history of all religions, including Judaism and Christianity, reeks with the open and irregular methods to which Mr. Neville objects. Hinduism and Islam are as besotted in this habit as were the Flagellantes and the preaching friars of the Middle Ages, the itinerants of the eighteenth-century Revival, and the twentieth-century warriors of that deservedly popular organization, the Salvation Army. While John Wesley felt as Mr. Neville feels he remained a buttoned-up precisian and a pettifogging creedalist. But the auspicious day dawned when Wesley caught the apostolic itch for publicity: whereupon he became the annointed prophet of God to the English-speaking nations, which had well-nigh perished for lack of spiritual nourishment administered in the semi-private and docile ways which Mr. Neville is disposed to indorse.

Sheer vulgarity, sensationalism, self-seeking, or personal aggrandizement are as obnoxious to the hundreds of clergymen I know as they are to all decent-minded individuals. The few Ishmaelites of the clerical calling who are guilty of such degrading methods are repudiated by their brethren. But pulpit publicity in the proper spirit has preserved the churches from the deadly disease of indifference and its resultant decay, and enabled them to fulfill the command of Christ that they must enlighten the world.

The intention behind the diversified methods listed in the Old and New Testaments is the same — that is, the spiritual interpretation of life for the elevation of the nations, after the patterns accepted by Jews and Christians as divinely ordained. This intention dominates presentations of religion, from the ornate rituals of our Catholic brethren to the priestless worship of the Quakers. It motivates Dr. Reisner's efforts, and had he introduced to his pulpit all the notorious persons Mr. Neville catalogues he would have done neither less nor more than his Master — who was vilified without stint for consorting with "publicans and sinners." Were I asked to point out one of the gravest offenses of the churches I should pitch on that fatal "respectability" which cuts them off from countless multitudes of the plain folk, and reduces them to the level of social resorts, or to cliques of stereotyped pietists who refuse to countenance correction.

Such are the basic principles of pulpit publicity. Let us notice a few other details of Mr. Neville's satirical fulminations. "The Rev. Dr. Robert Norwood has a secretary in the congregation each time he ascends the pulpit," not because he is "fearful lest any of his poetic phrases be lost to posterity," but because he has a wholly natural disinclination to be misreported by overworked and underpaid newspaper scribes; especially by one who insists upon remaining "a confirmed and blasphemous unbeliever." No clergyman I know is more unaffected, passionate, spontaneous, or sincere in his preaching than Dr. Norwood.

Bishop Manning is well advised in sending for the pressmen twenty-four hours in advance if he does not wish to read something in the next morning's edition which he did not say. After all, ministers are human. They dislike being misquoted. They resent the use of "obscene" when they said "obscure," and do not care to spend valuable time interpreting plain words and phrases to the harassed undergraduates of a school of journalism. So, like other experienced publicists, they prepare their addresses ahead, and refuse to be responsible for anything attributed to them which they have not previously validated.

Again, Mr. Neville's memory has played him a shabby trick in inducing him to note the reporting of sermons as something new. Dr. De Witt Talmage's flamboyant discourses were syndicated by a larger number of journals than those which print the sermons of any living preacher. The pulpit efforts of Charles Haddon Spurgeon, Henry Ward Beecher, Joseph Parker, Dwight L. Moody, and Phillips Brooks were the pabulum of numberless homes in all English-speaking lands.

To say that newspapers as such did not report sermons forty years ago as they do to-day is entirely beside the point. Many matters

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have news value now which did not have it half a century past, and consequently they are emphasized by our daily journals. I can personally testify that the more recent demand for religious instruction springs primarily from the people. Sixty per cent of the hundreds of thousands of questions sent to me during my seven years' radio ministry have been of a distinctly religious nature. It is to the credit of the press that it recognizes the nation's incurable propensity for spiritual verities, and also aids the increasing intelligence it displays concerning them.

The Clergy's Disadvantage

One wishes that Mr. Neville had not been content to publish misleading estimates and snap judgments dictated by his evident dislike for the vast majority of clergymen. Had he first consulted the ministers themselves, he might have told us some sanitating truths which deeply concern the churches and their pastors. We could also have learned from him that for manifold reasons the pulpit frequently reflects the timidity, non-social bearing, and thick-headedness of the pew.

Assuredly preachers have their marked idiosyncracies, foolish whims, tangled tempers, and recalcitrant moods. These are the more unfortunate because they are compelled to live in glass houses at which any disenchanted passer-by can hurl his stone. When they blunder, rectification is difficult. Their errors are often trumpeted abroad; their better moments of wise and timely counsel as often ignored. Yet what other group of public servants could act as God's advocates and attorney-generals twice a week and emerge from the ordeal so wholesomely?

Notwithstanding, I hasten to say that the clergy of every church are so keenly interested in life that they stubbornly refuse to allow their interest to degenerate into the barren humor of sophistication and superiority affected by our voluble "intellectuals." They actually believe that life's turbulent currents can be deflected into nobler channels. They may differ about the surest ways of effecting this change. But Catholic and Protestant, Christian and Jew, are forever united in their determination to interpret human existence so that there shall be a more equitable social order and a more friendly world.

This statement of their common purpose is inadequate because it is too negative. It is essential to add that the many clergymen best known to me have a truculent courage which refuses to be confused or dismayed by the noisy Vanity Fairs surrounding them. Their sermons and addresses are characterized by courageous thinking, forcible expression, and sanity of outlook. Their debating qualities need no apology when compared with those of our political or legal gatherings. The prevalence of the laboratory style has chastened their pulpit utterances. Their business is not to be popular, but to create allegiance to righteous ideals, to mankind's genuine ends, and to the Lord of all good life. This has never been a popular enterprise. On the contrary, it has frequently been misunderstood, denied, even persecuted.

Our clergy minister to an age which worships either the brazen god Up-to-Date or the wooden god Out-of-Date. One huge section of the people adores an impossible past. Another, equally large, clamors for the latest ephemeral fancy. There is plenty of room for differences of opinion as to the soundness of ministers' technique, and as to where they shall insert the lever with which they propose to elevate society, and even as to the fulcrum on which that lever should rest. But these differences can be left to time's inevitable amelioration.

Meanwhile, it is refreshing in an era of general impotence and defeatism to find some chosen spirits in the pulpit with their heads erect, their eyes aflame with hope, their hearts set on winning a grim fight. To be sure, spectators often see the finest phases of that fight. But it is not at all true that they could wage it more efficiently than the present leaders.

This brings us to one clear and final defect of Mr. Neville's article. It suffers from catholicity of distaste and repulsion. Hence it is lopsided, indiscriminate, and on a par with the maiden lady's saying that the more she saw of men the more she admired her cat. This sort of thing relieves the speaker but it does not relieve the situation. If Mr. Neville had mentioned those model ministers whom he effusively blesses, his critique would have possessed more merit. As it is, those within the church and its ministry who honestly desire to profit from constructive criticism are forced to close the pages of his screed with disappointment.

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The Great DIRT CONSPIRACY

by **WALTER B. PITKIN**

A VAST conspiracy is on foot to prevent the United States from progressing apace with the rest of the world. It is a reactionary movement of the first magnitude, backed by immense wealth and influence. Several of our mightiest multi-millionaires are enrolled under its banner. So are many owners of magazines and newspapers, hundreds of merchants, and millions of farmers. And, of course, away up in front march the army of thirty-cent statesmen, waving the Stars and Stripes and belching pæans in praise of the good old American Farm Home, its quarter-section, and its half-wits.

Drawings by Donald McKay

For this is a conspiracy to preserve the ancient American farm system against the ravages of the Industrial Revolution, which is just reaching the plowlands. The Industrial Revolution is symbolized by fifty-cent wheat. And the Old Order is perfectly represented by the thirty-cent statesmen who crave dollar wheat and its equivalent in all branches of agriculture. For dollar wheat means the protection of quarter-sections and half-wits. Quarter-sections and half-wits are the foundation stones of the Old Order. They must and shall be preserved, shout the thirty-cent statesmen.

Twenty-seven million farmers want to be saved. They dislike radical changes quite as keenly as you and I. They would like to save their homes and firesides — and who wouldn't? It's silly to berate them on that score. But facts are facts; we must face them and adjust ourselves to them somehow. And the greatest of all facts which have boiled up to the surface since the World War are those which reveal the Old Order as hopelessly out of step in the world's mighty onward march toward civilization. They disclose the quarter-section as a slave pen, and the little farmer against society.

Hundreds of economists and agronomists now know, past all doubt, that mass production in farming must follow mass production in the city mills and factories. They know that, in most basic lines of agriculture, it is feasible now. They know that it will cut the cost of production far below the best figures obtainable on small farms, no matter how well equipped these may be. Hence, in open competition the super-farm will exterminate the Old Order. Here's how it works out in wheat.

The Tennessee hill-billy spends $2.40 to grow a bushel of wheat, and his brother in other poor wheat regions spends $2.00. The fairly skilled farmer on good wheat land spends between $1.00 and $1.10. He'll tell you, of course, that he doesn't; and he'll show you his cash records to prove it. But, like all quarter-section half-wits, he fails to count his own time on a fair wage basis, and usually he makes no normal allowance for overhead. So he kids himself into thinking that he grows wheat for from sixty-five cents to ninety cents. But he can't fool the Industrial Revolution!

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In the Texas Panhandle, Hickman Price, the first industrialist to perfect super-farm methods, grows wheat at a true cost of forty cents and less, according to land and season. To do it he drives the largest tractors day and night, trains his crews precisely as the great factories do, and analyzes every step in all operations. Up in Kansas, the great chain of farms organized by J. S. Bird achieves like results. And anybody else who has the money and brains to handle tens of thousands of acres as a food factory can grow wheat around the same figure.

Now it costs between twenty cents and forty cents to haul wheat by train from various sections of the wheat regions to Chicago. So when wheat sells in Chicago at seventy-five cents, the small grower loses twenty-five cents on each bushel before he has put it on board the cars; and another twenty cents if that sum happens to be his freight bill on the bushel. So he is in the red to the tune of forty-five cents a bushel. On the same basis, though, the super-farmer of the New Order shows a net profit of fifteen cents a bushel.

Out in Montana, Professor M. L. Wilson has demonstrated that production costs drop as acreage units increase in size. The quarter-section half-wit simply isn't in the running. The man who tills eight hundred acres makes a fair showing; he can operate an acre of wheat for $7.77. But he who operates 3,000 acres in a unit with the proper machinery cuts the cost to $3.82 an acre. As Wilson analyzes his results, the cash operating cost of a bushel of wheat on an 800-acre tract is forty-three cents, and on a 3,000-acre tract it drops to twenty-one cents. This is not the true cost, but simply the cash outlay; yet it indicates clearly the trend.

Those of us who have been studying the matter for many years know that even the 3,000-acre unit cannot cut costs to the level of the 10,000-acre unit. How many farmers own 10,000-acre units? Or can buy the necessary machines to operate such units on lease? Very few. Even in the wheat belt, where farms run large, the average falls far below those dimensions: in Montana it is 698 acres, in South Dakota it is 403. So, you see, the farmer is clean out of the picture. He will never be able to supply us with wheat or any other staple at prices even approximately those reached by the super-farm. Only large capital can get the results. And the farmer is, as the income tax statistics show, our lowest income class.

Russian Competition

Enter Russia. The drama cannot proceed further without its favorite villain.

Russia must work along for three or four more years before the twenty-five million acres managed by the Grain Trust are thoroughly modernized. Already she has cut wheat-growing costs to seventy-five cents a bushel. (The claim that in 1930 the Giant Farm near Salsk produced 3,300,000 bushels at a true cost of fifty cents per bushel needs to be scrutinized with care.) Nobody who understands the situation doubts that, before 1936, the Soviet experts will be exporting at least two hundred million bushels of wheat whose cost at the railway siding will be under fifty cents. And that will fix the world market price.

Thoughtful farmers, and business men who deal with farmers, begin to see that America can hold its own in the great to-morrow only by matching Russia's fifty-cent wheat with Kansas fifty-cent wheat. Prices of everything that can be produced with tractors far more powerful than the largest now in service, and through organization methods analagous to those of the finest factories, will decline during the next generation. Along with wheat we shall behold all field crops become cheaper year after year, until a level is reached which, in the eyes of the quarter-section half-wit, will spell ruin and chaos.

In all these field crops, the average American yield can easily be doubled while the cost per unit produced declines. For the larger the corporation farm, the cheaper become fertilizers, cultivation, and harvesting. About 80 per cent of the gross bulk and value of farm crops may be thus handled. Thus with all grains save rice in Russia and Siberia, where *five times* as many first-grade acres as we Americans possess await the Soviet plows. Thus with cotton in the Sudan, where the British already grow the fiber far below American production costs. Thus with sugar beets, which even now can be raised in a glut at bankruptcy prices.

In the face of such a situation, the American farmer has only two courses open, as a matter of straightforward economic practice. He may go the way of the coolie, or the way of the

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corporation. By the first route he competes against fifty-cent wheat by drudging fourteen hours a day, eating boiled potatoes and cold beans, driving his family into his fields along with his mules, and dying of overwork at forty. By the second route he exchanges his farm for stock and bonds issued by the Consolidated Golden Acres, Inc., which concern rips out all his fences, burns his old sheds, sells his tiny tractor and implements as junk, and at one bold sweep tills ten townships.

Everybody opposes the first course. But only the small farmer and his political and business parasites oppose the second. Scientists, economists, and financiers alike now agree that the way of the corporation is our only road to prosperity. They see that, in the long run, whatever cheapens food and reduces human toil serves to elevate the living standard. Hardship arises only in the transition from the Old Order to the new.

Now just who are the reactionaries? And why? By direct inquiry all over the country, I find the Dirt Conspiracy draws heavily on the following classes: the marginal farmers, the half-successful tillers of good soil, large farmland owners (especially the owners of marginal land), country merchants and bankers, rural politicians and lawyers, county-seat newspapers circulating heavily up the back roads, state and federal farm bureaus, nearly all county agents, fully two-thirds of the faculties in state agricultural colleges, and a sizable majority of the owners and editors of the periodicals read by "dirt farmers." With this horde to sway them with its clamor, is it to be wondered at that state legislatures and the United States Congress are to be found at the head of the Great Dirt Conspiracy, commanding the economic tide to turn back?

Too Many Farmers

At bottom, we have to do here with another evil of overpopulation. As Wheeler McMillen has shown, we have far too many farmers and a dangerously inflated agriculture. The surplus farmers till millions of acres of inferior land which might better revert to forest and prairie. The first move toward a finer rural civilization must be to abandon about 70,000,000 of the 390,000,000 or more acres tilled last year. For on that immense area nobody can make a dollar, while those who try to do so only glut the market with underpriced commodities, thereby robbing everybody else of fair profits. At least five million farmers — men, women, and children — must be forced out of their futile occupation; and the faster the better for all concerned, in spite of the quick pangs of change. As super-farming spreads, another five million must slowly shift to other work. For the super-farm can feed a man with the yield of three acres, whereas our noble quarter-section grubber must work nearly five acres to accomplish the same result.

Naturally everybody out in the country who earns a living by serving these ten million mortals in jeopardy will join the Great Dirt Conspiracy, for few can see beyond their own noses when looking at matters touching self-interest. Depopulate a farming county, and the little banker there loses depositors and borrowers; the little lawyer gets no boundary fence disputes or tax-dodging clients; the corner grocer sees his salt mackerel wither in its keg; the landlord beholds his stony, steep hillsides abandoned to crows and rabbits and the persistent sumach; the local editor notes with a sigh that subscribers drop off, while advertising shrinks; and the great Friend of the People, the politician, driving his car up the back roads just before election, learns with dismay that the hill-billies who always voted for him have fled their ancient haunts. So the whole countryside

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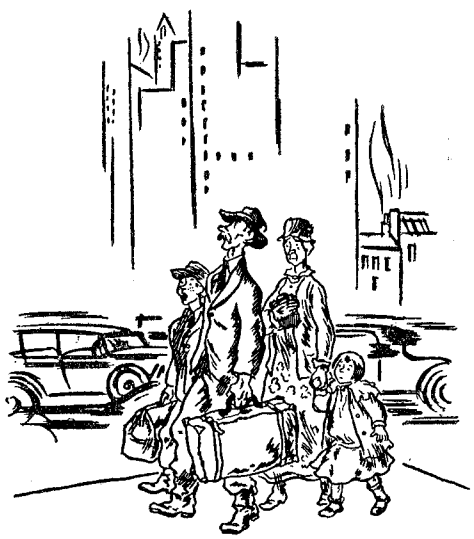
arises to save the superfluous farmer, the stupid farmer, the bankrupt farmer, and the rest of the doomed ten million.

This Old Order cannot be saved. But its passing can all too easily be delayed by chicanery and the indifference of city dwellers to the gravity of the farm crisis. Our thirty-cent statesmen are busy. They thunder for farm relief, for higher tariffs on farm products, for subsidies to farmers, for farm loans, for government purchase of crop surpluses, and so on. Most of the orators are, in all probability, hypocrites — like the eminent middle-western Congressman who savagely denounced to Wheeler McMillen in private the absurd McNary-Haugen bill and, just ten days later, delivered a gush of words in its favor on the floor of the House. But some champions of the downtrodden are honest enough in their fuzzy convictions, just as the farmers themselves are. And they may work much harm, unless city voters arouse themselves.



Already the Kansas legislature has enacted a law aiming to suppress corporation farming. Thirty-cent statesmen have tried to dissolve Bird's super-farm on the ground that it was insolvent; but in court they were routed by evidence showing its prosperity even in a low-price era. Texas Solons are also scheming against the industrialized farm. Suppose all of our major farming states succeed in such a movement? They will force the farmers to become coolies in so far as they compete for world markets, or else to become pensioners of the government in so far as they maintain the old price levels on farm products by subsidies, valorizations, and like paternalisms. In either event, the country as a whole suffers to no good end. Let me point out two major evils.

In spite of reactionaries, America is becoming a super-city whose suburbs will be what men once called farms. The county will be the municipal unit, as a rule. Out of every 100 citizens, at least 95 will live in the urban centers of the county; and farming will be carried on along industrial lines so that only a handful of watchmen and garage mechanics will have to stay out in the sticks. The farm managers will motor and fly to their farm work every morning from the towns. Thus the cost of living for the city dweller will be lowered so tremendously that, in the face of steadily rising living standards, our factory workers will be able to produce goods that will sell at or below European prices. Study the food costs in typical family budgets and see for yourself what would occur if only 30 per cent were lopped off. I believe that 40 per cent can be lopped off within twenty-five years.

But what if the old prices are maintained by legislation? Then all other industrial countries will outstrip us in short order. For they will buy from Russia, from Sudan, from Argentina; and not wheat alone, but cotton, flax, rice, and many other commodities on which the prosperity of great sections of the United States now depends.

"All right!" retort the Dirt Conspirators. "If that's the outcome, then let's drop all foreign trade! We've business enough at home anyhow." This is a tenable position, if held with skill and reason, as W. B. Donham does in *Business Adrift*. America can thrive without a huge export trade. But to do so we must enlarge our own powers as consumers; and one step in that direction is to release as large a fraction of incomes as possible for the purchase of things other than bare necessities. The current trend to eat less food and to pay less for it must persist. But the Great Dirt Conspiracy will thwart that, thereby paralyzing every industry which looks to growing domestic sales for its prosperity. In effect, our city workers will be carrying the burden of ten million useless farmers. Not even our overrated efficiency can offset such a handicap.

New Jobs for Farmers

The strongest argument of the reactionaries depicts the horrors of uprooting ten million people without first finding new jobs for them and otherwise protecting them against heavy losses and misery. Wherever I

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discuss this subject, men always fling back: "Corporation farms will make confusion worse confounded. Bigger and better machines will throw millions out of work. The cities cannot care for them. There are millions idle in their streets now. Swell those ranks, and you are merely inciting to revolution."

I admit that this argument calls for serious inquiry; it cannot be dismissed as ill-founded. Nor is any ready-made answer at hand. Unemployment is a problem still too vast and snarled for us. Nevertheless we can say several things about the matter.

First of all, most of the families driven from marginal farms would not be a shade worse off in town. Their present misery is a hideous thing, whether you see it in the famine regions of Arkansas or in the drought zone of old Virginia or in the stricken black lands east of Dallas, or in Montana's lovely but now worthless valleys. Having seen thousands of such wretches in fifteen states during the past winter, I cannot feel that they would go from bad to worse even if they ended up in municipal lodging houses, most of which are more luxurious than shacks on marginal farms.

Secondly, these people, being as yet unaccustomed to the easy-going ways of the mechanized city worker, would be ideally suited to displace the low-grade unskilled laborers from Latin and Slavonic lands now in our midst; and it is agreed that everybody would benefit by the return of such workers to their native lands. I am not qualified to estimate the present number of aliens who, without injustice, might be returned to Mexico and Mediterranean areas in the course of the next five years; but I should be surprised if there were fewer than four million. We have about five million aliens over and above the foreign-born who have become citizens; so it seems reasonable that we might refuse to naturalize any more and require the entire alien group to leave our shores within a reasonable period. A realignment of population might take care of all marginal farm workers for another five years. Of the five million individuals who ought to shift cityward, not more than two million are adult workers; the others are children.

Thirdly, immense programs of road building, waterway construction, drainage, reforestation, and the erection of millions of small homes to replace the jerry-built structures foisted on our sucker public during and after the World War will, in the near future, provide work for millions; and the rudest toil should be turned over to these horny-handed rustics. Fully fifty million acres ought to be planted to trees; and who could do that better than men of the soil? At least ten million acres in the South ought to be drained, not for farming but as a matter of public health.

Fourthly, shorten all workdays considerably, reduce wages very little, if at all, and employment will be spread over most of the idle classes with scarcely any shock. Consider, please, that a 5 per cent levy on all incomes would suffice to employ eight million workers at an average annual wage of $560 — a sum far above anything ever received by the marginal farmers we are evicting.

Finally, taking the bull by the horns, we might accelerate corporation farming on an immense scale by loans or guarantees of some kind to farmers of proved skill who undertake to work in units of a million dollars and upward. This would immediately bring to pass what Richard Whitney, president of the New York Stock Exchange, foresees as the next move in agriculture, namely the underwriting of huge agricultural corporations by Wall Street, which hitherto has shunned all such as the plague.

Mr. Hoover's Views

At the very least, there are about 200,000,000 acres of high-grade plowland adapted to giant farming in blocks of 20,000 to 250,000 acres. Not one square inch of this empire should be bought but all of it must be operated under lease or on some partnership basis. A safe average sum for such operating is around twenty-five dollars an acre; this would carry the company over two years in any grain crop; and the new business ought to stick to grain until it feels at ease, after which it may tackle costly crops such as potatoes. Were our states and the federal authorities to protect and foster in every legitimate manner the rise of this super-farming, Wall Street would, within a few years, be called upon to invest five billion dollars in basic agrarian industries which would show profits fully as sure and sizable as the oils, the rails, and the utilities.

But the Great Dirt Conspiracy will never permit this. It will fight to the last ditch —

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which happens to be the White House, in this instance. If ever it reaches that spot, it will probably find fresh defenses and ammunition. For Mr. Hoover has always championed expensive wheat and the quarter-section philosophy of life. Just ten years ago he declared: "Wheat must hold at least 50 index points advance of comparative commodity prices, if we are to assure supplies for our increasing population. That is, if other commodities should return to 100, wheat must hold 150, or some considerable excess."

His attitude toward farm relief shows no significant deviation from this point of view, although it is now antiquated. True, he has opposed the gross Treasury raids proposed by the quarter-section half-wits — and let him receive due applause for that. But he seems never to have glimpsed the deeper trends of agrarian economics. If he does see these, he must be ignoring them for some political reason. Is it because the quarter-section half-wits can turn the next election?

But the Dirt Conspirators will not have to appeal to the White House. They will win, hands down, without that gesture. Several of our billionaires and near-billionaires devoutly worship the Old American Farm Home; witness Henry Ford's mania for collecting the junk of that sorry institution, from churn to wall paper, with the dirty old backyard pump thrown in for good measure. Some of them, too, are like the famous Henry in that much of their fortune is invested in making things for small farmers. Wipe out the latter, and where would Henry sell his cunning little tractors? No wonder he is a reactionary in matters agricultural! (City folks think him a creative radical because he talks about industrializing the farm; but he means by that the widespread use of twenty thirty-horse-power tractors on individually owned and operated farms of 500 or 600 acres. All of which is already antiquated.)

Other rich men mix sentiment with self-interest as J. C. Penney does; they would perpetuate the small rustic because he buys from them — and they are duly grateful for his patronage. These infantilisms still sway Wall Street more or less. They keep alive the idea that our nation will dissolve in ruin if our sturdy rustic stock dwindles to a handful of tractor mechanics and county managers. They assure you that city dwellers are weaklings and cannot perpetuate themselves; the great towns must have a peasantry to breed for them a horde of future taxpayers and white-collar clerks.

Within the past year I have heard that alleged argument a hundred times, if once. And I shall probably go on hearing it as long as my ears function. For — I grieve to say — this favorite theme of the city man who left the farm because he couldn't stand it receives lip service from numberless farm experts, who know they are lying but go right on repeating their lies simply because they draw a salary from public funds which are largely contributed by overtaxed farmers. They dare not tell the truth about the fellows who support them.

Here we reach the heart of the Great Dirt Conspiracy. And such a heart disease we find there! I accuse at least half of our agricultural college scientists of supporting the most unscientific, inhuman, wasteful, and generally dirty phase of American life, the small farmer; not always by open speech but rather by keeping silent or hinting at dark doubts when somebody suggests that corporation methods might solve all our agrarian problems. From a cosmic point of view, this is preposterous.

Another decade of the Great Dirt Conspiracy, and all the evils of the past will be overshadowed by fresh disasters. Will the city voter open his eyes and act? If so, America will advance into a new and better era.

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The Lion and the Lamb

Can Science and Religion Lie Down Together?

by **C. E. AYRES**

I

In the Biblical prophecy of the lion and the lamb doubtless the reference is to creditors and debtors, but the same figure applies with some aptness to science and religion. I am not only thinking of the Lamb of God as the symbol of religion: science also could hardly find a better symbol than the lion, which is the incarnation of brute force. Moreover, the issue between the lion and the lamb is not one of animosity. The lion, at all events, has no hard feelings. He may roar you as gently as any sucking dove. If he could, he would probably protest that he feels no antagonism to the fundamental truth of lambs, and that they are an embodiment of the same laws of nature which have also produced him. Nevertheless the fact remains that a lion may purr and purr and be a lion still; and this, I believe, is also true of science. The alarming thing about it is not its intentions but its nature. Is science by nature compatible with religion? Is it a civilizing agency at all?

The facts would appear to be a quite sufficient answer. Ours is the greatest civilization the world has seen, and science has produced it. Therefore science is the greatest civilizing agency the world has ever known. This belief — for I am sure that a moment's sober thought will convince anyone that it is only a belief — is one of tremendous potency in the world of men and events, since it is nothing less than the basic faith of our civilization.

History records the appearance in various parts of the world of many empires which built themselves great cities and extended their influence far beyond the borders of their ancestors, but none of them was so great, so pervasive, or so sudden as our own triumph. None was so irresistible. In all the civilizations of the past there came a time when development and expansion could go no farther: the material and spiritual expedients of culture had been carried to their point of highest conceivable development and spread abroad until they commenced to crack under the strain. But what limit can there be to our development? Our expedients are not accidental finds, they are derived from research and are therefore capable of indefinite elaboration; and our expansion has already, for the first time in human history, embraced the entire earth without encountering any obstacle of transportation or penetration, any resistance of nature or of hostile peoples which has not already been overcome.

Our triumph is complete; and yet, regarded from another point of view, its precariousness and possible transience are just as obvious and undeniable as its present magnitude. Our ability to overcome the resistance of nature and of other peoples to our spread is wholly due to the superiority of our mechanical arts. These may indeed derive from the potency of scientific truth; but it is not by knowledge alone that we have spanned the seas, and when we have arrived in our iron ships off the coast of foreign peoples it is not by syllogisms or scientific demonstrations that we have overcome their recalcitrancy. Our God has spoken to subdue the heathen through the mouths of bigger guns.

The one fatal defect of our position is that eventually even the heathens can build ships and guns — can and do. So potent is our technology that it not only carries us to the four corners of the earth but it carries itself there, takes root and grows, and may eventually dispense with us in favor of the heathen. Because the white peoples of the Occident have been first in the field with their industrial revolution, it does not at all follow that they will always be supreme. On the contrary, the priority which gave them so tremendous an advantage when they alone had become industrialized may be their fatal handicap when

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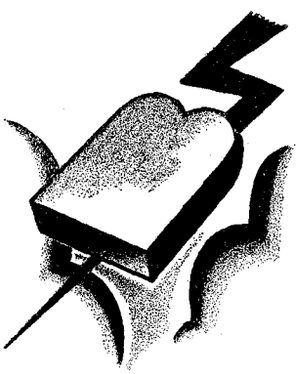
industrialism will have spread. Their resources will be approaching exhaustion when those of other continents are just reaching full exploitation. Their wealth and strength, derived from the export of manufactured goods, may perhaps be broken when distant peoples have become equipped to manufacture their own goods, so that the very productive capacity of the Occident will be transformed from strength to weakness by the sinister magic of "overproduction."

Meanwhile, what is the condition of the soul of our society? We dominate the world to-day, but is it in any sense a domination of the spirit? Granted that we have gained our first advantage by mechanical expedients: have we then consolidated it and made it sure and permanent by virtue of the inner superiority of our culture? We certainly have not. On the contrary, our culture is in a state of confusion, turmoil, and transition more complete than that of any other period or people. Christianity, nationality, democracy, monogamy — are these the basis of our claim? Every one of them is accepted by some and challenged by others, in certain forms perpetuated and in other forms swept away by the various eddies and currents of the cataract of change down which we plunge. Never in history has a people had less ground for feeling sure of the present meaning of its culture, let alone its permanence, than we.



But it is not my purpose to cry "Woe, woe!" like a Hebrew prophet. We are interested in discussing what science means in our civilization, or does not mean, and I have raised the howl of calamity only to show that it is just as easy to howl as it is to sing. For the most part we believe in our civilization because it is ours and in science for the same reason, and our beliefs have a certain obvious justification. But just as obviously they are matters of belief, and the beliefs are founded on quite fractional half-truths of which the other fractions are no less obvious but very much less reassuring. By profound conviction we believe that science is truth and its truth will make us whole. There is some basis for this conviction, as there is for all convictions. Science deals in truths, and the peculiar truths in which it deals have a certain considerable potency. But science is not *the* truth, and its formulas do not make men whole. On the contrary, they have nothing to do with the human spirit except to ignore it. Their potency is of another kind altogether.

II

THE PREVAILING notion at the present time is that there is no conflict between science and religion. Logically this is true. But practically it is nonsense. The practical conflict between science and religion in our civilization is so old and so violent that any attempt to gloss it over with irrelevant chatter about the creative purpose in evolution or the essential indeterminacy of the atom is not only nonsense but particularly baleful nonsense, like refusing to get a doctor for a sick child on the ground that all pain is an illusion. Very likely atoms are indeterminate and certainly no scientist ever disproved God. But that is no reason for refusing to face the most profound disturbance of society.

This distinction between what is true and what is sensible is an important one and I want to discuss it at some length because it provides the key to a great deal of nonsense that is being talked to-day. When people say that science is truth they usually have in mind a wide variety of ideas some of which are true but not very sensible, while others are sensible but not at all true. For instance, they have in mind that two plus two is four, and they often assert it with a terrible vehemence as though it were a battle-cry before which no Jericho could stand. But however true it may be — and I suppose few will deny it — in many connections it is not very sensible and proves rather less than people suppose.

On the other hand, the old notion that science and religion are opposed, in such a way that if one is true the other must be false, is quite unsound; but it is one of the most important ideas of modern times. This notion is held in two forms, by those who believe that religion is true and science an illusion, and by those who are convinced that science is truth and religion superstition, and it makes sense both ways. As human activities science and religion have been opposed. Religious people

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have attacked scientists and suppressed science, and partisans of science have attacked religion and in some cases even attempted to suppress it. But there is no truth in the notion that science and religion are opposed. That is, the opposition is not one of logic. It has been a clash of persons and interests, not an opposition between truth and error.

This disturbance dates from the beginning of modern times when feudal civilization, or perhaps I should say Christian civilization, was commencing to give way before the industrial revolution and when the opposition between science and religion which was to symbolize the whole crisis of civilization from that day to this was taking form. The opposition was not a conflict of ideas. It is very interesting to turn back to the literature of those days and to read there the dismay of the scientists at finding themselves anathematized. It was not their idea in proving that the earth is round and revolves about the sun to forswear Christianity or to smash the church. Loudly they affirmed that the heavens declare the glory of God and that they, miserable sinners, sought the same shelter of divine mercy and priestly absolution as all their friends and neighbors.

But even more interesting, perhaps, is the reflection that they did not prove that the earth revolves around the sun. They didn't prove it because it isn't true. It is just as true that the earth goes around the moon as it is that the moon goes around the earth. The whole of modern physics rests on the postulate that there is no such thing as absolute space. Simply stated, this means that all bodies are in motion relatively to all other bodies and which one is taken as a point of reference for measuring the others is wholly a matter of convenience.

Such being the case we might well ask why the partisans of science have made such a to-do over the earth going around the sun, and why the Christian church allowed itself to be disturbed by a mere matter of convenience. In the case of science we can say at once that the difference between Ptolemaic and Copernican astronomy is more than a "mere" matter of convenience. The difference of convenience involved is almost unimaginably great. It is a little like considering that the grindstone is at rest and the ax in motion around it. Since the ax is at rest relatively to the earth we should have to assume that the entire earth, and therefore the whole stellar universe, is spinning dizzily around the grindstone as an axis. There is nothing false about this, but it is rather silly. When we consider what complications would be introduced into the orbits of the planets we are bound to conclude that by imagining a grindstone to be the center of the cosmos nothing would be gained that is at all commensurate with the difficulties incurred thereby. This is practically the case of the solar system. The sun is not in any absolute sense the center of the cosmos, and astronomers do not treat it as such. But for the planetary system it is by all odds the most convenient point of reference; so that although it is not true that the earth goes around the sun, still to say anything else would be intolerably silly, at least for a practicing astronomer.

Nevertheless, even a practicing astronomer may speak of the sun as rising and setting. If no issue is involved in the Copernican revolution but the convenience of calculations which very few people ever make, however convenient, one might suppose that it should have been possible to explain the matter to the proper ecclesiastical authorities and obtain from them a special dispensation whereby ordinary people could continue to be guided by sunrise and sunset while the scientists were left to themselves to figure things out in any way they pleased. But this is to suppose that the Christian church was primarily interested in the truth of Ptolemaic astronomy and resisted the Copernican system on that ground, which is a gross misconception of the whole issue. The Christian church objected to Copernican astronomy not because it was untrue but because it was ungodly. And it was. Copernicus did not mean it to be and protested rather volubly to that effect, very much as modern physicists do; but his protestations had nothing to do with the case then, precisely as the like protestations of modern scientists have nothing to do with the case now.

III

COPERNICAN astronomy outraged the Christian church because it was secular. The difference is not between one system of logic and another but between a system of logic and a system of belief.

What, after all, the churchmen asked, is the

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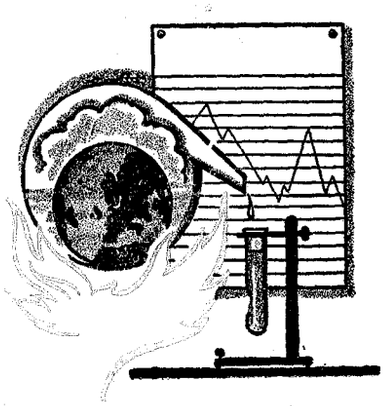
use of astronomy? Why should science be required? What effect can it have, spiritual or physical, but to turn men's thoughts from God and so to disrupt the world? This is, in fact, the effect which it has had. We do not ordinarily think so. Why? Because the common modern opinion is that modern science is true and medieval theology deluded — a collection of superstitions quite appropriate to such an unsanitary era. In short, because we have substituted sanitation for saintliness in our lives and in our thought. And is this evidence that men's thoughts have not been turned from God, or that Christian civilization has suffered no alteration worth mentioning?



We do not ordinarily think of the printing press as an engine of Protestantism, although that is what it was; and we do not ordinarily think of science as an engine of industrialism, although in effect that is precisely what it is and all it is. No one would propose to justify the invention of the printing press on the ground of the Protestant Reformation, and few scientists are content to rest their case upon industrial technology. What we like to think is that the printing press spreads enlightenment, while science attains truth. Not Protestantism, enlightenment! Not machinery, truth! I use the analogy of the printing press quite deliberately because I think most people will agree that the argument that it spreads enlightenment is not a Catholic argument, and because I hope that some of them will then realize that the definition of science as truth is not a Christian definition. It is just a shade too complimentary to science. For one thing, it implies pretty clearly that whoever opposes science does so in the interest of error and superstition. But this is not the point of view of Churchmen.

Strangely enough, the Christian church has never officially regarded itself as the repository of error and the defender of superstition. Moreover, throughout the history of science, from Copernicus to Eddington, there have always been scientists who were positively eager to protest that science is not ungodly; that it is not deliberately undermining civilization; that it never does and never can attain the truth about those matters which lie closest to the human heart — God, freedom, immortality. In other words, they face the issue only to deny it.

But what can they deny? That science is secular? No, for this would throw them back into direct opposition to the sacred truths of theology. They must, and do, affirm that scientific truth is secular. But this is precisely the ground on which the church has steadily opposed it. The only possible basis for a denial of opposition is to deny that the sacred and the secular are opposed, as the church has always held. "You in your corner and I in mine!"

IV

THIS IS the reconciler's formula: Let science seek the truth where it can find it, since it never attains sacred truth; and let religion continue, now as always, the shrine of the truth that passeth understanding. It is a very popular formula because it is perfectly simple, and simple because it is quite superficial. There is nothing the matter with it at all except that it completely misconceives the spirit of both science and religion. Neither the pursuit of truth nor the saving of souls can be confined to a small corner. No church has ever concurred in the ten-o'clock-Sunday-morning theory of religion, and no scientist has ever accepted the so-far-shalt-thou-go-and-no-farther theory of science. Neither religion nor science is a grab-bag of assorted truths. Neither is an encyclopedia sacred and profane: for heaven and hell see volume one; for solar system see volume two.

Science and religion are alike only in this: each is a conception of truth, a way of thought, even a way of life. But the two ways are utterly opposed and incompatible. Religion is the way of devotion and belief, science the way of experimentation and doubt. To the religious science is ungodly not because it fails to see God but because it is looking in the opposite direction; while to the scientific mind religion is fundamentally superstitious not because its beliefs conflict occasionally with scientific truth but because belief is incompatible with doubt. You cannot believe and doubt both at the same time.

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In order to clarify this issue — for I think it is the real issue between science and religion — I should like to turn to the science of anthropology. I do this not because anthropology is especially distinguished for the exactness of its scientific methods or the precision of its formulas, for it is not. If we take mathematical precision as the standard of science, and for many purposes it is a just standard, then anthropology is far out on the periphery. So far as I know it has no laws unless perhaps this one: that there are no laws. In a sense that is why I am selecting it — because it is in a condition of complete doubt. But what chiefly justifies our interest in it at this moment is that anthropology is a museum of gods. It is the science of superstition, and on that account rather embarrassing to reconcilers. Astronomy is an old story now and occupies a small corner which many theologians have politely agreed to overlook. Very well, what about anthropology? One of its chief tasks is to go about all over the earth spying out arks of the covenant and prying them open and exposing their meager contents to the gaze of students with notebooks in their pockets.

This is the procedure. An earnest anthropologist goes to a far country and finds there the equivalent of Bishop Manning and the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. He takes photographs of both. He begs, buys, or steals the bishop's vestments; he obtains samples of the Host and the consecrated wine and holy water; if possible, he negotiates for the purchase of the altar, with all the vessels and altar cloths, Bibles, prayer books, hymn books, and other accessories of worship; and he bundles the whole lot up very carefully and ships it back to America where it is set up in the social anthropology room of the American Museum of Natural History so that we can all go and look at it and reflect how odd are the lives of the savages.

This, I submit, is not a very devout performance. But it is a scientific performance. It is the essence of science. As a matter of fact science takes a great interest in Christianity. Although, like social anthropology, they are not mathematical sciences, psychology and history and comparative religions are at least university departments conducted for the most part by men of scientific bent who approach their material in a spirit of doubt and proceed by the technique of experimentation. Their attitude is impeccably disrespectful.

Not only do science and religion not occupy small corners: each pervades the whole of life. The antagonism which they symbolize is not even an opposition of one civilization to another, like the opposition between the Christian and the Mohammedan civilizations. Religion, as it is opposed to science, stands not only for the whole of Christian civilization but for all civilization; and the opposition of science to religion is an opposition not to Christian dogma merely but to the whole structure of obedience and devotion and belief which Christianity symbolizes in our civilization and in others, Mohammedanism, Buddhism, Taoism, Shintoism. Science proposes to face all problems, of human behavior as well as of planetary orbits, in the spirit of skeptical detachment, and this is a very dangerous program. The effect of it is to inoculate the whole of the educated classes with the virus of disrespect, and civilization is founded on respect. We may say that we are only analyzing primitive peoples and heathen institutions, but that is not true. We are unveiling the fundamental institutions of our own society and we know it. Doctor Wissler, of the American Museum, once remarked that anthropology enjoys a wider margin of tolerance than any other social science because nobody cares what anthropologists reveal about Eskimos or Polynesians; but he also clearly implied that the value of social anthropology derives from the fact that their case is the same as ours. There is not an anthropologist in the country who does not believe this and teach it to his students, and that is why I have represented this science as rifling the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. That is precisely what it is doing. That is what all the social sciences are doing, for that is the spirit of science. Civilization is founded on belief and respect and science means unbelief and disrespect.

V

Such is the issue between science and religion, and it is an issue of terrible gravity. I say this although I know that many Modernist theologians and many devout scientists affect to think otherwise. I think they are wrong and I think they know they are wrong and are just whistling a happy tune to keep up their courage in the face of a storm which, better than anybody else, they know is coming. Sincerity is a matter of degree, and by impugning the sincerity of those who talk of reconciling science and religion I do not mean to charge everyone with the same degree and kind of affectation. No doubt Roger Bacon and Copernicus were quite sincere and truthful in protesting that they did not intend to disavow Christianity themselves nor to lead others away from it; but their piety ends there. Obviously neither was an utterly devout man. If he had been, he would have burned his books and smashed his instruments and spent the balance of his life in prayer and fasting rather than run the slightest risk of offending Omnipotent Power. He would have said not that science is all right if you treat it right, but that it were better for science never to have been conceived and for the human race to remain always in that state of ignorance in which God created it than that one single soul should be exposed to the risks of doubt and damnation. They did not take this line, and therefore I say that their piety was to that degree disingenuous.

In some cases, no doubt, what appears to be obscurantism on the part of scientists is nothing more than a vague respectability. Darwin was certainly not a devout Christian. At all events, the Bishop of Oxford did not think he was. Nevertheless, in contrast to Huxley, who was a fighting agnostic, Darwin rather went out of his way to square evolution with the belief in a divine creator. Why? In my opinion this was a matter of style, temperament, and position. The author of *The Origin of Species* was a man of means, a gentleman and a social conservative; he was a middle-aged man and a semi-invalid; the sort of man, in short, who goes to church on principle without thinking much on what principle he goes.

Probably there are many like him to-day among the gray-haired physicists who are giving such an ecclesiastical turn to contemporary science. For the most part they don't mean anything in particular by their statements that science has given up determinism, or materialism, or some other nineteenth-century bogy. But in some cases they do. In some cases they are quite deliberately keeping a weather eye on Tennessee and the endowment.

I do not mean to speak harshly. Deliberate deceit as ill becomes a scientist as it does a priest, yet any man may be pardoned for shrinking from the consequences of the essential incompatibility of science and religion. For there is no choice to be made between the two. Civilization has always centered in a church and rested on the foundation of religion, and we have no notion how it might be organized in any other way. This would seem to indicate that we must choose the way of our forefathers from time immemorial. But can such a choice be made? I think not. It is too late, now, for that. Come what may, our civilization is now committed utterly to science.

What may science be expected to do for us? Mr. Ayres will discuss this next month.

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These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article that has appeared in The Forum or any topic of contemporary interest. Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part. An award of twenty dollars will be given each month to the correspondent who, in the opinion of the Editor, has contributed the best letter.

The Beard Plan

At the time of the publication of Charles A. Beard's Plan, the Editor invited the leading business men of the country to study Professor Beard's proposals and criticize them. Appeals were made by letter and, in some cases, by direct contact, for an expression of opinion that would show the country where its captains of industry stood on the question of national planning.

The response demonstrated once more that the majority of our business leaders are now less concerned with leading than with playing safe. Most of them refused to commit themselves one way or the other, pleading lack of time to study the plan adequately or the urgency of an immediate trip to Europe, upon return from which they vaguely hoped to find an opportunity to consider the question of America's future.

One of the most prominent and most generally respected of our industrial leaders, however, discussed the Plan at some length in a confidential letter to the Editor. He found Professor Beard's basic proposition unassailable; namely, that as technology advances the area of the plan zone of activity must be enlarged. But he thought it more practicable to approach unification by building up from the bottom instead of down from the top, as Professor Beard proposed. As a means of achieving this, he suggested that a start be made by compelling certain industries, best adapted to the purpose and most essential to the public interest, to organize themselves, each immediately to survey its field, work out its plan of production and distribution, and assume responsibility for such a number of employees as would be required for its normal output. Through these organized units, in the end, an industrial council for the nation would develop. The result would be somewhat the same as that suggested by Professor Beard, but it would be achieved gradually and with a minimum of disturbance.

Professor F. W. Taussig, of the Department of Economics of Harvard University, found little of value in Professor Beard's suggestions. "It is interesting, as everyone would have confidence to expect," he wrote, "and it proceeds on lines which many people are following in their thoughts on the present economic situation. But I am sorry to say that the Plan seems to me hopelessly impracticable."

Mr. L. C. Reynolds, of the American Writing Paper Company, who made some proposals of his own at the Atlantic City meeting of the National Chamber of Commerce recently, had this to say of Professor Beard's:

"Mr. Beard's plan of a National Council with Boards of Planning for each artificial division of industry, appointed from the top down and subject to the Council and being governmental, would not be different in effect from what we now see in Russia. However, Boards of Planning for each present trade group, created from within and appointed and dismissed by the members of that group, and a National Council elected by and subject to the Boards of Planning or Trade Associations, would involve no change in our corporate financial structures, no bureaucratic power, nor elimination of competition between companies, but will necessitate enabling legislation and altering of some phases and interpretations of the present Trust Laws."

Arthur D. Little, President of the chemical engineering corporation which bears his name, wrote to the Editor: "I am very definitely convinced that we can hope for no permanent release from the recurrence of the industrial inhibitions from which, with their distressing consequences, we are now suffering, until our business men develop and put in force some agency for the intelligent and comprehensive planning of the course of industry as a whole. The problems involved, however, are so many and so intricate that a vast amount of study is required before any basis for action can be established. While, therefore, I am quite prepared to accept Mr. Beard's suggestion for a National Economic Council to study these problems, I am not ready at this time to go farther with him along the lines he has laid down."

Bruce Barton remarked: "I don't feel competent to pass judgment on Mr. Beard's plan, but that America ought to have some sort of program, and that it ought to be something quite courageously different from what we have had, must be evident to every thinking man."

Arthur H. Thomas, President of the Arthur H. Thomas Company of Philadelphia, thought highly of the proposals set forth by Professor Beard. "Something like the Beard Plan will, I think, eventually come to pass in the U. S., "he wrote, "Whether it will be the result of conscious effort aroused and organized now as Dr. Beard recommends, or the natural but slow outcome of bitter experience, is the question. Beard is far ahead of any of the other planners, and the publication of his Plan in THE FORUM will certainly be rated as a contribution of the first order, for which I hope both author and editor will receive great credit."

No Elaborate Plan Needed

To the Editor:

Two years of drifting from bad to worse without a plan should convince a majority of our people that the formulation of a constructive plan has been delayed too long. People out of employment who are in want, those who have had their wages reduced, those who are living in fear of los-

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Wanted — Budgets That Work

Maybe you have lots of money, or just enough, or very little — but, no matter what the amount is, you at least have ideas as to how money should be spent in order to bring you the greatest ultimate satisfaction. On page seventy-eight of this issue, THE FORUM announces a prize contest which will provide an opportunity for you to set down those ideas in black and white, and, if they should prove to be better than the ones submitted by other people, to earn part of the wherewithal to put one or two of them into effect. The prizes are $250 for the best paper, $150 for the runner-up, and $100 for the third choice.

The purpose of this contest is not to show how far a penny can be stretched or a dollar squeezed. We want you to tell us how you make the most of what you have — a far larger objective, and one in which bargain prices and comparative shopping play no part. Your conception of happiness enters into the discussion, as do the relative values which you place on those various things which go to make up that happiness. The problem is one of setting your house in order, separating the better from the worse, essentials from non-essentials — in short, planning your life by means of your pocketbook.

The contest closes at midnight, September 1, 1931; the rules will be found on the announcement page.

Our Rostrum

ing their jobs, and those whose incomes have been severely reduced or stopped are not likely to be as unconcerned as those who have not felt the pinch of poverty or the threat of hardships to come. There will be a plan and the only question is, which element in our nation will bring it forth.

It is unlikely that the vast resources and wealth in this country will be permitted to mock those who are hungry, without shelter or adequate clothing during the coming winter, without serious consequences. The American people are docile and exceedingly patient, but when they lose faith in those whom they have accepted as leaders, they are likely to strike out for themselves. The signs pointing the way to prosperity around the corner have been destroyed so often during the past two years that the people are beginning to believe that those who have assured them from time to time that it is in sight are either following a mirage or deliberately deceiving them.

The cost of the World War has placed an awful burden upon humanity but the present commercial conflicts between nations and the rule or ruin policy being pursued by certain individuals within their own countries are taking a far greater toll.

Ruthless competition is forcing prices down below the cost of production. Idle men and women anxious to secure work and food offer their services at reduced wages, so competition in all walks of life is undermining our economic structure and putting in jeopardy the lives, liberty, and happiness of the multitude. It is a function of government to protect the lives, liberty, and happiness of its people, and a plan by which that may be accomplished in this country is not only desirable but essential.

Profitable operation in the production of all products alone can restore prosperity. Every citizen should realize that unless they are willing to pay, for the things they buy, a price sufficiently high to enable our farming and other industries to provide work for our people at a rate of wages which will preserve the American standards of living, nearly everyone will ultimately pay a penalty far greater than any temporary saving they may make now by buying at prices below the cost of production. An additional expenditure of only fourteen cents per day by each of our 122,000,000 population would increase the earnings of our industries $6,234,200,000 annually — a sum which would provide decent living conditions for more than 5,000,000 people and restore their buying power.

There is no need for an elaborate plan such as Professor Beard proposes. The problems confronting the American people can be readily solved because we have

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the resources and wealth in this country to provide enough income for all. If we curtail our production to meet the requirements of our own people and allocate production equitably between producers, and if everyone pays a small premium for American products to cover the cost of their production and a fair return upon vested capital, there would be no unemployed and no one would be without adequate funds.

Distribution must be regulated on a sound economic basis; therefore coöperation between competitors under proper legal safeguards should be encouraged by our government. Excess capacities result in subnormal production by most members of an industry and increase the unit costs of each; therefore consolidations which will permit the closing of some plants and full capacity operations of the remainder would reduce production costs, insure continuous employment to labor, and preserve capital investments without penalizing the public.

It is pretty generally agreed that the Smoot-Hawley tariff law should be revised in part, at least, and it would seem desirable that our business and agricultural interests agree upon the items which should be considered by Congress. A general revision is not desirable because it induces log-rolling and unsatisfactory compromises.

The banks are carrying many millions of frozen loans and in order to maintain a liquid position they carry large cash reserves and loans against securities which can be quickly sold for cash; therefore there is a tightening of ordinary business credits. The Federal Reserve System cannot correct this situation; therefore it would seem to be desirable to authorize the issue of Clearing House certificates, or some other form of acceptable tender against sound frozen loans to protect the liquidity of the banks and release funds for commercial use.

To summarize my views:

1. Prohibit unfair competition and make it a punishable offense to sell products above or below cost plus a fair profit, except under bankruptcy proceedings or forced liquidation by creditors.

2. Require industries to formulate plans to insure economic methods of distribution by allocating sales quotas and territories in accordance with freight structures, both subject to governmental approval.

3. Merge companies into several groups in each industry in accordance with their geographic position in order to insure equally strong competitive units.

4. Merged companies to close down sufficient plants to enable full capacity operation of the others in their group in order to reduce production costs and insure continuous employment of labor.

5. Revise our tariff law by considering only a limited number of items as indications point to the need for adjustments and in order to avoid log-rolling by members of Congress, as occurs when Congress considers every item in a general revision.

6. Issue Clearing House certificates, or some other form of currency, against sound frozen loans in order to maintain liquidity of banks without hoarding existing funds which should be available for business needs.

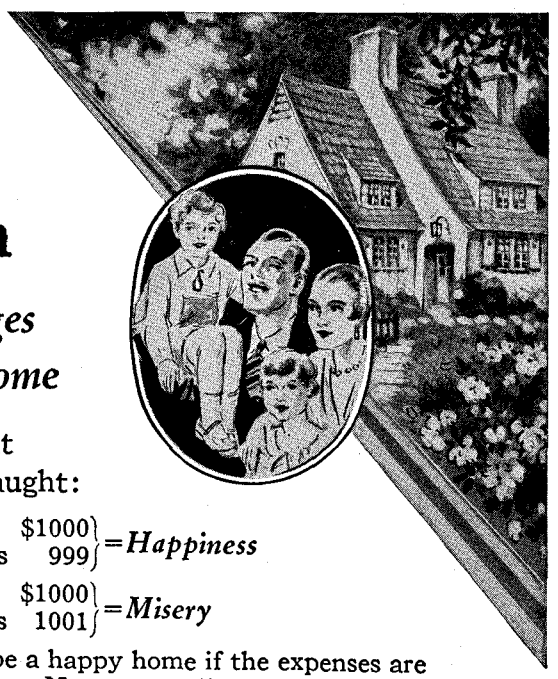
RUDOLPH SPRECKELS

Senator Couzens Comments

To the Editor:

Undoubtedly Mr. Beard has given a great deal of thought to this plan and the article discloses a fund of information which he has accumulated. Whether or not, however, such an elaborate plan can be accomplished in "Five Years" is doubtful. No one, however, should criticize the plan unless he has a substitute and it is very questionable whether anyone has yet appeared with a substitute. We have been and are still being told to rely on our "rugged individualism" and how long it will take to overcome that and get industry to approve of a "national economic council" under the authorization of Congress is a question.

It seems that Mr. Beard relies considerably for his plan in adopting methods by holding companies "illuminated by imagination." That seems to be the "hitch" in the plan.



Every Woman

Who Manages Her Own Home

appreciates what Ben Franklin taught:

Income $1000 / Expenses 999 = *Happiness*

Income $1000 / Expenses 1001 = *Misery*

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Our Rostrum

In Mr. Beard's article, there are many examples of where success has been made or undertakings started to accomplish what he desires in individual industries, but I doubt whether the results can be obtained collectively.

Being one of the nation's legislators, it would not be a part of wisdom for me to judge the plan prior to its presentation to Congress and before all interested parties are given an opportunity to be heard. It is my observation that investigations and hearings held by Congress frequently change the minds of legislators and, therefore, it is only just to the country as a whole that all angles of such a proposal be presented to Congress before legislators reach a final conclusion. It is not the part of good legislation to have members of Congress approach a subject with their minds already made up.

JAMES COUZENS
Chairman, Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce

Religious Publicity in the Good, Old Days

To the Editor:

If, as Robert Neville says in his "Prima Donnas of the Pulpit," in the June FORUM, "the time can be recalled by living men when the virus of publicity had not bitten the average priest, rector, or divine," it is because age has dimmed their memories or because the glamour of the good, old days is too strong. For neither the reporting of sermons by metropolitan dailies nor the battle by ministers for space in the newspaper for their Sunday homilies is in its swaddling clothes. Both are, on the contrary, American practices hoary with nearly a century of age.

It was the colorful James Gordon Bennett, the elder, who nursed religious news into a press which heretofore had regarded such copy as fit only for the church publications. Already anathema to the respectable people of New York because of its reporting of police court news, the activities of Wall Street sharpers, and other types of sensational copy, The *New York Herald*, Bennett's paper, brought down further imprecations on its head when it decided that organized religion was news deserving a place in the press.

When the 1839 religious anniversary meetings were held in New York, Bennett decided that they should be covered in all the color that was theirs in an age when religion was one of the passions of the country. Upon the appearance of the stories of these gatherings in the *Herald*, a barrage of criticism and abuse, not only from the pulpit but from the public platform and from the editorial columns of other New York newspapers, was directed against Bennett. The religious press and the clergy felt that their prerogatives were being stolen, while the old-class, six-penny papers regarded such items as profaning the sanctity of religion.

But Bennett continued to print the real news of religion and the churches whenever he could get it. With the publication of such news, attendance at religious meetings increased, and with it the silver on the collection plates. Gradually the opposition of the ministers dried up, and the other New York newspapers, seeing the light, followed Bennett's lead and entered the competition. It was not long until New York editors were besieged with both clergy and laymen who asked that the papers publish the preceding Sunday's sermons, or who complained bitterly that they had not received equal consideration in comparison with other religious rivals.

Following in the footsteps of Bennett, dailies of other leading American cities took up the reporting of sermons and other clerical happenings, and soon scarcely a metropolitan paper of importance was neglecting this field of news. If Mr. Neville's article creates the impression that there is anything very modern in religious news in the secular metropolitan press, it would be a pity thus to reflect upon the ingenuity and enterprise of both clergy and editors of nearly a century ago.

A. L. HIGGINBOTHAM
Reno, Nev.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: — *The Forum's monthly Rostrum prize of twenty dollars has been awarded to Mr. Higginbotham for his interesting and pertinent comment on Mr. Neville's article.*]

When We Both Ate and Drank

To the Editor:

Mr. Sherwin's "Food for the Eye," in the June FORUM, causes me to resurrect from my files a copy of a menu for a "Complimentary Dinner to the Democratic members of the present House of Representatives, given by Hon. Fernando Wood, of New York, at Welcker's, 424 Fifteenth Street, Washington, February 28, 1869." It is a truly formidable layout, and one wonders how any of the diners survived. It follows in detail.

Huitres — (Chablis); *Potages — Purée de Gibier. Consommé à la Régence.* (Garver Sherry); *Hors D'oeuvres — Rissoles à la Pompadour; Poisson — Saumon au Bleu. Pommes à la Duchesse.* (Liebfraumilch); *Releves — Filet de Boeuf piqué, Sauce Madere.* Philadelphia Capon, *braise, à la Godard; Entrées — Ris de Veau à la Saint-Cloud. Timbales de Macaroni à la Parisienne.* (Chateau Leoville); *Entremets — Haricots verts. Petit Pois. Fonds Artichauts farci à la Lyonnaise. Asperges; Pâté Fois Gras en Bellevue; Rotis — Cailles au Cresson.* Canvasback Ducks. (Clos Vougeot); *Sucres — Pouding de Cabinet au Sabayon. Charlotte Russe. Gelée Vin Madere, Macedoine de Fruits. Blanc Manger, Pyramides de Savarins. Glaces. Fruits et Dessert.*

This is about five times the quantity of viands laid before a guest at such affairs nowadays, with the drinks left out besides. It is, of course, a change for the better.

DON C. SEITZ
New York, N. Y.

Sprees — An American Outlet

To the Editor:

Now that Miss Doty, in her "The Legion on a Spree," has spanked the American Legion, may I venture to explain to her why a Legionnaire is as he is? The Legion has three characteristics. It is an organization of men who are all of the same age group and who have all had the same experiences. This is, I believe, true of no other large organization. Furthermore, there are no ranks, class distinctions, or big shots. Reception lines and introduction committees are superfluous. I know everyone from the generals down. I like them, and they see no flaws in me. So much for the *esprit de corps*.

A periodic spree is an American trait. A convention is a convenient means of doing this collectively, so why not all go on a spree at the same time and get it over with? Whether we are Elks, postmasters, or delegates to select Presidential nominees — we must have our spree. The only difference with attendants at Legion conventions is that they have their good time on a large scale and openly. The one sin of which they are guiltless is hypocrisy.

E. H. QUANDT, M.D.
Rockford, Ill.

The Habit of Happiness

To the Editor:

I read with increasing interest Donald Rose's "Useless ABC's," in the June FORUM. Being a school teacher myself, I nodded with approval at certain points, but found myself, on the whole, unable to agree with his general attitude. Probably the most disturbing paragraph in the article was that discussing the deficiencies of education. According to Mr. Rose, our educational program has failed to establish the habit of happiness. To rank happiness as a habit, in the first place, strikes me as being a particularly quaint idea, and for him to relegate this happiness-habit-formation as a job for the public schools is simply ridiculous. I wonder if he has any plans as to how the habit should be born, nurtured, and matured. Perhaps it begins with tearing up the arithmetic texts.

MARGARET E. TINSLEY
Mishawaka, Ind.

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TRAVEL

Hither and Yon — Aloft

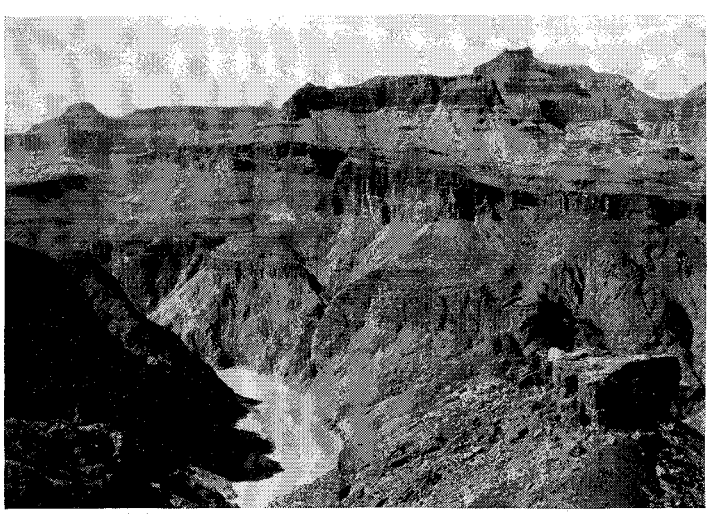
by **WIRT W. BARNITZ**

My experience of setting aside a month for seeing northeastern Mexico and Mexico City and discovering that by flying I could gain enough surplus time to visit the Pacific Coast and points in the Southwest has made me realize the value for both business and pleasure of travel by air.

In the first place I had planned my trip to Mexico by water and rail. Someone, it happened, called my attention to the terrific saving of time by plane; and forthwith I recast my plans. I traveled by train on my way to Mexico only from New York to Cleveland, making the run overnight. Thence nine hours — think of it — to Tulsa, Oklahoma, and in Fort Worth, Texas, three hours later. This passenger plane jump was made via Chicago, Kansas City, Dallas, with the departure from Cleveland at nine and the arrival in Fort Worth at eight-fifteen that evening.

A thing that impressed me mightily was the majesty and great reach of the Mississippi as seen from the air. At an altitude of something more than two thousand feet one seems able to see the very sources of the river as it flows out of the dim distance to the north. Away to the south its silver ribbon trails off into endless space. In flying to Montreal from New York, the Hudson looms out of the distance in much the same way. After Kansas City I enjoyed one of the best meals served aboard an air liner. The steward had concocted a lunch of a salad, cold cuts, fruit, dessert, and coffee which, followed by the usual cigarette, proved so satisfying and soothing that, one after another, the passengers settled back into comfortably pillowed chairs of wicker and fell asleep.

With the tall buildings of Tulsa left behind, prairie gave way to Texas plain; and the next day America's largest ranches rolled by beneath. San Antonio and Corpus Christi and finally Brownsville punctuated a run of seven hours which began at Fort Worth at a little before ten in the morning and wound up at half-past four with enough daylight left for motoring over to Eagle Pass through the valley of the red grapefruit.



Ewing Galloway

Over the Grand Canyon

Unless one has flown over the highlands of northeastern and southern Mexico, he cannot possibly imagine their beauty and the wealth of picturesque life which they hold. Flat summits and flat-topped ridges yield pictures of peasant activities rare and unusual. Frequently little towns perch on truncated pinnacles, the tiny adobe houses of which stand out like the buildings of a toy village. At some points along this route the plane dips so low that upturned peon faces can be distinctly

He *didn't* count sheep jumping a fence

NO SIR! The guest we have in mind had his own cure for insomnia! He asked us to furnish a thermos bottle full of hot milk, so that he could have it by his bed, in case he woke up at night, take a drink ...and then get to sleep again! Thermos bottles and hot milk aren't part of the standard equipment of United Hotels... but we do have large, airy high-ceiling rooms, with a feeling of pleasant freedom... and the beds...well, if you've ever slept in one of our hotels you know how good they are! So there's very rarely occasion for insomnia at any of the 25 United Hotels listed below.

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TORONTO, ONT. ..... The King Edward
NIAGARA FALLS, ONT. ..... The Clifton
WINDSOR, ONT. ..... The Prince Edward
KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B.W.I. The Constant Spring

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seen, while the roar of the motors disturbs domestic animal life to the point of panic. Pigs, chickens, donkeys, and dogs dash madly about, mingling most amusingly with blanketed, huge-hatted natives.

When, just five and a half hours after taking off from Brownsville at a quarter past eight in the morning, the huge bulk of the Pyramid of the Sun loomed ahead, my first impression was decidedly Egyptian. But when the plane swopped down upon Mexico City, I felt as if I were descending upon some town in southwestern Europe. In a few brief hours our present-day magic carpet had whisked me over pyramids and white-walled towns, and to all intents and purposes I might have been looking down on the lower Valley of the Nile or upon Spain itself.

HAVING SPENT all of the time that I had planned for a visit to Mexico City, and finding myself back in Texas with the better part of two weeks of my allotted time still left, I continued on my time-saving progress via the route of the skyways.

Flying across Texas to El Paso, on a through plane from Atlanta, was to me the modern realization of staging it over the plains. Aloft in an air-bus, following for miles the way of the old Butterfield Trail, I watched the horizon for disk-dotted spaces which marked recently born oil towns. Suddenly out of the distance, instead of the tops of oil tanks appeared a brownish speck. This grew and grew until I took it for an accumulation of sagebrush rolling along in the wind. Upon closer approach I discovered it to be a myriad of sleek antelopes. As the plane dipped toward them, they suddenly stopped and, as if transfixed, looked steadily at the strange thing in the sky. When we drew near them, they turned tail and dashed off in the direction of the Guadaloupe Mountains.

Somewhat off to the north there was a cluster of hills over which the pilot flew low. In their shallow valleys I could clearly make out scantily clothed natives. For miles around the land is absolutely arid and the hills themselves support not even a blade of grass, yet there I looked down upon thriving humans and saw them in their nakedness as they gaped up in a sort of bovine way at the strange monster of the air.

When I alighted at El Paso I looked at my watch and discovered that, even with two stops en route, the greater part of Texas at its widest part had been crossed in just four hours! The lure of the Rio Grande and that quaint Mexican town of Juarez, together with the largest known cave close by at Carlsbad, caused me to pause at this delightful spot to catch my breath. At Phoenix I again stopped long enough to enjoy the experience of flying over the Grand Canyon and the Painted Desert, the former a marvel of color when viewed at earth level but a miracle of gorgeous grandeur when seen from aloft.

Had I remained aboard the plane on which I left El Paso at eleven, I could have been in Los Angeles before seven that evening. As it was, I made the jump from Phoenix to the Coast with an hour and twenty minutes lopped off the regular flying time due to excellent piloting and a stiff tail-wind.

Finding that some friends I had hoped to meet in Los Angeles had not yet arrived, I left on the nine-thirty ship next morning and was in San Francisco a little after twelve-thirty. It was now that I was to learn the extremely great value of air transportation. No sooner had I got settled at my hotel than my plans were suddenly changed by a telegram which urged me to come to Chicago immediately. Next morning at eight I was aboard an east-bound plane, and the morning after that I found myself in Chicago a little before six o'clock. Had it not been for air transport, some very important business would have slipped through my fingers. As it was, I not only had the satisfaction of successfully putting it through, but also of being able to spend several days with my friends in Los Angeles.

I LEFT the airport east of Oakland by the morning plane and was enchanted all day long by the grandeur of the mountain scenery. Velvety hills rolled rapidly away beneath, and in the first half-hour there was much to remind one of the panorama that unrolls on the flight from New York to Boston. Ridge and valley and ridge again, and finally those solitary fastnesses of the Sierra Nevada began to appear. It was the first bright day after a week of bad weather, and the warmth of the sun brought forth into the open spaces animals of every description. On the white floor of one valley many small animals scurried about, while against the snowy background of another a herd of what I took to be deer ran along. Not far from Reno a patch of gray became, as we descended upon it, a pack of timber wolves.

About two-thirty the spires of the Mormon Tabernacle in Salt Lake City came into sight, and there the first stop of any length was made. From then on to Rock Springs more marvelous mountain scenery unfurled itself; a peak dominated the northern horizon — very likely old Fremont. Finally another white valley, long and narrow with a dark object at its farthest end. We flew so low that we could easily recognize a bear which had come out of hibernation much ahead of time. Down and a bit nearer and we could see it rising on its hind legs, throwing its fore-legs up and out, a picture of an old Southern mammy in that oh-Lord attitude.

Long before Cheyenne darkness fell and the rest of the way lingers in my memory as a succession of beacons, a glimmering village here and there, and every once in a while a brief landing. At Omaha I was wide awake and scrambled out of the plane to stretch my legs. At Cedar Rapids I again took a walk. Had I not stopped at Chicago, I would have been in New York at the end of thirty-one hours after leaving the Coast.

On the return trip the Rockies were covered in darkness by the time we really got into them; but so thoroughly tired out was I that I slept soundly until I was called a few minutes before the waiting airport east of Oakland. In fact, I was half asleep when a porter hustled me into a motor that sped me to a good breakfast in Oakland and on to Alameda where I took the southbound plane.

Soaring over California is a rare flying experience which yields every conceivable sort of landscape. Lovely valleys with their wealth of orchards; spaces bristling with oil derricks; and, after the mountains just north of Los Angeles, well-ordered orange and lemon groves.

But for scenic variety the flight eastward is a close rival. After the amazingly beautiful garden country which extends from the sea to the mountains, there comes the appalling contrast of barren desert. On through Kingman, Arizona, and Holbrook to Albuquerque, New Mexico, and Amarillo, Texas, stretches this arid waste. Pink and delicately purple buttes and fragments of mesa rise in fantastic forms from the sandy floor; and, with the changing light as the day wears on, the whole gamut of pastel shades plays over the face of the desert.

Then plains give way to the rolling prairies of Oklahoma and Kansas, and many little towns spring into being. Night comes on apace; Wichita is passed, and promptly at eight — precisely at the moment set down on the schedule — we arrive at Kansas City, just thirteen hours after leaving the Coast. Excellent food well served, the polite attendance of a thoughtful steward, and the splendid comfort of a de luxe plane have all contributed toward making the time of flight seem but a brief interval.

A few more hours on the wings of the wind and I was back in New York, thoroughly sold on travel by air and entirely convinced that at last the magic carpet had become an actual means of transportation. Whether one is intent on business or pleasure, on getting to one's destination or sight-seeing along the way, the airplane is the most convenient and the quickest method. It is, without a doubt, the solution of travel.

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Travel News

HORSE RACING IN ITALY

WINDOWS and balconies around the Piazza del Campo in Siena are being prepared to accommodate the throngs of tourists who are coming to see the famous annual Palio races to be held there on August 16 The square below is reserved for the natives of the city and the surrounding countryside who, dressed in authentic medieval costumes, pray and cheer for their favorites. Ten horses and riders, representing the ten different districts of Siena, compete. According to legend, the district whose horse wins will be especially avored by fortune, during the coming year, with the most abundant crops. Naturally, every district considers it to be of the utmost importance for its entry to win. Feeling runs high, and the cheering at times reaches a religious fervor. The Palio races are unique in that they are conducted to-day exactly as they were in the seventeenth century.

STOCKHOLM'S ROYAL OPERA

THE Royal Opera, founded by King Gustaf III in 1773, will begin its season in Stockholm on August 8. Its great popularity is due largely to the intelligent variety in the programs offered. This year's selection of classic and modern operas, judiciously chosen by John Forsell, the director, is typical. Aside from operas by Wagner, Puccini, Gounod, Bizet, Boito, Mozart, and Charpentier, several new presentations are scheduled: the Italian composer Montemezzi's work, "*La Notte di Zoraima*," "*L'illustre Fregona*," a Spanish-French opera by Raoul Laparras which has been acclaimed on the continent, and a modernistic piece, "Palestrina," by the German, Hans Pfitzner. Tchaikowski's "Queen of Spades" will also be offered. The Royal Opera boasts forty solo artists — many of whom have appeared with success on foreign stages, a chorus, numbering about sixty, and an orchestra of seventy. In addition, there are internationally famous orchestra leaders, accomplished scenic instructors, and a well-trained ballet corps.

CRUISING IN THE FAR EAST

THE itineraries of two round-the-world cruises, scheduled for 1932, offer splendid opportunities to see many places in the Far East seldom visited on one trip. The *Resolute* of the Hamburg-American Line will sail from New York on January 6, followed three days later by the *Franconia* of the Cunard Line. Both ships will make the customary calls at ports in the Mediterranean and the Aegean. After two days in the Holy Land, the cruises will proceed to Egypt and thence to India. The *Resolute*, however, will make a special stop at Djibouti in French Somaliland. India, always fascinating with its many contrasts of poverty and wealth, is especially interesting just now because of the struggle of Indian nationalism under Gandhi against the drift of Western example. It is hard to understand the tenacity with which India clings to its outmoded civilization until one has been there and sensed the tremendous power exercised over the Hindus by the traditions of their ancient culture. See the worshipers flocking into the mosques and temples at Delhi, Agra, and Fatehpur-Sikri; see the fakirs before the roadside shrines attempting, by self-inflicted torture to earn a reward in the hereafter; see the masses of pilgrims surging over the bathing ghats at Benares to cleanse themselves of unholiness in the River Ganges; see all these and then realize why it is so difficult to change the order of things in India. From India the two cruises will go to Ceylon where automobile trips may be taken in and around Colombo, Mt. Lavinia, Kandy, with its famous Temple of the Tooth, and Peradeniya, noted for one of the most beautiful botanical gardens in the world. Next on the itinerary are Penang, on Prince of Wales Island, Malacca, Singapore, and Johore Bharu. In Siam, now an up-and-coming country under the intelligent leadership of King Prajadhipok, one may travel by train from Paknam to Bangkok. There the Grand Palace, the snake park, and several elaborately carved temples, replete with fearsome gods, devout priests, and graceful dancers, are located. The *Franconia's* stop at Saigon in French Indo-China will give travelers a chance to see many of the marvelous buildings which have been reproduced so cleverly at the French Colonial Exposition. Both cruises will make calls at important seaports in Java, Bali, the Philippines, Formosa, China, and Korea, and will arrive in Japan just in time for the annual cherry dance at Kyoto. After visiting Honolulu and Los Angeles, the *Resolute* and the *Franconia* will pass through the Panama Canal on the way to Havana, and from there proceed to New York.

SCENIC NEW ZEALAND

AN ideal tour of the land of the Maoris is offered by the new service of the Matson and Lassco Lines. Passengers will have a fortnight, between their arrival in New Zealand and the departure of a northbound liner for America, to review the outstanding attractions of both North and South Islands. Such a tour will include visits to Auckland, Wellington, Christchurch, Dunedin, and the Maori villages around Rotorua in the thermal belt, a vividly colored region of natural wonders. An island dominion larger than Great Britain, New Zealand is infinitely varied in its scenery. Snow-clad peaks and pastoral meadows, geysers and glaciers — they are all here, and not too far from each other. Maori villages are here, with their carved *tohares*, and travelers are greeted by the stalwart, intelligent natives whose ancestors Captain Cook hailed in 1769 as the finest of aborigines. Incoming ships arrive at the landlocked harbor of Auckland on North Island; South Island is reached by ferry.

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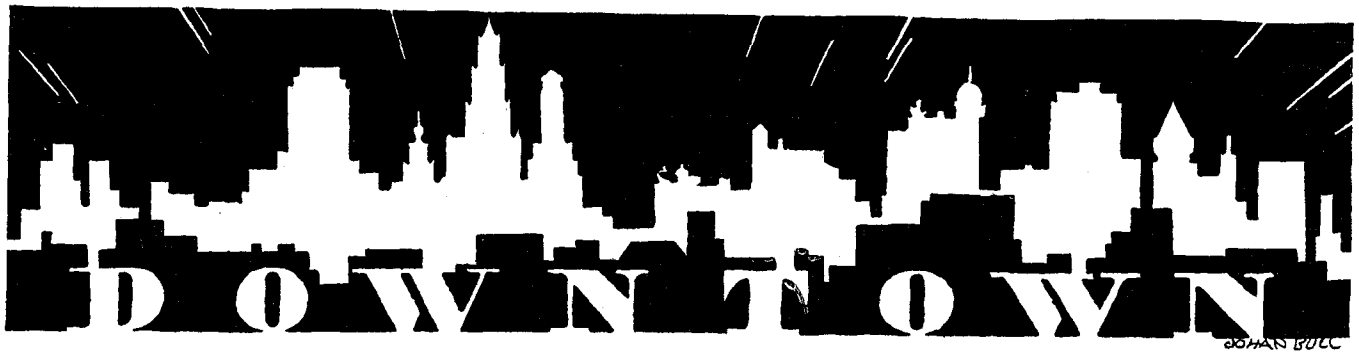

Bonds — For Appreciation

by **DONALD REA HANSON**

ORDINARILY bonds are purchased with a view to securing the maximum degree of safety for the principal at risk, and also to assure a steady income return. Investments in stocks more often are made with an eye to appreciation in the value of the equity, on the assumption that the long term trend of well-managed and basic American industries is in the direction of steady expansion. Some of the weaknesses in this assumption have been strikingly displayed in the course of events of the past two years, but it still remains to be disproved that the growth factor of basic industries in this country has diminished.

A situation has arisen this year, however, where it has been possible to buy bonds with a view to appreciation in the principal invested, with a fair degree of assurance that income return will be consistent and that a reasonable degree of safety may be obtained. Only in periods of extreme depression have such situations arisen in the past, and these have been comparatively rare. The situation to which we refer is the remarkable decline in second grade bonds, or junior liens, which coincided with the heavy decline in the stock market during the first half of 1931.

To obtain a better perspective it is necessary to examine the train of circumstances which preceded the general decline in the bond market of the past year. Following the crash in stocks in the autumn of 1929 the attitude of investors toward securities of all descriptions became highly discriminatory. Capital was timid. It sought those investments in which safety of the principal at risk was above suspicion. Prime securities reflected this situation by maintaining a comparatively steady price level. But those securities in which the risk factor was a consideration tended to decline. By the spring of 1930 the investing public began to sense the impending depression, notwithstanding assurances from men in high places in this country that all was well and that only a recession in business activity, rather than a depression, was at hand. Industrial bonds were among the first to decline. By the early autumn foreign bonds were slumping sharply, indicating nervousness concerning the revolutions in Argentina and Brazil and economic disturbances in Central Europe.

High grade bonds failed to reflect any material uncertainty until the close of the year, and then they dropped sharply. Declining earnings of corporations began to be reflected in high grade bonds, particularly in railroad issues. Many of these bonds were legal investments for savings banks, and fears began to be expressed whether their earning power could be sustained to a degree where this legality could be maintained. Among other factors contributing to the decline in senior liens at this time was the temporary withdrawal of life insurance companies from the bond market in order to meet the demand for loans from policyholders. This demand for loans arose as a result of widespread unemployment and partly because those who had losses in the stock market showed a tendency to borrow on their policies. At the same time scores of banks in the east, south, and middle west failed, which led to some selling of bonds that they were carrying for investment, and finally even a number of the strongest banks in the country began selling in order to increase their liquidity at a time when confidence was unsettled and when some banks were experiencing embarrassing runs.

Happily, this break in prime bonds was very brief. By the middle of January most of these issues had recovered all of the ground lost in December and, as the spring of 1931 advanced, high grade bonds rose steadily. Extremely easy money conditions, due to the Federal Reserve cheap money policy, served to strengthen the demand for choice issues; and abnormally low interest rates on deposits, together with abnormally low interest rates on short term obligations, finally drove prime issues up to the highest prices in many years. Atchison general 4s, maturing in 1995 — one of the highest grade railroad bonds on the market, and an issue that may be regarded as the bellwether of its class — dropped from 99 in October, 1930, to 94; but by the spring of 1931 they were above par for the first time since 1910. Of all the first-class bonds only the United States Government issues failed to participate in the December break; and they were strongest in the ensuing rally.

SECOND GRADE BONDS

MEANWHILE the market for second grade bonds was going from bad to worse. They proved extremely sensitive to unfavorable earnings statements of the issuing corporations in the first quarter of this year, just as the stock market did. Collateral trust bonds declined in sympathy with the stock market slump, which reduced the value of the collateral back of such issues. Defaults upon interest payments by Bolivia and Peru, and threats of defaults by Australia, broke the back of the foreign bond market. Junior liens of railroads fell to 50 or 60 per cent of par in many instances, and the revelation that some industrial corporations were having difficulty earning their fixed charges brought about corresponding reductions in prices in this group.

About the first of June a situation was presented where high grade bonds were selling on an average yield basis of 4¼ per cent or less, while many second grade bonds were offering a direct interest yield of 7 to 10 per cent, making no allowance for the enhancement to yield that arises when such issues are redeemed at 100 per cent of par. Normally the spread between first grade and second grade issues is rarely more than one or two percentage points.

This, then, was the opportunity that was presented to investors who were able to size up the risks involved in an individual issue and were willing to assume those risks. For some reason, not altogether clear, the American investor will throw up his hands and simulate horror when investment in a second grade bond

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Downtown

is suggested, implying that when it comes to bonds he wants nothing but the safest issues. Yet any bond salesman will tell you that this same investor usually will not hesitate to risk his money in a common stock investment; sometimes he will assume the most ridiculous risks on the basis of a tip. Perhaps this is due to lack of familiarity with bonds as speculations or investments. Perhaps it is because the listed bond market is not exploited as much as the stock market in the news. Furthermore, in many instances, a bond house that has brought out a given issue often loses interest in that issue after it is listed. Its efforts are directed more to the sale of new issues.

In weighing the merits of a high yield bond, comparisons can best be made with investment stocks. Here is a typical bond issue of a railroad, for instance, selling around 60, bearing a 5½ per cent coupon rate, and maturing in about 40 years. Under normal conditions the total interest charges of the carrier are earned twice over. It has paid dividends on its preferred stock for several years, but has been obliged to pass this dividend, due to the low earning power in the depression. The direct interest return is over 9 per cent. Two or three years ago this bond was selling well above par. It is not inconceivable that a recovery to par may follow a revival of prosperous times again, in which event there would be an appreciation in the value of this bond of 66 per cent. For American Telephone stock to show an equivalent appreciation it would have to rise to about 300, United States Steel to about 150, and Consolidated Gas of New York to about the same price. Meanwhile, none of these stocks currently yields as much as does this bond.

Another instance is the 5 per cent debenture of a large public utility, which also has important interests in the petroleum industry. At one time this bond sold at 57¼, yielding 8¾ per cent. Similar bonds of the same company sold between 90 and 100 two years ago. The company has always covered its interest charges by a wide margin of safety and probably will earn them twice over this year. Normal appreciation in this issue might well be 66 per cent, or as much as would be necessary to carry American Can up to 166, or Allied Chemical up to 170. Such prices for these stocks would represent bull market levels in many instances.

As this is written bonds, paying 4½ to 6 per cent, of such corporations as Chicago & North western; Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific; Erie; Illinois Central; Missouri Pacific; Nickel Plate; New York, New Haven & Hartford, and Wabash are selling at 60 to 75 per cent of parity, yielding 5½ to 9 per cent direct return. Bonds of such corporations as Associated Gas & Electric, Cities Service, Dodge

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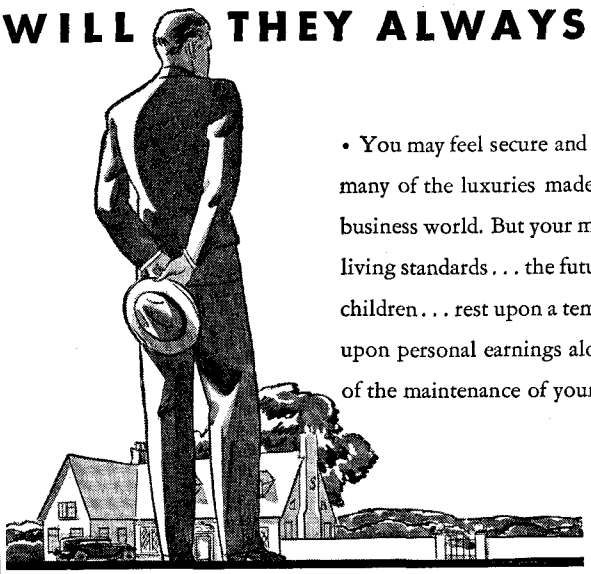

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BONDS TO FIT THE INVESTOR

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Bros., Goodrich, International Hydro Electric System, International Telephone, Paramount Publix, Pure Oil, Republic Steel, and United States Rubber are selling to yield 6 to 12 per cent, offering possibilities of appreciation ranging from 35 to 100 per cent to par.

Curiously, the highest yield is in a bond of a company whose net quick assets alone were well in excess of its funded debt. Similarly bonds of the Argentine, Australian, Chilean, German, and Uruguayan Governments are also selling from 48 to 62 per cent of parity, to yield 8 to 12 per cent. None of these responsible governments has repudiated its obligations. It is doubtful whether they will fail to make good on their external obligations even temporarily, allowing for the serious economic conditions abroad. But, if they should, there is still a reasonable probability that investors at these prices may salvage their investment with something to spare, in the event that refunding operations are undertaken in the future. This was the case in the nineties and again in 1915, when several South American countries temporarily suspended payments. Evidently foreigners think well of their own bonds. They bought back $500,000,000 of them in American markets last year.

THE RISKS

THERE is no intention here to minimize the risks. Risks are inevitable in dealing in high-yielding securities. The name of the issuing corporation or government is not always the first consideration. A bond of a second grade railroad might prove to be a good investment at 70, and a Liberty bond might be regarded as a radical speculation at 200. The price makes a great deal of difference.

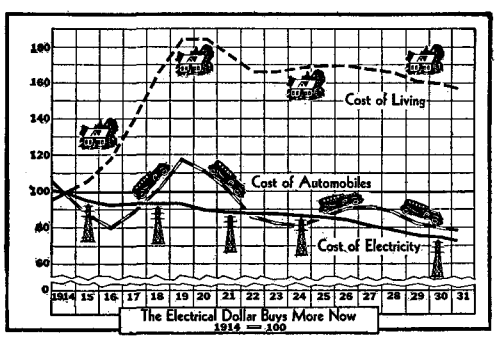
If there is a risk that an individual corporation may go into receivership, one can probably insure safety by diversification. If indeed *all* of these low-priced corporation issues are to default, then the entire economic structure would probably be in such a precarious position that equally large losses might be sustained in first grade issues. Needless to say, no such dire contingencies need be considered. If there is a risk of inflation, then second grade issues will suffer no more than high grade issues. That, too, is not in near term prospect, despite our unbalanced budget, soaring municipal expenditures, cheap money rates, and huge gold reserves.

Banking authorities are in agreement that a necessary prerequisite for recovery in industrial and commercial activity in this country is the restoration of a strong bond market. That applies with especial emphasis to second grade bonds. A corporation whose outstanding obligations are selling on a 7 per cent yield basis, in a 2 per cent money market, is not in a position to finance new issues economically. The price of new issues is largely governed by the price of outstanding issues. Not all corporations enjoy such credit strength that their bonds will rank with high grade issues. In fact, those that need working capital most are usually those of inferior financial rating.

Recovery in second grade bonds is necessary if our industries are to plan for the future, replace new machinery with old, modernize plants, and go ahead generally. Pursuing this line of reasoning suggests that not only is it likely to prove profitable to invest in bonds while they are low, but purchases are likely to have a salutary effect on business as a whole, to the extent of the support rendered by the average investor. The automobile market provides a parallel. The sale of a new car usually depends upon the retail distributor's ability to take an old one in exchange. To a great extent the sale of a new bond often depends upon the bond house's ability to dispose of an old one on favorable terms. And new bonds, like new cars, must be sold if business is going to revive quickly.

Leading the

Downward Trend *in prices*



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Investment Literature

We present to our readers the following list of booklets issued by reputable financial houses with the belief that they may be helpful in the solution of investment problems. Copies of these booklets will be furnished free upon request.

UNITED FOUNDERS CORPORATION REPORT FOR YEAR ENDED NOV. 30, 1930, showing a complete list of portfolio holdings together with earnings statement, may be obtained from Allied General Corporation, 49 Wall Street, New York City.

WATER WORKS — THE OLDEST PUBLIC SERVICE. A description of the water works operations of the American Water Works and Electric Company, Inc. Copy upon request. American Water Works and Electric Company, Inc., 50 Broad St., New York City.

A CHAIN OF SERVICE. A booklet describing and illustrating the history and development of the Associated Gas and Electric System. Copy upon request. Associated Gas & Electric Company, 61 Broadway, New York City.

THE LIFE INSURANCE TRUST. An outline of the program to be followed in arranging for the administration of your estate, with particular reference to insurance trusts and the benefits to be derived from such a plan. Bank of New York and Trust Company, 48 Wall Street, New York City.

CITIES SERVICE COMMON AS A PERMANENT INVESTMENT. This booklet describes the activities of Cities Service Company and its subsidiaries; also discusses common stock for investment, with special reference to the past history and future possibilities of Cities Service Common stock. Henry L. Doherty & Co., 60 Wall Street, New York City.

PRODUCTS OF GENERAL FOODS. A description of the widespread variety of products manufactured and sold by the General Foods Corporation and the history of the various companies combined in this group. Booklet upon request. General Foods Corporation, 250 Park Ave., New York City.

23 YEARS OF SUCCESS. A booklet telling about the financial condition of the company; its method of doing business without agents; its diversified investments, and the wide distribution of its benefits. Postal Life Insurance Co., 511 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

THE CARE OF YOUR SECURITIES. A booklet describing the advantages and small cost of a Custody Service Account and outlining the numerous services offered security holders, such as review of investment holdings, collecting coupons, notification of maturities, etc. Guaranty Trust Company, 140 Broadway, New York City.

CHOOSING YOUR INVESTMENT HOUSE. A worth-while booklet designed to assist investors in making perhaps the most important decision in their investment matters — the selection of the bond house by whose recommendations they are to be guided. Halsey, Stuart & Company, 201 So. La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.

THE JOHN HANCOCK HOME BUDGET. A guide in home budgeting, showing the proper apportionment of income to fit average needs: the amount to be allowed for rent, clothes, insurance, and other savings. Budget sheet sent upon request by Inquiry Bureau, The John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co., 197 Clarendon Street, Boston, Mass. Please enclose 2c for postage.

UTILITY PREFERRED STOCKS. An informative and interesting analysis of the advantages offered by Preferred Stocks in general and Utility Preferred Stocks in particular, showing present high yields and other advantages. G. L. Ohrstrom & Company, Inc., 36 Wall Street, New York City.

HOW TO GET THE THINGS YOU WANT. A booklet which outlines how life insurance can be used to advantage in any investment program and describes the uses and purposes of various policies, particularly retirement income policies and others for special needs. Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company, 493 Elm Street, Hartford, Conn.

HOW TO PLAN YOUR FINANCIAL FUTURE. Twelve true stories of men and women in various walks of life — their problems and how they faced them successfully with the aid of sound investment counsel. Copy upon request. S. W. Straus & Co., 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

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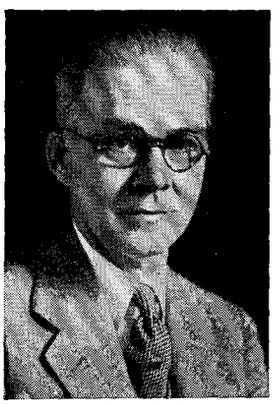
TOASTS

JAY FRANKLIN is the pseudonym of an independent political observer whose official connections at Washington might be embarrassed were his work to appear under his own name. For more than a year he has been contributing regularly to *Vanity Fair*, and he is the author of an amusing and iconoclastic book, *What This Country Needs*, which was published this spring. For the benefit of professional patriots it might be wise to add that Mr. Franklin comes of old American stock, is a graduate of one of the older Eastern universities, and, despite his interest in Five-Year Plans, has never been in Russia in his life.



RALPH E. RENAUD

ACCORDING TO JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS, not much has happened to him since he last appeared in THE FORUM. "I have traveled a bit — England, France, Italy, and the Empire State Building — and am going abroad again shortly. My new book on America will come out in September. It is an attempt to trace historically the evolution of our present mind, character, and outlook, and is neither history, psychology, nor philosophy, but a sort of hybrid which I should be hard put to it to define myself." Another volume of Mr. Adams's collected essays, including several which were published in THE FORUM, will also appear some time during the coming fall.

STARTING at sixteen as art reporter for the *Evening Star* of Washington, D. C. — his home town — RALPH E. RENAUD, the Assistant Editor of the *New York Evening Post*, has been a newspaperman practically all his life. There was, to be sure, a notable interlude when he free-lanced, ran a theater in Philadelphia, and temporarily turned playwright. "I wrote a play for Jane Cowl," he says, "called *Betty Behave*, and after I saw her act in it we each regarded the other as a flop. I lost my shirt but retained my appetite. The latter forced me back into newspaper work again, and there I have been ever since except for service in Washington during the war." Mr. Renaud has held a succession of important executive positions on such New York papers as the *Herald*, the *Tribune*, the *Herald Tribune*, and the *Evening Post*. "I was," he adds, "the last Managing Editor of *The World*, and with bitter reluctance presided at the obsequies of that gallant newspaper."

BORN in 1887, BRUNO FRANK is one of the most brilliant of the middle-generation of German authors. He is a poet, a novelist, a dramatist, and a writer of short stories. Knopf has published a number of his books in this country, including *The Days of the King*, which is concerned with Frederick the Great, and a play, *Twelve Thousand*, which is in the repertory of one hundred and fifty German theaters. Mr. Frank and his wife, the daughter of two famous German actors, live in Munich, where he sometimes works, and sometimes plays with four cherished black poodles.

STRUTHERS BURT obligingly supplies his own case history. "I have," he says, "been spending my winters in Southern Pines, North Carolina, and my summers in Wyoming, varied with occasional trips to Europe. Everywhere I go I have been writing — short stories, articles, and, principally, a novel, *Festival*, which was published this winter. Some time soon I want to drop everything else for a while and write poetry once more. It seems to me that with anyone who has ever written verse, that is always the first and primary love. When I've had a vacation with that, I'll start another novel, for which I am already making notes. Incidentally, despite my present article I still play golf, although I am like the old man from Portland who was going to get drunk 'God willing, come Thursday, but just dreaded it.'"

MARK S. WATSON

ALTHOUGH she did grow up on a farm in southern Illinois, FRANCES CRANE later developed an "enthusiasm for motion" which seems to have sent her roaming. She has had jobs in the Black Hills, Alabama, and Chicago, and since her marriage has lived in San Francisco, Chicago, and New York. Recently she and her husband spent three and a half years abroad, mostly in England and Germany. While in London she began sending a series of light sketches to the *New Yorker*, thereby continuing a career which started with the publishing of her first stories in the *Midland*. She is now at work on a novel.

MARK S. WATSON served his newspaper apprenticeship in Plattsburg, N. Y., where he was born, and since then has worked chiefly on the *Chicago Tribune* and the *Baltimore Sun*. "There have been occasional assignments," he says, "to Europe, Canada, and Mexico, but in late years a more or less peaceful occupancy of the post of editor of the *Sunday Sun* in Baltimore. This period of calm makes possible a survey of past disasters — a really ominous sequence of political tragedies. In 1908 I was with a paper which supported Bryan; in 1912 with one which supported Roosevelt, and in 1916, Hughes. After the war I had moved again and in 1920 my paper supported Cox, in 1924 Davis, and in 1928 Smith. On my record almost any National Committee would implore me in 1932 to labor for a paper which supports the opposing candidate."

AS RADIO minister of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, and through his syndicated news columns, DR. S. PARKES CADMAN is known to an extraordinary number of people throughout the country. Added, moreover, to his radio listeners are his own parishioners of the Central Congregational Church of Brooklyn. Finally, Dr. Cadman is the author of a number of religious books which incorporate his well-known views on Protestantism.

WALTER S. PITKIN, Professor of Journalism at Columbia, says that once upon a time he was himself a small farmer. "After ten years of working a hundred acres of hay, oats, corn, hogs, hens, and mortgages, I saw the light and was converted to the Economic Interpretation of Food and Its Manufacture. For the past two years I have been associated with the largest individual wheat farm in America, owned by Hickman Price, with whom I have had the pleasure of scheming all sorts of revolutionary things in the way of superfarming." Mr. Pitkin's most recent book is *The Art of Learning* and he has just completed another called *What People Want*.

C. E. AYRES, author of *Science: The False Messiah* and professor of economics at the University of Texas, says that as a pedagogue he has been a rainbow chaser, mostly under the spell of Alexander Meiklejohn. "When Amherst blew up, in 1923, I was one of the faithful, and resigned with a feeling of nobility so intense that I am still capitalizing it. After a brief experience at Reed College, where Richard Scholz was outliberalizing Amherst, I spent a year pursuing liberalism in the pages of the *New Republic*. After that I retired to the wilderness."

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